



HISTORIC  
SUMMER  
HAUNTS  
FROM  
NEWPORT  
TO  
PORTLAND

F. LAURISTON  
BULLARD 





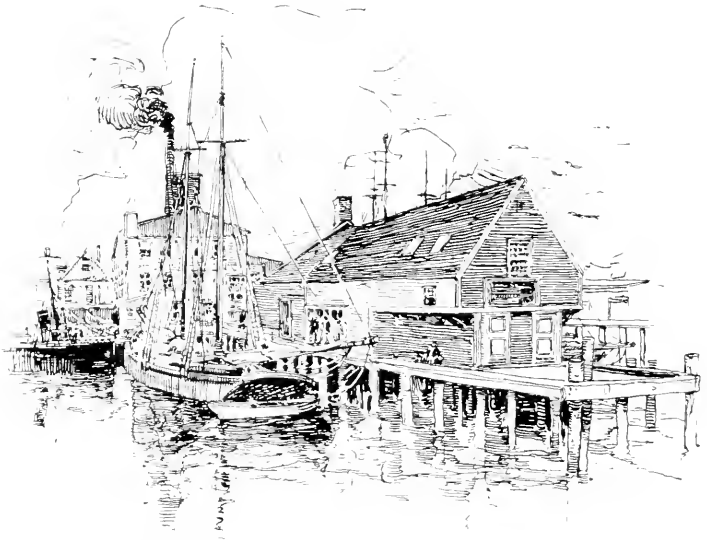




HISTORIC SUMMER HAUNTS  
FROM NEWPORT TO PORTLAND







*A Picturesque Bit of Gloucester Harbor*

# HISTORIC SUMMER HAUNTS

FROM

Newport to Portland

BY

F. LAURISTON BULLARD

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

LOUIS H. RUYL

BOSTON

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1912

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TO  
C. E. B.





## PREFACE

“ Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

“ We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations! ”

OUT of an enduring affection for “ the old associations ” of which the New England poet writes, this volume has been prepared by the author and the illustrator. The point of view is that of one who, after years in one of the centres of population to which “ the expansion of New England ” has taken the descendants of the Puritans, found himself at last in the midst of the “ ancestral homesteads ” from which he had been “ exiled.” The opportunities for patient contemplation and study of the historic and picturesque towns of the New England coast were hailed with a satisfaction which has deepened as acquaintance has become more and more intimate.

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F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

August, 1912.

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# Historic Summer Haunts

## From Newport to Portland

### NEWPORT

“ From that far island in the midland sea,  
Where Rhodian art wrought out the world’s surprise,  
Did our own Eden island’s name arise,  
And then, at last, the state’s it grew to be.”

— *Charlotte Fiske Bates.*

THE Isle of Peace is not large, reaching fifteen miles down the blue waters of Narragansett Bay from the mainland at Bristol, where the Herreshoffs built the boats that kept the cup, to the cliffs upon which the sea dashes in splendid surfs that frame the shore in shining foam; the town of Newport is not big, with its few thousands of permanent residents; but nowhere else in America do romance, beauty and fashion so combine and conspire to win the affections and to dazzle the imagination.

What the island and the town are to-day, that they have been through nearly all their history. Not only in the fifty years which have seen the building of the palaces which give the Cliff Walk a sky-line as impressive in its way as that of lower Manhattan Island has Newport been the resort of fashion. In the old days of com-

parative poverty, when there were no Bellevue Avenue, no Ocean Drive and no yachting rendezvous, society came to enjoy what George William Curtis called "the Mediterranean days of Newport with their luxurious languor of the South." In the times of saddle-horse and chaise Boston people used to make the two days' trip to attend the Newport theatre. Long before the Revolution, when Newport's commerce exceeded that of New York, English households were coming from Jamaica and Antigua to Rhode Island, and wealthy families of the Southern Colonies were sailing for Aquidneck from Savannah, Charleston and Richmond. Newport's merchants, with scarlet coats and powdered hair, elaborate in manner and liberal in expenditure, dispensed generous hospitality. Rhode Island women in brocades and patches found the chief expression of their grace in the dancing of the minuet.

The fame of the town crossed the ocean. Foreigners of distinction came to test its reputation for munificent entertaining. Having a library second in America only to that of Harvard, and educating carefully its boys and girls, Newport was able to boast of the culture of its people as well as of their looks and blood. "The chosen resort of the rich and philosophic from all parts of the civilized world," — that Newport was pronounced to be, even in the time of its greatest depression, by Dr. Waterhouse, writing in the *Boston Intelligencer*.

The Revolution left Newport desolate. But the:



nation was still very young when Southern planters again began to make the voyage to the Peaceful Isle in their own vessels with their horses and servants, and nearly ten years before the Civil War the Newport of to-day was started by twelve owners of "cottages" — four from Boston and eight from New York — who came to the island for the summer. With such intermissions as that made by the War for Independence, Newport has always bathed and dined and danced, only to-day the setting of the play is more magnificent. In the stately days of the old regime, Newport was as elegant, and perhaps more dignified, than is she in the opulent present. The polo field has superseded the bowling green. The automobile has replaced the equipages that carried the belles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The villas of to-day are made of marble, so perched upon the heights or fitted into the hollows as to seem almost a part of nature itself. But the first of the mansions that gave Newport her fame was the four-chimneyed house, one hundred and fifty feet square, built by William Brenton more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Both the island and the town in summer and winter alike charm the imaginative visitor by their odd mixing of the old with the new, and by the stories which history and tradition associate with the wharves and streets and quaint doorways. Of the Old Stone Mill Thomas Wentworth Higginson said: "It is the only thing on the Atlantic shore which has had time to for-

get its birthday." In Newport both the Quaker and the Jew found a haven of rest from persecution, and the beautiful endowed Hebrew cemetery at the foot of Bellevue Avenue is the testimonial of the gratitude of one of these fugitive peoples.

Long Wharf can hardly be matched in America. It must have been a goodly sight when Washington and Rochambeau walked its length between the files of French soldiers.

" 'Twas the month of March and the air was chill,  
But bareheaded over Aquidneck hill  
Guest and host they took their way,  
While on either side was the grand array

" Of a gallant army, French and fine,  
Ranged three deep in a glittering line;  
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar  
Of a hundred guns from Canonicut shore.

" And the bells rang out from every steeple,  
And from street to street the Newport people  
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,  
De Rochambeau and his honored guest."

Upon this wharf landed Bishop Berkeley and his bride upon their strange mission to Bermuda, and there they were met by Trinity's "wardens, vestry, church and congregation headed by their rector."

Quite removed from the summer life of fashion is the Point, ministering to such vacation hunters as

would read and paint and sail, where in the days of the French occupation were quartered many of the officers of Rochambeau. From a house on the Point came the funeral procession of Admiral de Ternay, all the officers of the army and fleet marching on foot, headed by nine chanting priests, the coffin covered by a velvet pall and carried by eight sailors, a scene that quite astounded the Quakers of the town.

In the streets that twist up the hill from the waterfront there are many gambrels and gables that might tell tales of Peggy Champlin, the belle with whom Washington opened the ball in Mrs. Cowley's Assembly Room; of Polly Lawton, the Quakeress whose beauty was described by the Comte de Segur; and perhaps of young Fersen, the aide-de-camp who was to ride with Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. the night of their flight to Varennes. Thames Street has the mellow look of age; sidewise to it stands the old house in which Oliver Hazard Perry was married, from which he started to Lake Erie, and to whose door he was brought as a hero by a hurraing crowd, upon his return. From the balcony of the old State House, whence was proclaimed the death of George II. and the accession of George III., proclamations were made almost to this day of the election of the successive governors of Rhode Island.

The first gun at Lexington was the knell of the port whose docks, a mile in length, were thronged with thousands of sailors. Cooper, in *The Red Rover*, refers

to Newport as a future metropolis. And if negroes were for many years among the chief commodities of trade, let the words of Mrs. Stowe in her novel of the old town be remembered: "What shall a man do with a most sublime tier of moral faculties when the most profitable business out of his port is the slave trade?"

The Indians gave the island its pretty name, Aquidneck, the Isle of Peace. From some resemblance of its bland climate to that of the Isle of Rhodes it may have received from the white man the name Rhode Island. It is ridged with hills that undulate back from the sea. Farms and orchards cover the highlands farthest from the coast. The island is studded with windmills, one of which, with eight, big, whirling sails, is novel and especially picturesque. The coast is not friendly. The cliffs are the highest between Cape Ann and Yucatan, and beyond them the waves are shivered into foam by the hidden ledge called Brenton's Reef. There is plenty of savor in the salt of the air. The atmosphere is moist, and a delicate veil of mist hangs over the island, blown about by the sea winds, and producing effects of color and change that have caught the fancy of many an artist.

The city — for so Newport likes to call herself — varies her appeal to suit the taste of all visitors. There are the avenue and the drive, the Cliff Walk and the scenery which shimmers in the misty air, the harbor full of yachts, the forts and the torpedo station, and the lighthouse in which Ida Lewis made her home for



*The Old Stone Mill*



many years. But to many the chief charm of Newport will be the realization of the romantic and historic as actual living presences, pervading the whole place, brooding over the glittering present from the old houses, looking on calmly and undisturbed at all that wealth has wrought of luxury and display. The synagogue and the State House, the Wanton house and the Redwood Library have seen the pomp of other generations bloom and decay. In Newport, if anywhere in America, the Past seems to contemplate with stately dignity the vanities of the Present. The mind runs to history in Newport as naturally as to shoes in Lynn or to textiles in Fall River.

In one of those sunny and silent squares which no number of romping children can make into a noisy public resort stands the Old Stone Mill, with the bronze statue of one of the country's heroes of war upon the one hand and the bronze figure of one of her great advocates of peace upon the other. No structure in the United States has been more discussed. Scholars have written disquisitions upon it. Poets have woven verses about it, and wags have made it the basis for clever hoaxes. Some reprobate once started the story that it was to be turned into an umbrella factory. By all means stroll to the mill by way of the narrow and irregular street that climbs the hill, rather than from the fashionable boulevard that bounds the square upon the opposite side. There it stands, sphinxlike, with its air of impenetrable mystery. It is a gray and time-

worn tower, whose walls once were almost concealed by the ivy and trumpet vines which had to come down when it was found that they were disintegrating the mortar which had been a subject of international argument. The roof is gone, the floors and all the wood-work. On a brilliant moonlight night it is an enticing vision; then one is willing to agree to the most fantastic tale that ever has been told of it.

Who built it? It has been pronounced a most perfect specimen of early Norman architecture, owing its origin to the rovers who followed Leif Ericson. Distinguished architects have traced its resemblance to the religious structures built by the wandering Vikings in various parts of Europe, and have found it to be a counterpart of the Baptistery at Asti. One writer has offered the theory that it was erected as a pharos by the crew of some shipwrecked vessel.

On a July day some time you may lean against the iron fence which surrounds it and pensively contemplate the ruin, when a long-bearded man who has been sitting upon a bench near at hand will be likely to approach you.

"I can give you a fine lecture on that tower," he will say.

"Do you know who built it?" you ask.

"I do," and the old guide, without waiting for the promise of a fee, will start upon a long monologue, unconscious that he himself is an interesting antiquity. But, almost against your will, you are obliged to agree



that he advocates the most probable theory of its origin. It is so sensible a theory that no one of course could be expected to accept it. For very probably the tower was built by Governor Benedict Arnold in the seventeenth century as a windmill, after an English model. In his will, dated 1677, the governor makes mention of his "stone built mill."

This is the Arnold who followed Roger Williams as governor of the colony. His son was "Benedict of Newport, gentleman;" his grandson was "Benedict of Newport, cooper;" his great-grandson was "Benedict of Norwich and New Haven, cooper and trader;" and his great-great-grandson was "Benedict of Norwich and New Haven, druggist, soldier of the Continental army, and — traitor!"

But, whether built for grinding corn or not, the charming story which Longfellow put into verse will always be associated with the Old Tower.

" There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward."

Across Mill Street from the tower, behind its two-leaved gate with high posts and cross-bar, stands the Gibbs mansion, built before 1770, a fine old house, with a wide hall running from front to rear, a spiral staircase, and several rooms wainscoted to the ceiling. During the brief time that he was in Newport, General

Nathanael Greene occupied the house, and there he received the visits of Lafayette, Kosciusko and Baron Steuben.

The bronze figure of William Ellery Channing faces the Channing Memorial Church with hands lifted as in benediction. The great preacher was born in an old square house at the corner of School and Mary Streets. At the beach he fed his appetite for beauty and in the Redwood Library he satisfied his thirst for knowledge. The town is full of stories of his filial devotion and his pulpit eloquence. His school fellows called him "the Peacemaker." Washington Allston, the artist, went to school in Newport and married Channing's sister, falling almost as deeply in love with the brother as with the girl who became his bride.

J. Q. A. Ward's memorial to Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry is at the Bellevue Avenue end of the square. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal depict scenes in Perry's career in Africa, Mexico, and upon the famous mission to Japan.

Touro Park, the square is called, for that eccentric, great-hearted Jew, Judah Touro, who left the town ten thousand dollars for its purchase in 1854. Stroll past the library for the time and in a few minutes you reach the little Jewish cemetery, which is one of the ornaments of the city, and a turn down the hill brings you to the synagogue of the oldest Jewish congregation in America.

The synagogue occupies its ancient site in Touro

Street. The congregation Salvation of Israel was organized in 1680. From time to time the Hebrew colony received accessions from the West Indies and Portugal. Valuable trade secrets came with these Jews, many of whom were men of liberal culture. Their quiet fidelity to their ancient ritual gained them the respect of their Gentile neighbors. Their synagogue was dedicated in the last month of 1763. It looks due south, regardless of the oblique angle which it makes with the street. The scrolls of the law deposited in the ark in the eastern wall were carefully brought from Europe; one of them, now four hundred years old, was imported by the Jews who reached the island in 1658. When the British troops occupied Newport, the Jews, ardent supporters of the American cause, were forced to flee. The synagogue was closed and for almost a century it was quite deserted. But it was kept in repair, and by an agreement with the trustees of its large funds a congregation of German Jews reopened the synagogue less than twenty years ago.

The Rev. Isaac Touro was the first minister to serve in this ancient building. His two sons, Abraham and Judah, were successful in business and generous in giving. Judah removed to New Orleans in 1803, where he amassed a huge fortune, only to meet with heavy losses in the War of 1812. Upon his death in 1854, his body was brought to Newport for burial, for, although the Revolution had dispersed the Jews to all the chief cities of the Colonies, a few of the race met from time

to time to celebrate a marriage in the old synagogue, and to their cemetery they reverently brought back their dead and laid them beside the ashes of their forefathers.

Right well worth telling are many of the stories connected with the careers of these Newport Hebrews. There was Aaron Lopez, who came to America about 1746 and soon had sailing the seas some thirty square-riggers. There were the Meyer, the Seixas, and the Pollock families. And there was Jacob Rodriquez Riviera, who was called "the honest man," and for this reason: a series of losses compelled him to suspend payment. His English friends offered him credit with plenty of goods. To take advantage of the offer he was forced to find refuge in the Insolvent Act. Success came to him anew. After some years he invited all his American creditors to dinner, and each guest found at his plate a check for the entire amount due him, principal and interest.

Up the hill from the synagogue, at the foot of Bellevue Avenue, is the cemetery which dates back to a deed in the city clerk's office, which shows that in 1677 a lot was purchased "for a burial place for Jews." Crowds of summer folk scurry through the avenue with but a careless glance at the quiet nook where, behind locked gates, deep in flowers and under the shadow of cypresses, lie the bones of the old Hebrews of Rhode Island. Over the heavy granite gateway is carved in relief a winged globe, and on the supporting pillars inverted torches. An iron and stone fence encloses two

sides of the little burial plot and a vine-covered wall the other two. Obelisks of granite make the corner posts on the avenue front. When Abraham Touro was killed in an accident in Boston, he left ten thousand dollars for the synagogue and cemetery and five thousand dollars to keep the street to them in order. His brother's will provided twelve thousand dollars for the present granite and iron fence and for a monument to his father and mother. The fence needs no repairs and the income of the earlier gift is used to provide flowers for the enclosure.

Pause here for a time and look through the fence at the columns and slabs with their Hebrew inscriptions. Think a bit of the ample return which Newport has reaped from the tolerance she gave the race which had been hounded for centuries in almost every country of the Old World.

“How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves  
Close by the street of this fair sea-port town,  
Silent beside the never-silent waves,  
At rest in all this moving up and down.

“And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,  
That pave with level flags their burial-place,  
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down  
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

“The very names recorded here are strange,  
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;  
Alvares and Riviera interchange  
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.”

To the Redwood Library Judah Touro made a gift of two thousand dollars for a portico. The finest fern-leaved beech on the island is a treasure in which the library rejoices, as well as in its collection of books and its gallery of portraits. The beautiful Doric building was designed by Peter Harrison, the assistant to Vanbrugh in the erection of Marlborough's palace at Blenheim. The stack room was added in 1875. Needed badly is a suitable room for the exhibition of the paintings by Sully, Peale, Stuart, and many other artists, which are owned by the library. The nucleus of these collections was made when a philosophical society was organized and Abraham Redwood, an old Quaker, gave five hundred pounds for books. The land, formerly the "bowling green," was given by Henry Collins, a patron of art once called the Lorenzo de Medici of Rhode Island. The first annual meeting of the library company was held in 1747. The library suffered at the destroying hands of the British until the Tories themselves protested.

The portrait collection, formed on no settled plan, includes likenesses of early governors and Revolutionary belles, of patriots and presidents. There are a portrait from life of Lafayette by Charles B. King; a portrait of John Howard Payne; an example of the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence; and a portrait of the Rev. John Callender, whose century sermon, the first history of Rhode Island, was preached in the building now used as a museum by the Historical Society, the old Seventh



*The Old State House, Newport*





Day Baptist Church, erected in 1729. Hung among the books also are the Indian chief portraits, a collection of unique value, picturing Red Jacket, Black Hawk, and a score of others. As interesting to many even as the picture of the young Gilbert Stuart painted by himself, the fine Franklin, and many others in this valuable gallery, are the portraits of Judah Touro and of Polly Lawton, the Quaker girl whom De Segur thus described:

“ . . . a being who resembled a nymph rather than a woman entered the apartment. So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, and so much modesty were, perhaps, never combined in the same person. Her gown was white, while her ample muslin neckerchief, and the envious muslin of her cap, which scarcely allowed me to see her light-colored hair, seemed vainly to endeavor to conceal the most graceful figure imaginable. Her eyes appeared to reflect as in a mirror the meekness and purity of her mind. . . . Certain it is that if I had not been married and happy, I should, whilst coming to defend the liberty of the Americans, have lost my own at the feet of Polly Lawton.”

Washington Square, with the Mall which once was Queen Street, is a center about which are grouped various others of Newport's historic buildings. Many a stirring scene has been witnessed by the State House which fronts the square and what was called by the French Congress Street and by the British the Grand Parade. This structure, authorized as a court-house in 1739, is a monument to the taste of the men who designed it and to the good workmanship of the me-

chanics who put it together. It suffered sadly during the war and was restored faithfully as soon as independence had been won. It is built of brick and stone, with broad steps ascending to the main floor upon three sides. Over the west front is the balcony from which the proclamations were made. That Rev. Ezra Stiles who became president of Yale and aspired to be a universal scholar preached from it the funeral sermon of George II. Major John Handy read the Declaration of Independence from the steps of this old building in 1776, and fifty years later again read the document from the same place. When the *Gaspee* was burned, four years before the Declaration, the commissioners held their inquiry into that act of insubordination in this court-house. In 1783 the people crowded thither to celebrate the coming of peace. Late in 1813 all Newport thronged to the building again, to vent their pride in Commodore Perry, just back from Put-in-Bay. His statue is in the square below, with the famous legend: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

In the Senate Chamber hangs Newport's most prized painting, a full-length Washington by Gilbert Stuart. The Representatives Chamber has been changed somewhat, but the Senate has still its old wainscot and its fine staircase. Now that Newport is no longer a capital of the State, the building is practically a museum of historic relics. Upon occasion visitors are piloted to the attic to see the pillory. Washington and Jefferson,

as President and Secretary of State respectively, were dined in the building in 1790, and Adams, Jackson, Fillmore and other Presidents have been officially entertained there.

The streets about the square twist in devious ways. They have a sort of coaxing, coquettish air which in itself is an invitation to explore. Just a few steps from the State House is the tiny square in Marlborough Street. Stumbling upon it so promptly, you smile with gratification that so short a search has yielded so pleasing a find. And there, across the square, seeming to brood over it and over you as you look at it, stands the old Nicholls house, once the White Horse Tavern. In Marlborough Street is the old jail, with its legend of the prisoner who complained that it was not fitting for him to be confined behind a door which had no lock.

A few rods off Broadway, looking old and rather dejected, is the Wanton house. Recently it has been made empty by death. The street cars rumble past it with modern indifference. This aged colonial building was owned and occupied by that merchant son of Governor Gideon Wanton who married first one of the three Robinson sisters who were the Quaker belles of the Revolutionary period. American and French officers frequented this home in what then was called Broad Street, and there Major Daniel Lyman and Mary Wanton fell in love with each other at sight. She was very young and very handsome and her love

letters prove her accomplishments. In time he became a chief justice of the State. One of his daughters married Benjamin Hazard and lived and died in this old house. And two of the granddaughters lived many years therein, cherishing the well-known miniature painted by Malbone of their grandmother.

To mention the name of Edward G. Malbone is to recall another romantic chapter in Newport's history. Malbone and Washington Allston were youthful friends when they were fellow pupils of Samuel King. Allston went from Newport to Harvard and with Malbone crossed the Atlantic. Summer after summer Malbone came to Newport, and his death occurred at Savannah in 1807 when he was on his way north. Many of his miniatures are to be seen in the town. He painted the Miss Montaudevert who married that young naval officer whose dying words were: "Don't give up the ship." Peggy Champlin was another of his subjects. Treasured as heirlooms, these dainty portraits are found set in heavy locket, imbedded in the covers of jewel boxes, and framed sometimes in simple gold rims and sometimes ringed about with pearls and garnets.

The second wife of John Wanton was Mary Bull, the granddaughter of that Governor Henry Bull who built the oldest surviving house in Rhode Island. It has been removed from its original site and stands a few steps from the Wanton house, bearing this tablet:

“ The Governor Bull House  
The Oldest House in Rhode Island  
Built in part in 1639 by  
Henry Bull  
Governor under the Royal  
Charter of the Colony of  
Rhode Island and Providence  
Plantations  
In the years 1685-86 and 1690.

---

Erected by the State of Rhode Island  
1906 ”

Another tablet which every visitor will wish to read recalls the whole romantic story of the French occupation. The tablet is of bronze and bears in relief the likeness of Rochambeau with these lines:

“ Headquarters  
of General  
Count de Rochambeau  
Commanding  
The French Allied Forces.”

To find this house you turn off Touro Street into what once was called Mary Lane but now is Mary Street; and at the corner of Clarke Street is the fine colonial home of William Vernon, a merchant prince who traded with all the maritime countries of Europe. His patriotism cost him fully twelve thousand pounds and his Newport estate. His brother Thomas, the royal postmaster, was as devoted a Tory, and the patriots banished him from the town.

The handsome Young Men's Christian Association building across the street replaces the mansion in which the Champlins lived. The story goes that Christopher Grant Champlin used to stand at the stable, his horse ready saddled, while his groom kept watch in the street. When the servant signaled, the master leaped to his seat and dashed out at headlong speed, but never quite fast enough to intercept Martha Redwood Ellery, the granddaughter of Abraham Redwood, as she came tearing up Thames Street. But usually he caught up with her, and in 1792 they were married. This is the Champlin who in Paris heard Mirabeau pronounce his eulogy of Franklin.

The six aides of the French commander, Fersen among them, were quartered near the count. Of the others, Quartermaster-General de Beville lodged in Moses Levi's house on the Mall, the house occupied by Oliver Hazard Perry in later times. The gayest of the gay young Frenchmen was the Duke de Lauzun and he was welcomed in the home of Mrs. Deborah Hunter in Thames Street. Baron de Viomenil was at the house of Joseph Wanton in the same street. The Chevalier de Chastellux, whose book on his American travels is an authority consulted by all historians, was quartered in Spring Street. What a list of resounding names the roll makes, to be sure.

"The Point" was the favorite residence for the officers of the fleet. Walking out what was Water Street in 1780 and now is called Washington Street, you will

pass house after house in which courtly foreigners once had their homes. From the windows they could overlook their ships, and their boats could land them at the little piers at the foot of the gardens. Somewhat inaccessible nowadays, this street is one of the most charming in all Newport. Dentilated pediments and pilastered doorways are common here. In one of the most celebrated of these houses died the Chevalier de Ternay. The house was built by Deputy Governor Jonathan Nicholls and later was owned in turn by Colonel Joseph Wanton, Jr., and William Hunter. Some vandal modern removed from the front door the pediment with its pineapple adornment, but luckily it was transferred to a house across the street. It was a room in this house which was converted into a chapel when the French admiral died, and the body was surrounded with lighted candles and praying priests.

The William Hunter who once owned this house married one of the Robinson girls and her descendants are yet among the smart set of Newport. The old Robinson house, in which the Vicomte de Noailles found shelter, stands just above the Nicholls place. Let Thomas Wentworth Higginson tell the story of the girls who once lived in it:

“At the head of yonder private wharf, in the spacious and still cheerful abode, dwelt the beautiful Robinson sisterhood — the three Quaker belles of Revolutionary days, the memory of whose loves might lend romance to this neighborhood forever. One of these maidens was asked in marriage by a captain in the

English army, and was banished by her family to the Narragansett shore under a flag of truce to avoid him; her lover was afterward killed by a cannon ball in his tent, and she died unwedded. Another was sought by two aspirants who came in the same ship to woo her, one from Philadelphia, the other from New York. She refused both and they sailed away southward together, but the wind proving adverse they returned, and one lingered till he won her hand. Still another lover was forced into a vessel by his friends to tear him from the enchanted neighborhood; while sailing past the house he suddenly threw himself into the water — it must have been about where the end of the wharf now rests — that he might be rescued and carried, a passive Leander, into yonder door."

Washington Street yet holds a score of houses in which are mahogany stairways and colonial mantels. At the corner of Walnut Street is the Southwick house, which has been faithfully restored. Across from it is the old-fashioned place from which Captain Brownell went as sailing master with Perry to Lake Erie. In the Boss house, once the home of William Redwood, lived Captain Destouches when the French were here. A block away from the waterside a plain old gambrel-roofed structure bears a tablet, telling you that Matthew Calbraith Perry was born in it in 1794. Near at hand is Bridge Street, with its distinct flavor of the past.

This was the court end of the town in its time, and it still has an air. "The sentinels of De Noailles once trod where now croquet balls form the heaviest ordnance. Peaceful and untitled guests now throng in



summer where St. Vincents and Northumberlands once rustled and glittered. And sometimes," concludes Major Higginson, "I can imagine I discern the French and English vessels just weighing anchor; I see De Lauzun and De Noailles embarking, and catch the last sheen upon their lace and the last glitter of their swords."

When the French frigates convoying the transports with infantry and artillery for the aid of the United States arrived at Newport on July 11, 1780, the news spread so fast that by the fifteenth it had reached Philadelphia, and soon the whole continent was throbbing with joy. The Rhode Island town was quickly transformed. The householders returned, and there was much gayety. At the grand review in August, Newport was crowded, and among the visitors were nineteen Oneida Indians. Winter came on and the Americans, seasoned to New England cold, found some occasion for mirth in the muff in which Rochambeau coddled his arms. The yards were manned and salutes were fired when Washington's boat passed through the French fleet and there was a torchlight procession the night of his arrival. The following day was spent in consultation. All the senior officers of the fleet and army sat down with the commander-in-chief to dinner in the room whose windows still look out on Mary Street. That evening came the famous ball.

No dance ever given in any great ballroom of a Newport palace can compete in fame with the simple enter-

tainment in 1781 in Mrs. Cowley's Assembly Rooms in Church Street, three doors from Thames Street. The Prince de Broglie and other French officers arranged the decorations. Mirrors with branching lights were brought from private houses to hang upon the walls and about them flags were draped. In brocades and embroidered petticoats came the Newport belles. Washington, in his Continental uniform, led out Peggy Champlin to open the ball, and Rochambeau, wearing his Grand Cross, and his aides took the instruments from the musicians and played the popular air "A Successful Campaign." The figure then danced by the general and his pretty partner has been thus described: "Lead down two couples on the outside and up the middle, second couple do the same, turn contrary partners, cast off right hand and left."

In the summer of 1781 the French left Rhode Island to aid in the operations against Yorktown. They had been domesticated among a people who appreciated their amiable manners and their resourcefulness in devising recreations. There are complimentary inscriptions still to be seen where they were scratched by the diamonds of the French officers upon their windowpanes. Many of these young gallants lost their lives in the French Revolution. De Lauzun fell upon the scaffold. Fersen was torn in pieces by a mob in Stockholm. Rochambeau was imprisoned by Robespierre. The Count de Damas, with Fersen a companion of the king and queen in the flight from Paris, but narrowly

escaped death. And Berthier lived adventurously and became one of the noted marshals of Napoleon.

Many a sad heart did those officers of the allied forces leave behind them when they vanished from Newport. There had been much idle trifling and some genuine romance. And, while Bret Harte's stanzas might convey a different impression, there was as much grief among the departing cavaliers as gloom in the hearts of the girls who had lightened their stay.

“They say she died of a broken heart,  
(I tell the tale as ’twas told to me);  
But her spirit still lives, and her soul is part  
Of this sad old house by the sea.

“ Her lover was fickle and fine and French:  
It was nearly a hundred years ago  
When he sailed away from her arms — poor wench —  
With the Admiral Rochambeau.

“And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,  
She walks unbidden from room to room,  
And the air is filled that she passes through  
With a subtle, sad perfume.”

The funeral pageant of the French admiral proceeded from the Hunter house on the Point, through Water Street and Thames Street and up the hill to "old Trinity" Church. In the churchyard a big granite slab, with an elaborate Latin inscription, marks the grave of Carolus Ludovicus d'Arsac de Ternay.

The vestibule of the church has a monument to his memory erected by the French government, and the curiosity of the unlearned visitor is satisfied by a translation of the long inscription which some considerate person has hung upon the wall across from the tablet.

Trinity is one of the chief "sights" of the city. Approach it from below, as you have been recommended to approach the Old Mill. Church Street is almost an alley, with a sidewalk on one side only. Gambrel roofs cluster about it. When the first service was held in Trinity in 1726, it was said to be "the most beautiful frame structure in America." The spire bears to-day its Queen Anne crown and royal pennon. It has long been a landmark for sailors, and the story is that Captain Kidd steered by it the course of his pirate ship. The church deservedly ranks as one of the best survivals of that style of architecture which was adopted by many New England builders who never heard the name of Sir Christopher Wren, but who came under the influence of the type of church building with which the great architect had filled London.

No building in the State can tell more of the history of Rhode Island. The square pews, with their stiff backs, are still held in fee simple. The pulpit, reached by a narrow staircase, is overhung by a conical sounding-board, looking like a huge extinguisher, well calculated to make any wide-awake and properly constituted boy wonder what would become of the preacher if it should fall. The desks for clerk, reader and preacher,

each upon a different level, make this, perhaps, the only "three-decker" remaining in New England. There are verger-staves on the wardens' pews. The brass chandeliers have been in place one hundred and fifty years. The vaulted ceiling is carved with grapes and roses in high relief. The old organ in the gallery at the rear, facing the preacher, who is upon the same level once he has climbed to his desk, has a case of beautiful English oak. Above it appears still the crown of England with a mitre upon each side. A tablet under the gallery rail states that the organ was the gift of "Dr. George Berkeley, late Lord Bishop of Cloyne, 1733." All these, and the tower clock presented by Jahleel Brenton, are just as they were when the Right Reverend Samuel Seabury, first of American bishops, preached his ordination sermon in the church.

The interior is white and handsome. The window openings contain many beautiful examples of stained glass. Pause after service to examine them, and you will see that some bear such well-known names as Mary Rhinelanders Stewart, Cornelius Vanderbilt and August Belmont. Over their family pew is a monument to Commodore Perry, placed there by his widow. Pew Number 81 tradition associates with Washington.

The small churchyard is surrounded by a well-kept hedge, under whose shadows are clustering graves, the oldest dating back to 1704. Most suggestive of all these tombs is that of Nathaniel Kay, upon the edge

of which is cut the name of the infant daughter of Bishop Berkeley, who was buried near.

The visitor to Newport is bound to hear something of Berkeley, but seemingly there are few who can tell him much of the scholar to whom Pope once ascribed "every virtue under heaven." Everybody has heard a line of one of his poems, but the poem itself is so unfamiliar that the first stanza and the last may be quoted. Berkeley was writing "On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America."

"The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime,  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame.

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way;  
The first four acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

On a day in 1728, the Rev. Mr. Honeyman, missionary for the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was going forward with his service in the then new church, when a messenger came panting up the hill and handed a letter to the verger, who amazed the congregation by marching up the center aisle and giving the message to the preacher. Mr. Honeyman read the letter to the congregation. A hurried benediction was pronounced, and all in the church marched to the wharf, where they received George Berkeley, Dean of

Derry. Returning to the church, they held a service of thanksgiving for the voyage.

The rupture of the relations between Dean Swift and the celebrated Vanessa had provided Berkeley with the funds necessary to carry out his "scheme for converting the Savage Americans to Christianity by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." When Swift repudiated Vanessa, she revoked a will in his favor and gave half her estate to Berkeley. Bermuda became almost a craze in London. Berkeley talked over his plan with Queen Caroline and counted Sir Robert Walpole one of his patrons. Having provided himself with a wife, he sailed for Bermuda by way of Newport, taking with him, among others, the artist Smybert.

The dean remained in Rhode Island about three years. In a secluded valley he built the home which he called Whitehall, in remembrance of the royal palace in London. It is now kept as a memorial. The dean used to walk from his house to the sea, where tradition says he made a sort of study of a rocky ledge which still is called "Bishop Berkeley's Rock." Here he is said to have partly composed his *Alciphron; or, the Minute Philosopher*. At last came the news that he need expect no royal grant to subsidize his scheme and Berkeley prepared for departure. His house had been a meeting place for all the culture of the region. One child survived of the two who had been born to him. His books and his farm he left to Yale College.

Returning to Ireland, he found the bishopric of Cloyne and twenty years of work awaiting him.

What a haven of refuge was Newport to all religious refugees in those days! William Coddington and Anne Hutchinson fled from theological persecution in Massachusetts to become pioneers in Rhode Island. After them came the Quakers, and in time the Moravians, the Presbyterians, and the Baptists of various varieties, besides the Jews. The Friends early became influential in the colony and supplied it with several governors, among them John and Gideon Wanton.

Events in Newport are dated by the "occupation." The reference is to the British occupation, which began in December, 1776, and lasted through October, 1779. British depredations had silenced the factories and emptied the warehouses long before the armies came into the town. The fleet landed ten thousand men under Sir George Clinton, and a portion of them stayed months and even years in the city. General Prescott succeeded to the command and his headquarters at the corner of Pelham and Spring Streets may still be seen. A young German barmaid who waited on the Hessian officers heard their plans and gave the information which resulted in the capture of Prescott by a daring raid. Later he was exchanged for Charles Lee. When the British evacuation came at last, havoc and desolation were left behind them. All the churches except Trinity had been used as barracks. More than half a thousand houses had been destroyed.



At the time of the embarkation, Prescott ordered all shutters closed, "and the patrols enforced the order that not a man or a woman be allowed on the streets as they marched out." No wonder that the Revolution destroyed the prosperity of a town that had been of greater commercial importance than New York, and that it was many a year after independence had been won ere Newport learned that her climate was her fortune.

Other places still there are to see. The old City Hall at the head of Long Wharf, built in 1763, is an excellent example of simple and artistic colonial construction. Just a ramble through Thames Street, with its odd mingling of the very new and the venerable, is a fillip to the fancy. The march of municipal progress has spared many nooks in the older parts of the city which the explorer will hail with grateful satisfaction.

Last of all wander down to Long Wharf. Where in America is there such a succession of moorings and floats, tenements, drinking shops and boat-building places, as here between the old City Hall and the steamboat landing and the railroad freight station at the end of the wharf, which upon the early maps was marked "Queen-Hithe," hithe meaning a small harbor? Just across a little stretch of water is the island belonging to the government, called Goat Island, with the light at the end of the breakwater. Here comes a handsome power launch from Stamford and there in its wake is a flat-bottomed catboat. Lobster boats and

splendid yachts, the plebeian and the patrician, rock upon the waves in amiable proximity to each other. Black-hulled torpedo boats are shooting about the bay. Three lighthouses in all are in sight, that of Ida Lewis among them. And amid the trees upon the shore you have glimpses of the piles of stone that make summer homes for the wealthy. This ancient wharf affords an outlook upon that blend of the old and the new, of the simple and the elaborate, of the romantic and the historic, with the glamor of fashion over them all, which makes one of the chief charms of Newport.

## PLYMOUTH

“ The pilgrim spirit has not fled:  
It walks in noon’s broad light;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
With the holy stars by night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have fled,  
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,  
Shall foam and freeze no more.”

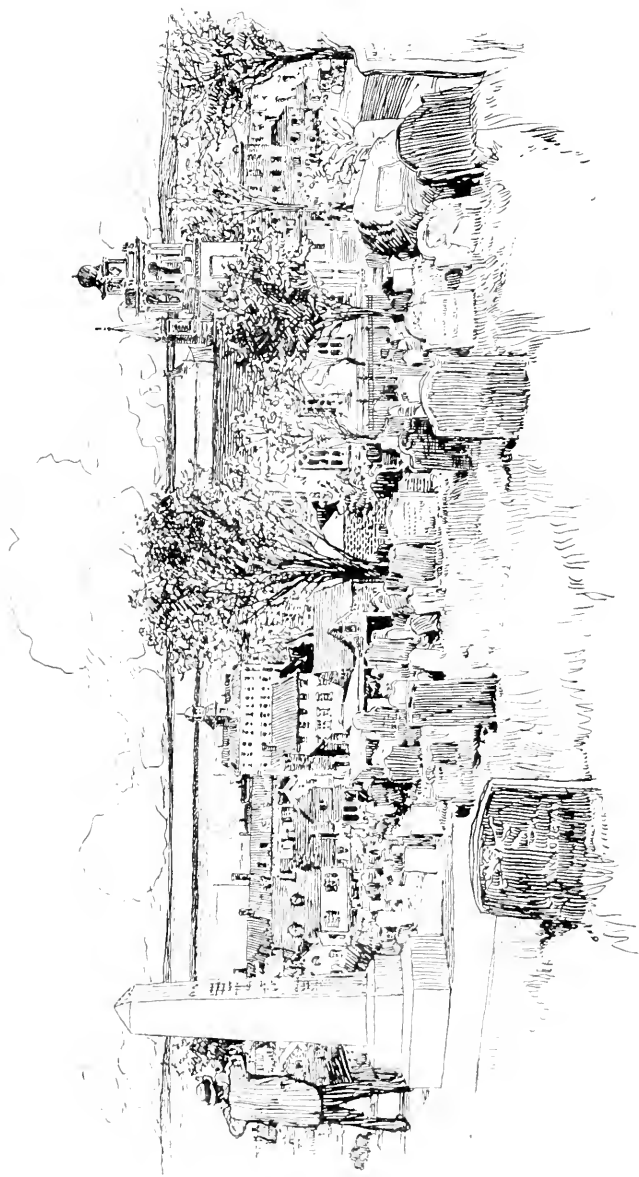
— *John Pierpont.*

STANDING on Burial Hill and looking eastward over Plymouth no great stress of the imagination is required to see the *Mayflower* come creeping into the harbor below. A shallop of but one hundred and eighty tons, a band of Pilgrims numbering, without the sailors, one less than a hundred, a voyage of sixty-seven days, and then Cape Cod; a compact, signed in a diminutive cabin, which made those adventurers the founders of a commonwealth; and, after four weeks more, the landing on Plymouth Rock by the exploring party on that shortest day of the year almost three centuries ago, then the arrival of the *Mayflower* and the disembarking of the entire company — you can see it all, can you not? There are Bradford, thirty-one years old, Standish, thirty-four, Winslow, nine years younger, John Alden,

the young cooper; and there are Rose Standish and the other young wives who are to be buried in that first hard winter, going the way that Dorothy Bradford had gone some time before. You see them climb what became the street now named for the city in Holland which had been for twelve years their refuge; you see them staking out homesteads for the nineteen families in their company; and you watch them laboriously felling trees and rearing their rude habitations.

You see all these things, yet there are many details which the fancy must fill in without the assistance of history. You may picture Bradford as you will, for no one can tell you if he was a Lincoln or a Douglass for stature. No one knows if Rose Standish was a tall, stately lady or a dainty little woman, nor just what she wore when she stepped on the Plymouth shore. You see the redoubtable soldier of the Low Countries planting his cannon on the roof of the timber fort and church built where you are standing, but no one can tell you if the captain's face was sword-scarred or not, and you may be sure that Longfellow employed his imagination, just as you are exercising your own to-day, when he wrote of the armament of the soldier who, strangely enough, was a member of that immortal company of pioneers.

Never mind about the details that are lacking. History supplies facts enough to kindle the enthusiasm of a nation and to make this old town a Mecca for sightseers from every quarter of the world. Here on



*The Old Burial Hill, Plymouth*



this hill the wilderness heard the prayers and hymns of the men and women of 1620. On Cole's Hill, close to the famous Rock, they planted a field of grain, lest the Indians should count the graves of the fifty whom they lost that first winter. The *Mayflower* remained with them until April. Had hardship and death disheartened them? No!

“ Not sickness' baleful breath,  
Not Carver's early death,  
Their souls dismayed.”

Not one went back. They watched their little ship, not very reliable, but their one link with the home country, as she weighed anchor and started back across the ocean, but no one faltered. In the quaint phrase of the Japanese convert: “ These men had a plow on hand; ” they could not look back and be fit for the kingdom of God. “ Ha! These men, I think, had a work! ” said Carlyle. Their corn-planting and hut-building and wrestlings with cold and famine would not make one of the shining histories of the world were it not, as Palfrey said long ago, for the great consequences to which the colony of Plymouth ultimately led.

Get the views left, front, and right. There on Captain's Hill at Duxbury is the tall shaft to Myles Standish, and you may almost see the valiant soldier standing upon its top; you hope that he is in the attitude of salutation to the figure of Faith on the national monu-

ment here in Plymouth. There is Clarke's Island, where the Pilgrims rested over Sunday. From Gurnet Lights, eight miles away, you follow the Duxbury and Kingston shores to the steamship wharf below. Then your eyes travel on to "Poverty Pint" and Manomet Bluffs. Right below Town Brook empties into the sea —

"The murmuring brook whose waters sweet  
Induced them there to fix their seat,  
Whose gushing banks the springs afford  
That eked along their scanty hoard."

And just across is Watson's Hill, down which filed Massasoit and his twenty Indians to be met by Myles Standish and seven men and conducted to the governor. The Indian chief and the Pilgrim magistrate kiss each other — and there is peace for fifty years. Let the historians speculate as to what America would be, had there been war instead.

Now come down into the town, reserving an examination of the old cemetery for a later time.

The *Mayflower* fades from your vision. The Boston steamer is coming in; its piercing whistle brings you back and sets you down in the midst of the hurry and babble of the Plymouth of the excursionists. Every day through the summer the swarming multitudes "do" the town. They come by train, by boat, by trolley, and by automobile. Their time is short; they must get over the ground pretty fast, despite the fact



that distances are easy. They read an epitaph or two on the hill; they look at a record or two in the courthouse; and they crowd about among the relics in the Pilgrim museum. They tread upon each others' heels up and down the first street laid out in New England. Post-card sales are good. Clams and fish are devoured under the shadow almost of the canopy of stone which covers the Rock, upon which most visitors consider it their duty first of all to plant their feet. The laws against Sabbath Day traveling are no longer in force. The aboriginal simplicity and the primitive quiet are gone forever. The place has been discovered by the summer boarder, and its antiquities and history have been exploited by the excursion managers. The "permanents" have their cottages everywhere along the shore and back in the woods, and the "transients" make the most of their few hours in the town. The citizens have accepted the inevitable with the best grace possible, and, like thrifty descendants of thrifty forebears, they have adopted the ways of the advanced civilization that has descended upon them, and turned to commercial advantage the services and souvenirs which these visitors require. Times have changed, indeed! This is the town of the Pilgrims — and if you come to it by train there looms before you as you leave your coach a Roman Catholic Church. The town of the Pilgrims — and if you remain here a Sunday you will find good-sized companies wending their way to the Congregational, the Unitarian, the Universalist,

the Methodist, the Baptist and the Episcopal Churches, but you will also find that Sunday is the "big day" of the seven for the excursionists and that fines for non-attendance upon the Sabbath meeting are no longer levied.

Now you are ready to set your own foot upon the famous Rock. If yours is a rush visit, you will be glad that the landing was made so near the center of the town. Come by boat and the canopy which screens the boulder will be right in your way as you go ashore. There it is, in the center of a square of green turf, the iron gates open, so that all may have access to the stone. From the hill just behind it — the Cole's Hill of the Pilgrims — you may look down upon the granite structure, which reminds you of a mausoleum, and beyond to the harbor and the sandspit and away to the great iron pole for the wireless station at Brant Rock. The Rock itself must be a pilgrim, for the shore here is all flat clay, but at Manomet the "stern and rock-bound coast" exists in very truth. A fragment broken from the boulder was once enclosed by an iron railing in front of Pilgrim Hall. But little of the stone is now exposed, merely the upper surfaces, and upon the side toward the town the figures "1620" have been boldly cut. The bones of the dead who were buried on this hill are enclosed in the canopy directly over the stone.

Watch the throng coming up the wharf from the steamer. They form in line and clamber one after

another upon that boulder, worn smooth by the feet of thousands of modern pilgrims. It does you good to see that very many of these gay excursionists bare their heads as they pass through one gate of the canopy, over the Rock, and out through the opposite gate.

And is this in very truth the Rock upon which the Pilgrims landed? They tell you that you must give up Mary Chilton, fair and young, stepping first upon the rugged granite; for the men of the *Mayflower* landed first, according to their own records. What evidence have you that the story of this Rock is not myth rather than fact?

Well, when the wharf was about to be built in 1741 (1742, say some writers), Elder Thomas Faunce, the son of one of the Pilgrims and ninety-one years old (ninety-six, say some authorities), came down from his home in the village of Eelriver to protest against the exposure of the Rock to injury, and told how his father told him the Pilgrims landed upon it. Mrs. White, who died in 1810 at ninety-five, and Deacon Spooner, who survived until he reached the age of eighty-three in 1818, transmitted this testimony, and the orator of Forefathers' Day in 1817 told of the evidence thus saved to posterity.

“ An old, old man!

His hair is white as snow,

His feeble footsteps slow,

And the light in his eyes grown dim.

An old, old man!

Yet they bow with reverence low,

With respect they wait on him.

“ ‘ Mark it well!’ he cries,

‘ Mark it well!

This rock on which we stand:

For here the honored feet

Of our fathers’ exiled band

Pressed the land;

And not the wide, wide world,

Not either hemisphere,

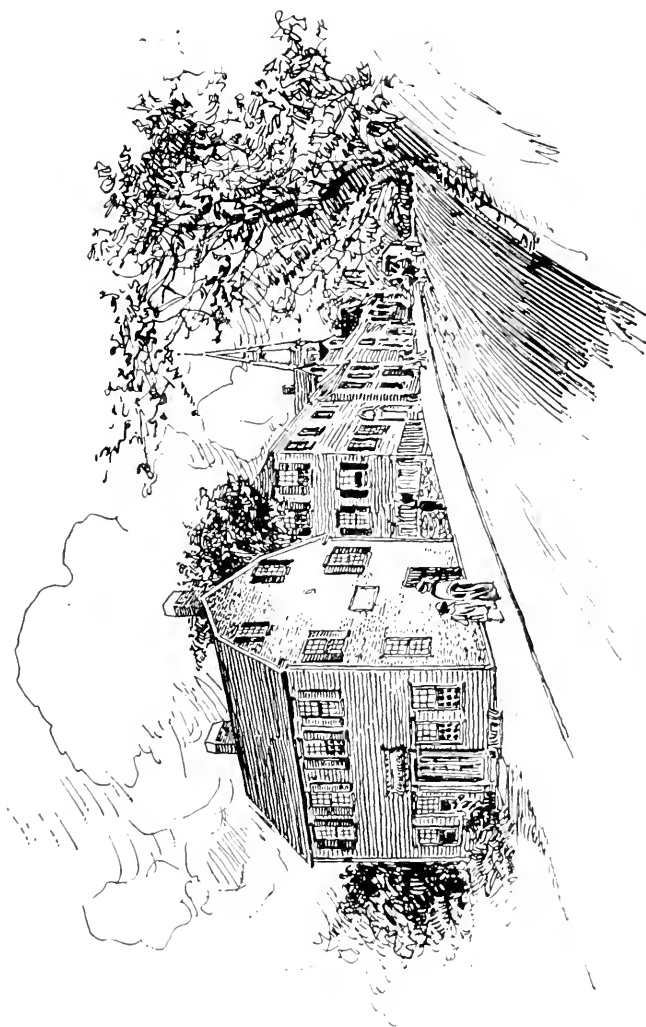
Has a spot in its domain

To freedom half so dear.’ ”

Thus the reverence which prompted you to remove your hat, and which made General Grant’s wife kneel and kiss the stone, is vindicated.

Follow the footsteps of the Pilgrims up the hill. Leyden Street runs parallel to the Town Brook from the waterside to the foot of Burial Hill. Here were built the houses of the nineteen families. The first or Common House was put up where now stands the gambrel-roofed structure bearing a tablet before which some chattering tourists are sure to be grouped.

From their reading of the tablet they learn that the Commonwealth placed it to mark the site of the first house built by the Pilgrims, a house in which, on the twenty-seventh of February, 1621, new style, the right of popular suffrage was exercised, and Myles



*Site of the First House of the Colony, Leyden Street, Plymouth*



Standish was chosen captain by a majority vote, and that on or near this site on April 1, 1621, the "memorable treaty with Massasoit" was made.

Across Main Street, at the head of Leyden Street, is Town Square, checkered by the shadows cast by the fine elm trees more than a century old. William Bradford's homestead was here, and here he began in 1630 the writings which, "peeced up at times of leisure afterward," to-day are "more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold."

The description of the settlement written in 1627 by Isaac de Rasieres, who came to Plymouth in the interest of the Dutch at Manhattan, is interesting, and in some points it yet holds good:

"New Plymouth lies on the slope of a hill stretching east toward the sea-coast, with a broad street about a cannon shot of 800 yards long, leading down the hill, with a street crossing in the middle, northwards to the rivulet and southwards to the land.

. . . . .  
"The houses are constructed of hewn planks, with gardens also inclosed behind and at the sides with hewn planks, so that their homes and court-yards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack; and at the ends of the streets are three wooden gates. In the centre, on the cross street, stands the Governor's house, before which is a square enclosure, upon which four patereros (steen-stucken) are mounted, so as to flank along the streets. Upon the hill they have a large square house, with a flat roof made of thick sawn planks stayed with oak beams upon the top of which they have

six cannons, which shoot balls of four and five pounds, and command the surrounding country.

“The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain’s door; they have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor in a long robe; beside him on the right comes the preacher with his cloak on, and on the left the captain with his side-arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand — and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard night and day.”

At one side of the square you will find the town house. The tablet states that the government house of the old colony stood there until 1749, when the present building was erected and used by the county jointly with the town until 1820, since when it has been used by the town alone. Across the square is the Church of the Pilgrimage, and at the head of the open space, facing toward the water and finding room for itself by the cutting away of a portion of the hill, is the stone church of the first parish, with a Paul Revere bell in its tower. Between these two churches, the older now Unitarian, the other Trinitarian, are the steps which give access to Burial Hill. The stone church bears two tablets, one with the Pilgrim ship in relief and the open Bible and a Greek lamp, the other reading thus:



“The Church of Scrooby, Leyden and the Mayflower  
Gathered on this Hillside in 1620  
Has ever since preserved unbroken records  
And Maintained a Continuous Ministry  
Its First Covenant being still the Basis of its Fellowship.  
In Reverent Memory of its Pilgrim Founders  
This Fifth Meeting House was erected  
A. D. MDCCCXCVII.”

Where the two streets cross once stood the house of Elder Brewster, to which came John Alden, according to the poem, to do the courting, by proxy, for his friend Myles Standish. A picture of that scene hangs in Pilgrim Hall. The maid is spinning. The warrior's emissary stands in the doorway. Both are immaculate of costume. The house seems surprisingly well furnished. There are chairs upholstered in leather, and an oil painting on the wall of smoothly-planed boards, but a gun and a dagger along with the spinning wheel suggest the primitive conditions. Laughing faces succeed one another all day long before this picture. Occasionally some one as he looks at it quotes Longfellow:

“But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent  
language,  
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-running with  
laughter,  
Said, in a tremulous voice, ‘Why don't you speak for yourself,  
John?’ ”

Almost every visitor to Plymouth brings with him a great stock of fables. If he makes inquiries, he will get down finally to the bed rock of fact, and he will find quite enough fact left for patriotic enthusiasm, too. If you are proud of your ancestor who "came over in the *Mayflower*," be warned in time. There was once a descendant of nine *Mayflower* Pilgrims who met a Boston friend who had twenty-two and made no fuss about it because some one else had more. And the curator of Pilgrim Hall has inquiries from all parts of the United States from persons who think they are derived from Governor Carver, whereas, in spite of the Howland stone on Burial Hill, there is no evidence that a daughter of the governor married John Howland. Says the curator: "one of the hardest things I ever had to do was to break this news to a lady who had the Carver crest on her stationery and came here to get some more facts about her ancestor the Governor, telling her that he died childless." It was Elizabeth Tilley whom John Howland married.

So the fancy of the poet, how, that Priscilla "should ride like a queen," John Alden on the wedding day

"Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,  
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,  
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle," —

that also must go. For when Priscilla was married Plymouth had no domestic animal bigger than a goat.

And if you would follow much farther the fortunes of John and Priscilla and Myles and the Barbara whom finally he married, you must go across to Duxbury, where atop his monument the captain still stands on guard. For, after ten years or so, the soldier paid Winslow for his share in the red cow that for a time they owned between them, and migrated. The Aldens went after them, and the Brewsters. The Winslows about the same time went to Marshfield.

In Pilgrim Hall, where hangs the painting of the courtship by proxy, there is a collection of pictures and of relics that brings very near the story of the old-time Plymouth. There are large paintings of the embarkation from Delftshaven and the landing on this barren shore, a considerable number of portraits, and pencil sketches illustrative of the English homes whence the Pilgrims migrated to Holland and finally across the ocean. Of books and documents there are the patent of 1621, the oldest state paper in the country; a valuable copy of the journal written by Bradford and Winslow in 1620-1621 known as Mourt's Relation; a Bible dated 1620 that belonged to John Alden and looks as if he used it; and a copy of the *Speculum Europae* of 1605 by Sir Edwin Sandys, having the autograph of John Robinson. For the famous manuscript penned by Bradford, you must go to the Massachusetts Capitol. A remarkable story it

has had. Having disappeared in the Revolution, it was found many years later in the Fulham Palace Library. In 1897 it was returned by the courtesy of the Bishop of London through the efforts of Senator Hoar and Ambassador Bayard. The latter presented it to Governor Roger Wolcott in the Hall of Representatives, saying: "In this precious volume — the gift of England to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts — is told the whole simple story of 'Plimoth Plantation.' "

In Pilgrim Hall are chairs which belonged to Governor Carver and Elder Brewster, several ancient chests, some old English spinning-wheels, and a collection of utensils and weapons, including the sword of Myles Standish. Here, too, is perhaps the most interesting cradle in America. The first white child born in New England was Peregrine White, born, indeed, a little while before the landing. The cradle in which he lay tradition has located before now in three different places at once. But the Dutch wicker cradle, well woven and mounted upon plain rockers, is probably the actual bed of that famous child. There is a large hole worn in its foot, suggestive of the qualities that made the Pilgrim impatient of bondage.

Rather than disturb the graves on Burial Hill, the monument designed by Hammatt Billings was placed upon another site, a commanding elevation close at hand. With Masonic ceremonies the corner-stones of this national monument and of the canopy over the

Rock were laid in 1859. Not until 1888 was the larger work completed. The enormous granite figure of Faith, the gift of the Honorable Oliver Ames, is thirty-six feet in height, and stands upon a pedestal of forty-five feet. Projecting buttresses carry four smaller statues: Morality, erected by the Legislature of the State; Education, given by Roland Mather of Hartford; Freedom, erected by the national government; and Law. The pedestal bears marble tablets with reliefs of the departure from Delftshaven, the signing of the compact, the landing, and the treaty with Massachusetts.

Plymouth has several old houses which you must know. Among them is that one south of the town from which Adoniram Judson, America's missionary pioneer, started for Burmah. His sister vowed to keep the threshold uncrossed until his return, and took away the doorstep. He sailed from Salem in 1812 and did not return for thirty-three years.

The Winslow house had a frame which came from England in 1754. Penelope Winslow is said to have planted the lindens before it. Down from Concord in a chaise came Ralph Waldo Emerson to be married in its drawing-room, and to Concord he drove back next day with his bride.

In the gambrel-roofed house at the corner of North and Main Streets lived the sister of James Otis, with her husband, James Warren, the high sheriff. He became the president of the Provincial Congress, and she wrote

anti-royalist satires which kindled almost as fierce a flame as did the orations of her brother. The lindens here are said to have come in a raisin box from Nova Scotia, and fine trees they are; and many a pretty scene, in which the leading parts were played by stately dames and gallant men, have they witnessed.

But the hill where the story of the Pilgrims may be deciphered on the lichen-covered gravestones is bound to draw you back to it — cemetery though it be. You come nearer to the *Mayflower* company on Burial Hill than anywhere else, although a sight of such antiquities as the iron pot which was scoured by Lora, the daughter of Myles Standish, and some of the other relics in the museum, yields a very considerable amount of satisfaction.

You will seek in vain on Burial Hill however for any ancient memorial to mark the graves of the voyagers of 1620. Nor will you find more than one stone bearing the name of any who came in the *Fortune* in 1621, nor more than one again in remembrance of any who arrived in the *Anne* and the *Little James* in 1623. For these Pilgrims represented Protestantism in its original significance of protest against Rome. Superstitious practices were set aside, and among them such apparently innocent ceremonies as those which give visible expression to mourning and reverence for the dead. The only exceptions they made were when volleys of musketry were fired over the graves of Carver, Bradford, Standish, and two or three others. But even

then there were no prayers. God's will must be done, and they would not intrude upon the inscrutable purposes of that will. Nor had they money for the importation of grave markers, and it may be that they lacked skill to fashion enduring memorials out of wilderness materials.

The hour-glass and the scythe are the ruling symbols of this ancient cemetery. If the graves of the first generation are not to be found here, still there are some stones which go back to the seventeenth century, and seven generations may be traced in the records inscribed upon these memorials.

You will seek first of all the monument to Governor Bradford, erected in 1825, a marble obelisk about eight feet in height. The governor died in 1657 and the ancient record of his death reads:

“ The 9th of May, about 9 of the clock,  
A precious one God out of Plymouth took;  
Governor Bradford then expired his breath.”

The obelisk has Latin and Hebrew inscriptions and the record in English of the governor's life: born in Austerfield, Yorkshire, England; the son of William and Alice Bradford; governor of the colony from 1621 to 1631, 1635, 1637, 1639 to 1643, 1645 to 1657. Plymouth enacted a remarkable law in 1632 which provided that whoever, elected to the office of governor, should refuse to serve, should pay a fine of twenty pounds. Did the voters want Bradford more than

Bradford wanted to have the office to which they chose him so many times?

Right happy you will be to learn that, stern as were those men of 1620 and bleak as was the shore to which they migrated, they had their love stories, too. Governor Bradford's wife, Dorothy, was drowned accidentally before the *Mayflower* reached Plymouth. The tradition is that he wrote after a couple of years to Mrs. Alice Southworth in England, a young widow whom he had known as Miss Alice Carpenter, and whom he had desired to marry. It is conjectured that his own hesitation lost him his choice in the first instance. But, despite the changes which had come in their lives and the perils and hardships of the wilderness in which their home would have to be, the widow Alice took passage in the *Anne*, and was married to the governor soon after her arrival at Plymouth.

The hill contains about eight acres and is said to have been used as a place for burial after 1676, when it ceased to be used as a fort. Very curious are many of the epitaphs. Here is one for a child who died when but twenty-five days old:

“What did the Little hasty sojourn<sup>r</sup>  
find So forbidding & disgustful in  
our upper World to occasion its  
precipitant exit.”

And here is the inscription for a man of sixty-seven:



“The spiders most attenuated thread  
Is cord is cable to mans tender tie.”

Several of the tablets employ the word “burst” in recording the virtues of those whose graves they mark, but in one instance, at least, the spelling is rather shocking to modern taste:

“My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet joyfull sound  
Then bust the chains with sweet surprise  
And in my saviours image rise.”

Of the boy who died after twelve days of life it is said:

“He glanced into our world to see  
A sample of our misery.”

And of the Elder Thomas Faunce, who pointed out the Rock of the landing and perhaps saved it from being forgotten, it is said:

“Here lyes buried the body of Mr. Thomas Faunce, ruling elder of the First Church in Plymouth, deceased Feby 27, 1745, in the ninety-ninth year of his age.”

A brief ramble about the hill will show that the old town played an honorable part in the history of the Colony and of the Commonwealth. There are buried here men who served in the expedition against Louis-

burg in 1745, in the War for Independence, and in the War for the Union. You are reminded of the story of Deborah Sampson, the woman who served as a soldier in the Revolution, by the tomb of her cousin, Captain Simeon Sampson, with its willow-branch and its urn. In two graves on the hill were deposited the bodies of the seventy-two seamen of the privateer *General Arnold*, who perished in the harbor in the gale of December, 1778. The vessel dragged her anchors and the men were frozen before succor could reach them. When the pastor of the first parish, the Rev. Chandler Robbins, was called upon to perform the funeral service, he fainted under the ordeal.

A stone which is sought by many visitors is that of "The Nameless Nobleman," Dr. Francis Le Baron, the surgeon of a French ship which was wrecked in Buzzard's Bay in 1694. With the officers and crew he was made a prisoner and sent to Boston. On the way a stop was made over night at Plymouth, and he was quartered near the Green in the house of William Barnes. A woman of the town had the day before suffered a compound fracture of a limb. Dr. Le Baron heard of the case and that the surgeons were about to amputate. The prisoner was permitted to make an examination and his skill availed to save the limb. Proper consent having been given he was permitted to settle in Plymouth, and here he died leaving a wife and three sons. This is the reading of his head stone:

“ Here lyes y<sup>e</sup> body  
Of Francis Labarran  
Phytician who  
Departed this life  
August ye 8 1704  
In y<sup>e</sup> 36 year  
Of his age.”

## QUINCY

“The town of Quincy, — the home of Wheelwright and Coddington; the birthplace of Hancock, the Adamses and the Quincys; a spot to be held in everlasting remembrance in the history of civil and religious liberty.” — *John G. Palfrey*.

ABOUT twelve miles south of Boston, and a little more than a mile beyond Quincy Centre, stands a monument upon which may be read this inscription:

“From This Spot with Her Son,  
John Quincy Adams,  
Then a Boy of Seven, by Her Side,  
Abigail Adams Watched the Smoke of Burning  
Charlestown,  
While Listening to the Guns of Bunker Hill,  
Saturday, 17 June, 1775.”

The tourist who wishes to enjoy the beauty of Quincy and the patriot who would appreciate to the full the significance of the place in the history of the United States will do well to begin the ramble through the town at the hill where stands this memorial.

To reach Penn's Hill you may walk leisurely out from the Centre, through Hancock and Franklin Streets, past the triangle made by the meeting of Independence and President's Avenues — the names of

the streets in this old New England town indicate the quality of the history for which it stands — and up past orchards and tangles of stones and underbrush to a summit of big boulders.

Upon this summit stands the cairn, the monument erected by the Adams Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution to mark the spot where the wife of a President-to-be and the mother of another future President watched and prayed on the day of Bunker Hill.

Abigail Adams herself has told the story. Her husband was in attendance upon the second Continental Congress. He had advised her if real danger threatened to fly to the woods with the children. When the seventeenth of June came she said: "The day, perhaps the decisive day, is come, on which the fate of America depends." Quincy was shocked early that morning by the thunder of the cannon of the British ships. Abigail thereupon took the little John Quincy by the hand and climbed the hill a half-mile from her home.

Many years later the scene was described in these terms by Charles Francis Adams, the younger: "It was a clear June day and across the blue bay they saw against the horizon the dense black volume of smoke which rolled away from the burning houses of Charlestown. Over the crest of the distant hill hung the white clouds which told of the battle going on beneath the smoke. There was, withal, something quite dramatic in the scene; but as the two sat there, silent and trembling, the child's hand clasped in that of the mother,

thinking now of what was taking place before their eyes, and now of the husband and father so far away at the Congress, they little dreamed of the great future for him and for the boy, to be surely worked out in that conflict, the first pitched battle of which was then being fought out before them."

Two sentences from the letter written by Abigail Adams to her husband next day complete the picture: "My bursting heart must find vent at my pen." She ended: "Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen and be a shield to our dear friends!"

To-day one stands beside the cairn and gazes to the north, where he sees far as the eye can reach the multitudinous evidences of a great city. There gleams the golden dome of the State House, scarcely bigger than a thimble at this distance of eleven miles. Just to the right of it is a white shaft, almost lost in the blur of the horizon; it is the monument reared upon that Charlestown battlefield.

Westward the view is shut off by the granite hills. There are derricks on their summits; the quarrying of the Quincy granite is still a great industry. Southward the Blue Hills block the vision. They are beautiful, with the clouds casting fantastic shadows over them on a summer day, and lifting amid the foliage between is an occasional group of spires marking the place of a village or "center." To the east the hill rises still higher, but from its brow you look into the depths of the pink granite quarry, worked formerly by one of

the Portsmouth Wendells, who "gave up the command of a quarterdeck for the development of a stone quarry." Eastward still you look into Fore River, which divides Weymouth from Quincy. There are the big ship yards where were built the *North Dakota* and the *Rivadavia*. The first vessel built in Quincy was launched as early as 1696.

The shore of Quincy, stretching from this river to the Neponset, which divides it from Boston, curves and winds in and out, making Quincy the most indented of any town in the State. Up at its northern end is the peninsula of Squantum, where on the highest point has been built a cairn to commemorate the landing of Myles Standish and a party from Plymouth on September 30, 1621. They were piloted by the faithful Indian Squanto.

"The Sachem of the bay, by Squantum's shore,  
Held o'er his feathered warriors sway of yore;  
There stood his wigwam in the hummock's shade,  
There the maize-tassels with the breezes played,  
There the red hunter chased the antlered game, —  
Thence Massachusetts took her honored name."

Midway between Squantum and Hough's Neck is the Mount Wollaston farm, the residence of the late Mrs. John Quincy Adams. But this is the spot known, wherever the story of Plymouth is read, as Merry Mount. It was here that the little May Day opera bouffe was performed. Thomas Morton set up his

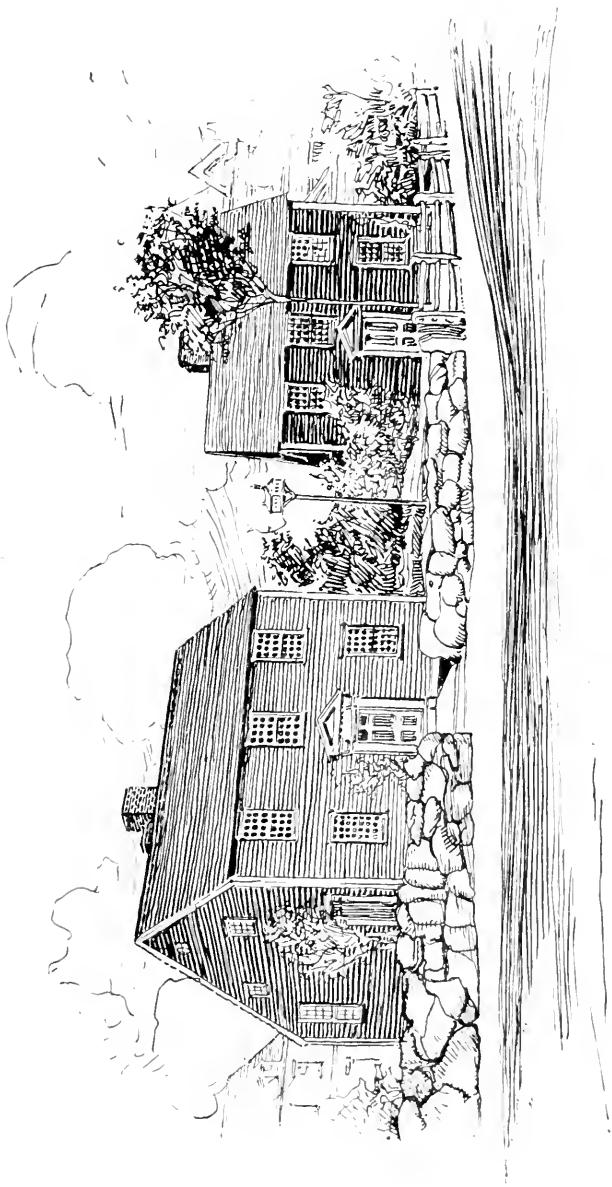
May-pole eighty feet high with a buck's antlers at the top, and around it danced that day in 1627 the band of white men and the Indian women whom Motley in his *Merry Mount* calls over and over again "the dark-eyed, dusky daughters of the forest."

But Myles Standish marched over from Plymouth with his well-drilled army of eight men and scattered the "pagan revelers," and Endicott sailed across from Salem and hewed down the May-pole, and so the "idoll" was destroyed and "idolatry" was uprooted.

This hill is connected also with the story of Quincy, because the old bent cedar which once stood upon Mount Wollaston suggested the design for the seal of the city. In 1882, when Quincy had just become a city after many decades of town-meeting government, Charles Francis Adams adopted the suggestion offered by an old sketch of the barren hill with its solitary cedar and the sea beyond; and the word "Manet" and the dates were added to make the present seal of the municipality. In a storm some years ago the tree was blown down, and a granite marker now indicates the spot where it grew.

Now you are ready to leave the cairn and come down the hill to visit the old houses where were born respectively John Adams and John Quincy Adams. Of the stones which were cemented together to make this memorial one was brought from the Concord battle-field, another from Dorchester Heights, and a third from the foot of the Washington Elm in Cambridge.





*The Homes of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, Quincy*



The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on Bunker Hill day, 1896, by a modern Abigail Adams, daughter of a modern John Quincy Adams. The stone itself is a piece of polished granite which was made from a sleeper of "the oldest railway in the country," built in 1826 from the Quincy quarries to the Neponset River and intended for the conveying of stone to be used in rearing the white shaft just visible against the blue sky eleven miles away.

A half-mile saunter down-hill and in toward the Centre brings you to the triangular area in which stand the Adams houses. In the apex of the triangle is the Quincy Adams birthplace, and beyond it, and separated from it only by a narrow strip of lawn, is the older house in which the father of Quincy Adams was born. The one house was built in 1681, the other in 1716. In the older John Adams was born in 1735; in the later John Quincy Adams was born in 1767. John married Abigail Smith of Weymouth in 1764. The house in which he installed his bride became the property of the Quincy Historical Society in 1896, and the house in which he was reared is now cared for by the Daughters of the Revolution.

About 1770 John Adams removed from Quincy to Boston, but just before the war began he came back to his "little hut and forty acres." While her husband was absent during the war period, Abigail lived much of the time in the house at the foot of Penn's Hill, and from it she went to become the first mistress of the

White House. When they returned to Quincy they went to live in the "Adams Mansion," just north of the Centre, making the third of the group of Adams houses in Quincy.

The house in which John Adams was born is "a plain square honest block of a house, widened by a lean-to and scarcely two stories high, of the type commonly built by the farmers of the period." The old Plymouth highway ran in front of it, and around it were the acres of the farm with the orchard trees and an occasional elm and pine. The house has many marks of its antiquity. The doors swing askew. The uprights are out of plumb. The ceilings are very low. It is a composite really of three parts rather than two, as there is a little addition at the rear, built in 1840. The original structure had four rooms, two below and two above: when the lean-to was added it enlarged the building to eight rooms.

Through a turnstile you enter the yard, which is enclosed by a primitive-looking rail fence. The rooms have been restored as closely as possible to the appearance of two hundred years ago. The kitchen, as so often in the old New England houses, is the most interesting of them all. There is a huge fireplace fully eight feet wide made of rough bricks, with a plain shelf for a mantel. The walls are wainscoted to a height of two feet, the floors throughout are of wide boards, the windows have twenty-four panes, and the big timbers hang from the ceilings. Of the few pieces

of furniture and utensils in the house which belonged to Abigail the one shown with greatest pride, perhaps, is the old cheese strainer. The musket is above the mantel, quite in the orthodox fashion. But, what is unique and striking, the walls are hung with facsimiles of such documents as the Declaration of Independence, documents which the boy who was born up-stairs helped to make.

In that room overhead, there is an old four-poster, its mattress held up by ropes, and a very old hair trunk. You choose the most substantial looking chair in the room in which to rest a few minutes while you study the furnishings, but you are quite likely to get up quickly when you learn that you have hit upon the only chair which was used by the Adamses themselves, a chair given to the caretakers by a granddaughter of John Adams, who died a few years ago at the age of ninety-six. In a case in this room is a portion of the riding cloak used by the second President as late as 1810, and a slipper, with very high heels, worn by his wife at the court of France.

One of the rooms has a concealed niche, intended as a hiding-place in the time when peril was the daily portion of the patriot. The whole front of the fireplace, from floor to ceiling, mantel and all, swings out by hinges which have been attached by the rebuilders of the house. There, at the side of the brick chimney, is a recess in which one might be stowed away if he could pack his limbs in small compass.

The house adjoining is similar in appearance to its older neighbor, just a trifle more modern perhaps. It is surrounded by a stone wall, covered, like a large part of the house, with vines. Within are many memorials of the time when it was occupied by John and Abigail and their boy Quincy. The best architectural feature of both houses are the doorways. These with their pediments are really handsome specimens of the severely simple ornamentation of the colonial builders.

The mother of Abigail Adams was a Quincy, a daughter of Colonel John Quincy, who lived on the farm at Mount Wollaston, and from whom the town of Quincy has its name. Thus it was that the lines of the Quincys and the Adamses came together, and what a delight to the genealogist those family trees are, to be sure. But John Adams had some difficulty in winning Abigail Smith. The Puritans, with their literal interpretation of the words of Holy Writ, made the lawyer's an unholy calling, and Abigail's father was a minister. When his older daughter, Mary, married Richard Cranch, the father had preached the following Sunday from the text: "And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." But immediately after the marriage of John and Abigail he founded his sermon on the text: "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, he hath a devil."

A good deal of the romantic and the humorous

blended in the early life of John Adams. Among his playmates was John Hancock — he of the bold signature — also born in Quincy. As a youth he writes in his diary, "Rose at sunrise, unpitched a load of hay, and translated two more leaves of Justinian." A goodly day's work and well divided, surely. He at times amused himself and "studied" Latin by reading Ovid's *Art of Love* to the doctor's wife as he lounged against the rail fence. Once he was on the point of proposing to Hannah Quincy. But an interruption came, and he resolved that henceforth there should be "no girl, no gun, no cards, no flutes, no violins, no dress, no tobacco, no laziness." Then, while he was nursing his resolutions against love, he met the "superb Abigail," and the next time he faced the ordeal of a proposal he brought it off with success.

A stroll of a mile will bring you to the square at the Centre, the training field square which has been for more than two centuries and a half the focus of the life of the town. It is now a trolley center as well, and these cars are among the innovations of modern progress which have obliterated a great part of the antiquity of Quincy. For Quincy is essentially modern, and incidentally ancient. There are a few fine old mansions here, and many a site which carries one back to the time when the fathers fought for liberty. But as the incoming tides of population compelled the change from the old town-meeting style of government, because there was no hall or skating rink big enough to

hold all the voters, so the increases of population swept away most of the landmarks of the historic past.

But adjacent to the old training ground are three of the chief assets of Quincy, — the old stone church, the burial ground across the way, and the town hall, now called the City Hall.

This town hall is built of the Quincy granite. It has fluted pilasters on the front facade, with Ionic capitals, but you wonder a bit at the Egyptian ornamentation which also appears there. In this building, whose external appearance at least is unchanged, the town meetings were held for many decades of years. "So citizens and statesmen were made," says one of the historians of Quincy, "and the ladies were permitted to sit in the gallery and witness the process."

Year after year in the old times John Quincy Adams used to be chosen moderator. He caused seats to be brought into the hall and hats to be removed, so that things after his time were done with more dignity and order. Up in what the ungodly called the "wisdom corner" sat E. W. Marsh and Charles F. Adams, the younger, J. Q. A. Field, and others who were said to be qualified to sit there, although they made no "indecent exposure of intellect." It was in those town meetings also that Henry H. Faxon, "millionaire policeman," the temperance agitator and reformer, appeared to the best advantage. By actual count he is said to have spoken at a single session as many as forty times. But he was a generous and energetic man, and



it was through his efforts largely that Quincy became a "dry town."

You must visit the cemetery if you would get any grip upon the historic importance of the town. The names which bulk biggest in the story of Quincy are here chiseled most numerous upon the tombs. The dates range back from 1810, to 1792, 1761, 1704, 1688, and many of the dates and names have been obliterated by the wearing of the winds and the rains so that you might sigh for a modern "Old Mortality," who should chisel them anew, that the children of the present might walk abreast of the heroes of the past on this side of the Atlantic as well as in the land of Sir Walter. Several of the stones have fallen, and a few have broken in two, for the cemetery in some measure shows signs of neglect.

There are epitaphs here which recall remarkable lives, lives that were linked with the work of the Puritan and the Pilgrim, the strife of the Tory and the Whig, and the ties that bound together the Old England and the New. Margery Hoar's mother, the grandmother of "Dorothy Q.," "widow of Charles Hoar, sheriff of Gloucester, lies here. She emigrated with five children. 'Great Mother' is inscribed on the tomb erected to her by the Hon. George F. Hoar, a descendant of her son, John Hoar, who settled in Concord. Judge E. R. Hoar endowed a Radcliffe scholarship as a tribute to 'the widow, Joanna Hoar,' by addressing a quaint, fanciful letter to Mrs. Agassiz,

purporting to have been written by Joanna Hoar from old Braintree, declaring herself a 'contemporary of the pious and bountiful Lady Radcliffe for whom your college is named.' "

Here also rests the wife of the third president of Harvard, who was the daughter of that Lady Alice Lisle, whose story is told by Macaulay. Having unwittingly given shelter to two fugitives from the battle of Sedgemoor, Jeffreys condemned her to be burnt alive, and when ladies of rank interceded for her and the clergy thundered denunciations of his inhumanity, he commuted the sentence to beheading.

This is the tomb of the Richard Brackett who died in 1689, having arrived in the new land before 1630, and from whom are descended all in this country who bear the name. Here are two tombs covered with great flat slabs into which are let tablets of marble. One of them bears this inscription:

"In memory of Henry Adams, who took his flight from the Dragon Persecution in England, and alighted with eight sons near Mount Wollaston. This stone and several others have been placed in this yard by a great-grandson from a veneration of the piety, humility, simplicity, prudence, patience, temperance, frugality, industry, and perseverance of his ancestors, in hopes of recommending an imitation of their virtues to posterity."

Another tomb is that of three of the pastors of the old church opposite, one of the three being the father

of John Hancock. A monument in the middle of the little square burial ground is the Quincy tomb, distinguished by the urn which surmounts it. The slab at the foot of the hillock on which the monument stands is marked "Edmund Quincy, 1698, aged 70 years." The monument itself bears the names of Josiah Quincy, Jr., 1744-1775, and Abigail Quincy. Just at hand is the monument erected by the Historical Society to Colonel John Quincy, 1689-1767.

Most limerick-like of all the inscriptions in this old New England cemetery is one upon the small marker at the foot of a tree, designating the grave of a five-year-old boy.

"Schoolmates, we parted on Saturday noon  
With hopes of meeting on Monday,  
But ah! what a change:  
Before 12 o'clock  
The arrow of death had entered my body."

There is an Adams tomb in the cemetery, but the Presidents and their wives are buried beneath the church across the street. This long has been called "the Stone Temple." It was dedicated in 1828. Under the portico and built into the stone foundation two granite chambers were made. The walls are a yard in thickness and the doors are massive enough for some Old World castle. When the padlocks are opened and the doors are swung wide, the vaults with the tombs may be seen through an iron grating. The

chambers are lighted with electricity, and the walls are whitewashed and immaculate. In a case in the passage without is an old hearse with the casket in which the body of John Quincy Adams was brought from Washington. A tablet upon the wall informs visitors that the chambers hold the remains of President John Adams and that "at his side sleeps until the trumpet shall sound Abigail, his beloved and only wife," and the remains of John Quincy Adams, and those of "his partner for fifty years, Louisa Catherine." To see these tombs there have come in one day, according to the register beside the padlocked doors, visitors from Richmond, Va., San Francisco, Cleveland, Boston, and several other places separated by distances equally great.

The present stone church, replacing the old wooden structure in which the Presidents had worshiped, was made possible by a gift in the will of John Adams, whose death occurred on Independence Day, 1826. The building is a severely plain rectangle of granite blocks, with an Ionic porch upon the front, and a pediment after the manner of the old Greek temples. But these Quincy builders reared upon the roof a square clock tower and placed upon that a belfry. The four columns which support the portico are the first large monoliths which were quarried in the town.

Within is a simple auditorium with a domed ceiling, a gallery around three sides, a high mahogany pulpit, an organ above the rear gallery, and no ornamentation

save a little beadwork and paneling and a waist-high wainscot topped with a mahogany rail running around the room. At the right of the pulpit is a tablet to John and Abigail Adams, with a bust of the President above it. The inscription was composed by John Quincy Adams. A tablet to the sixth President and his wife, also surmounted by a bust, is mounted upon the other side of the pulpit, with an inscription composed by Charles Francis Adams. Pleasingly sonorous is the language of these inscriptions, as witness these sentences from the John Adams tablet:

“He Pledged his Life, Fortune, and Sacred Honour  
To the INDEPENDENCE of his COUNTRY.

On the Third of September, 1783,  
He affixed his Seal to the definitive Treaty with Great Britain  
Which acknowledged that Independence  
And consummated the Redemption of his Pledge.

On the Fourth of July, 1826,  
He was summoned  
To the Independence of Immortality  
And to the JUDGMENT OF HIS GOD.  
This House will bear witness to his Piety;  
This Town, his Birth Place, to his Munificence;  
History to his Patriotism;  
Posterity to the Depth and Compass of his Mind.”

And of the marriage with Abigail Adams it is here recorded:

“During an Union of more than Half a Century  
They Survived in Harmony of Sentiment, Principle and  
Affection

The Tempests of Civil Commotion;  
Meeting undaunted and surmounting  
The Terrors and Trials of that Revolution  
Which secured the Freedom of their Country;  
Improved the Condition of their Times;  
And brightened the Prospects of Futurity  
To the Race of Man upon Earth."

There are tablets in the church also to the memory of Charles Francis Adams, "minister to Great Britain during the Civil War and representative of the United States in the Geneva Tribunal" — two as difficult and delicate tasks as have challenged the courage and tactfulness of Americans of any time, with perhaps one or two exceptions; to Colonel John Quincy; and to the Rev. John Wheelwright, minister at Mount Wollaston in 1636, and who was banished from the Colony of Massachusetts in 1637, a decree which was revoked in 1644. As you leave the church pew 54 will be pointed out to you as the seat occupied by the President and his son, the war minister to England, and a neighboring pew is designated as that in which the Quincys worshiped. You may recall the familiar story of the boy John Adams, who stared long at the serried ranks of venerable heads in the pews of the older church, and testified in later years to the effect they had upon his imagination.

When Charles Francis Adams, the younger, made the address at the 250th anniversary of the founding of the church in Quincy he thus recalled some of the stir-

ring experiences discussed by those who worshiped in the earlier building:

“In the intervals of divine service, men and women have listened on the porch of this church to rumors of the victories of Lutheran and Catholic in the time of Wallenstein and the Swede; they there discussed the issue of King and Commons in the days of the Long Parliament; they heard of the death of King Charles on the scaffold before Whitehall, and sent up prayers for the soul of the Protector when he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Marston Moor and Naseby were names as familiar and thrilling to them as Gettysburg and Appomattox were to us. King Philip’s war hung a terror over them; and the story of the death of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham was no less a cause of thankfulness here expressed in earnest prayer, than were the tidings that Washington stood within Yorktown, or that Grant was in possession of Vicksburg. This church had passed through nearly half its existence when its doors were closed by the first tempests of the Revolution, and its pastor read from the pulpit the freshly-promulgated Declaration of Independence.”

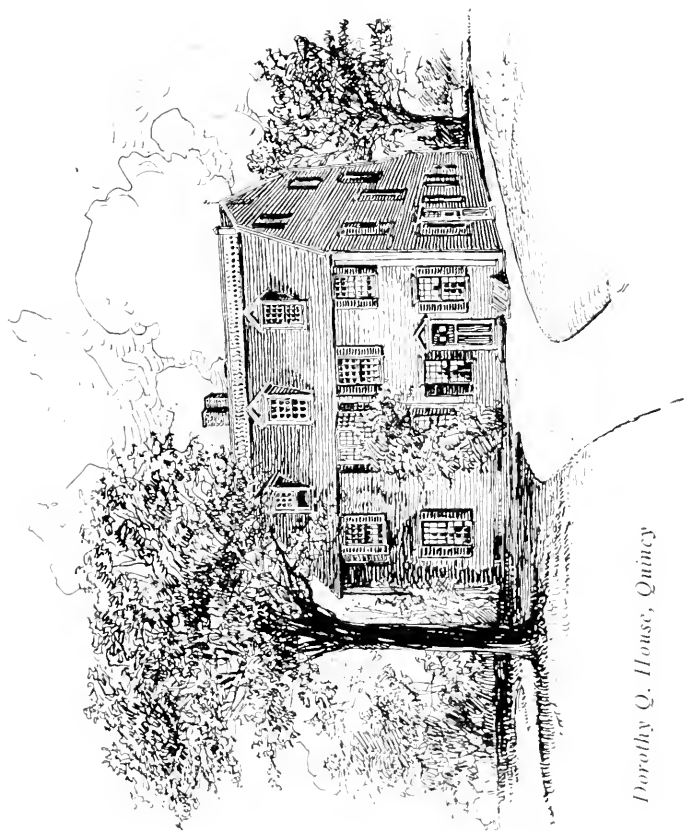
Leaving the Centre and walking northward, you pass through a street bordered with fine trees and lined with handsome houses, until you come to where, a half mile out, stands the Adams Academy, a stone building built in 1872. The site, chosen by John Adams, is the lot on which stood the house in which John Hancock was born. It is a boys’ school, taught for some time by a son of Edward Everett. Opposite is the large building of the Woodward Institute for

girls, founded by Dr. Ebenezer Woodward, who willed a sum for the purpose.

The home to which Abigail Adams came after her residence abroad and in the White House is a little farther out, having come into the possession of John Adams in 1785. It was built by Leonard Vassall, a violent Tory, like all who bore the name. He made his large fortune in sugar trading in the West Indies. When he reared this house in 1731 it was considered a marvel of architecture. The long, low, gambrel-roofed mansion, somewhat in the style of the English manor house, surrounded by an old-fashioned garden and shaded by stately elms, appeals strongly to the imagination to this day. The original house was of brick, and John Adams made an addition of wood at the eastern end. The most remarkable room in the house is the "panel room," so called from the paneling of St. Domingo mahogany which by accident was discovered in 1850 under the white paint by which the original owner had concealed its value from the patriots in war times. The study of the sixth President is another room of note, and in it the second President breathed his last with the name of Jefferson on his lips.

The mansion is well called the "House of Golden Weddings," for in the "long room" John and Abigail Adams celebrated their golden anniversary in 1814, John Quincy and Louisa Catherine Adams received the congratulations of their legion of friends in the





*Dorothy Q. House, Quincy*



room in 1847, and Charles Francis and Abigail Brooks Adams kept their fiftieth anniversary in 1879 in that same room.

Almost opposite the Adams mansion is the famous old house which bears the name of "Dorothy Q." It is with this house that the visitor may well end his pilgrimage, but to appreciate all that the house suggests he should inform himself as to the various Quincy mansions and the several "Dorothys" to each of whose names there was appended a "Q."

There is the Quincy mansion at the "lower farm," that is at Wollaston, which was built in 1770. It represents a line of Quincys whose descent has been traced, according to the wits, not only from sire to son, but from 'Siah to 'Siah. Another Quincy mansion was built by a Josiah, a son, of course, of a Josiah, two miles north of the "Centre." This building is now used by the Quincy Mansion School. Most interesting of the three is the "Dorothy Q." house. Edmund Quincy arrived in Boston in 1633 with his wife Judith and two children. Two years later there was granted to him and William Coddington a large tract of land, on which Coddington at once built a farmhouse. Judith Quincy became a widow and married Moses Paine, and entered upon the full occupancy of the house. Her son, Edmund Quincy, married the famous Joanna Hoar, and his many children married and intermarried in a way that is a fond delight to the genealogist. Then, when Edmund Quincy the third built a new house in

1705, he incorporated with it the Coddington farmhouse, and the structure took the shape which it has to-day.

It is interesting because it has associations of the first historic importance, because the Coddington portion has been called "the most ancient structure in New England," and because it has secret chambers and underground passages and other enchanting equipments.

There were several Dorothys and each had her romance. Dorothy I. was born in 1642. Dorothy II. appeared in 1678 in Dorchester, where her father was minister of the first church. She married Edmund Quincy, and, while she was born Dorothy F., her marriage made her Dorothy Q. For her brother, Henry Flynt, the tutor, as he is called by all who love the story of the old mansion, she caused to be built the ell with a study below and a bedroom above. Then came the Dorothy Q. of whom Holmes wrote the poem which made her about as well known as President Adams himself. After her came the Dorothy who married John Hancock, "the signer with the signature which could be read without spectacles." She was the niece of Holmes's Dorothy and it so happened that she was born in Boston.

Now for the house itself. First comes the kitchen, a large room with exposed beams and a big, wide fireplace with a settle beside it. You look at the heavy oak timbers and marvel that they ever were framed to-

gether in those early days. This is part of the Coddington kitchen, built in 1636, which means that the beams were hewn with an adze from wood taken off the estate, and that the lathing was split by hand. The room now greets you in its original color. When the restoration was made, under the direction of a competent architect, it took the labor of ten men three weeks to scrape off the layers of paint. Not much of the furniture is original, but all of it is illustrative of colonial conditions, and many of the pieces throughout the house have histories associated with them. They were given by members of the Colonial Dames for the furnishing of the house when they undertook to care for it, and under their direction the house is now shown to the public.

The dining-room is beautiful, all in white, with a fireplace, a buffet full of old china, an urn of satinwood for silver, and a mahogany table which came from the Middleton estate in South Carolina.

In the drawing-room is the paper, covered with Cupids and Venuses, which was intended for the wedding of Dorothy and John Hancock. But the war came and the family scattered, and the nuptials were celebrated in Connecticut. This room has a double fireplace. The present white and beautiful front swings out and discloses the original, enormous and made of plain beams and plaster. When the renovators were at work this original was discovered, and the front was so fashioned that this primitive fireplace

might be shown the visitor. Here were found also an old shell and some seaweed, sure tokens that there was at least one clambake here in olden days.

In the smaller drawing-room beyond is a fine spinet, and, what is perhaps more interesting, a letter on the wall in a frame written by John Hancock to his Dorothy. He begins, "My dear Dolly," and tells her of his arrival in New York in May, 1775, "with the Continental Congress on hand." Farther along he remonstrates with her for the degree of favor she has shown a certain "Aaron Burr," and makes protestations several and sundry of his own devotion.

Adjacent is the study which was built for Tutor Flynt, with tessellated board floor, containing a clavichord and the chair of John Hancock, when he was inaugurated governor of the State.

Up the steep and winding stair you climb to the tutor's bedroom, whence you pass to a larger room known as the guest chamber. Here is the four-poster carved with acanthus leaves, in which Lafayette slept. From this room you look out on the little brook in which, says the story, Agnes Surriage and her Harry eeled and caught the trout which they cooked in the kitchen below.

Another of the up-stairs rooms has the initials "J. H." scratched upon the glass of one of the little window-panes. Thus Hancock, says tradition, left another autograph to posterity. There are several other hand-

some rooms and a tale pertains to each of them. One is said to be the Coddington chamber and another the birthplace of the Dorothy Q. whom Holmes made known to the world.

Above the Coddington chamber is a space eighteen inches in height, lighted by the upper panes of the windows of the chamber itself, from which a shaft a foot square passes to the kitchen. This is the hidden chamber which the old stories associate with the Regicides. Food came up the secret passage on a rude dumb-waiter. There are tales connected with the family of Moses Black, who occupied the house when it passed out of the hands of the Quincys, which might help to account for these secret arrangements. There was a clause in a will, too, which angered a widow Black, and tradition says that she has haunted the mansion. The passage running underground to Black's creek, of which many a tale has been told, has not been found.

This romantic house stands amid beautiful grounds, and its excellent proportions make it a fine specimen of the homes of the colonial era. But most charming of all the stories connected with it is that which links the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes with the ancestress whom he called "My Dorothy." She was born in 1709, just a century before the poet and wit made his advent. When the British occupied Boston, one of the officers amused himself practising swordsmanship upon a portrait of her. One of his langes stabbed the

pictured Dorothy very near the right eye. So Holmes began thus his poem upon the painting:

“Grandmother’s mother: her age, I guess,  
Thirteen summers, or something less;  
Girlish bust, but womanly air;  
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;  
Lips that lover has never kissed;  
Taper fingers and slender wrist;  
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;  
So they painted the little maid.

“On her hand a parrot green  
Sits unmoving and broods serene.  
Hold up the canvas full in view, —  
Look! There’s a rent the light shines through,  
Dark with a century’s fringe of dust, —  
That was a Red-Coat’s rapier thrust!  
Such is the tale the lady old,  
Dorothy’s daughter’s daughter, told.”



## LEXINGTON

“Independence was scarcely dreamt of: all that the villagers were clear of was their right as Englishmen, and they stood upon that, with everything else around them in a dark far thicker than the morning gloom out of which the redcoats flashed at the other corner of the Green. . . . Major Pitcairn had dispersed a riot and shed the first blood in a seven years’ war. The dead men lay on the grass where their children had played a few hours before.” — *William Dean Howells*.

LEXINGTON COMMON, basking in the sunshine under the deep blue sky of a day in June, with the blare of an automobile horn as its only tocsin and a legion of smiling sightseers as its only invaders, is so suave and peaceful, that, but for the tablets and monuments with their stirring inscriptions and the bronze figure of Captain Parker, rifle in hand, upon the stones, you would suppose it must always have been a place of undisturbed repose. But it was over that road that Paul Revere clattered, and from that house a few rods away John Hancock and Samuel Adams made their hurried escape. Just here stood the old belfry from which clanged the alarm that brought the Minutemen to the Common. The boulder across there marks the line of the Provincials, and beyond it is the house to

whose door Jonathan Harrington dragged himself, sorely wounded, that he might die at his wife's feet.

At Lexington the associations are almost all of war. From Arlington on, the road has been marked by tablet upon tablet, each telling some tale of that great April day in 1775. You are following the road of which Hawthorne wrote in *Septimius Felton*:

“ That night there was a cry of alarm passing all through the country towns and rural communities that lay around Boston, and dying away towards the coast and wilder forest borders. Horsemen galloped past the line of farm-houses, shouting alarm! alarm! There were stories of marching troops coming like dreams through the midnight. Around the little rude meeting-houses there was here and there the beat of a drum, and the assemblage of farmers with their weapons. So all that night there was marching, there was mustering, there was trouble; and, on the road from Boston, a steady march of soldiers' feet onward, onward into the land whose last warlike disturbance had been when the red Indians trod it.”

Here a tablet indicates the site of the Black Horse Tavern, where Orne, Lee and Gerry, Marblehead's members of the Committee of Safety, were spending the night before the battle. Other tablets bear the names of colonists who were killed or captured by the British. On Main Street in East Lexington, not far from the church named for its pastor, Charles Follen, the German scholar, is the house in which lived for many years the last survivor of the battle. This was the son of the Jonathan Harrington who died at the

threshold of the house facing the Green, a young Jonathan of but sixteen, who blew the fife for Captain Parker. He lived to reach the great age of ninety-six, seeing independence gained, the Union formed, and President succeed President until a few years more would have brought him to another April 19, and the sad spectacle of a divided nation.

Upon entering the bounds of Lexington, on a slight hill just off the avenue, shaded by fine old trees, you see the Munroe Tavern. The tablet says that this simple, square, frame building was erected in 1695, and that Earl Percy used it as a hospital and headquarters at the time of the battle. In the room at the left of the entrance the wounds of the British were dressed, and on the right is the tap-room, where the soldiers obtained a liberal supply of liquor. In the ceiling is still to be seen a bullet-hole made by a ball from a British musket. The room has a wide fireplace and ancient cupboards, and the timbers, roughly hewn by hand, seem to run askew. Up the narrow staircase is the room in which Washington dined in November, 1789, with the fireplaces, floor boards and timbers which antedate the Revolution. In those days the house had various extensions and outbuildings which now are gone.

For one hundred and sixty-three years this house was a well-patronized inn. The builder was a William Munro, son of a William Munro who was taken prisoner in one of Cromwell's battles and deported to Boston. He belonged to the clan of "the fighting Munros," who

lived as early as the eleventh century on the River Ro in the north of Ireland. They conquered a large territory in Scotland, and to this day the Munro lands in Lexington are "Scotland." The first of the American line settled here in Lexington, married three times, had thirteen children, and as they married added successively to his house an ell here and an ell there until it was said to look like a rope-walk. The son who bore his name built the tavern, but the fame of the inn began when in 1770 another William Munroe, great-grandson of the original settler, and spelling the name with one more letter, purchased it.

This landlord was one of the fifteen Munroes who had a share in the battle. He held the rank of orderly sergeant and lined up the seventy yeomen in the gray dawn on the Green. His wife and three little children found refuge on a hill behind the inn, leaving the house in charge of a "hired man" named John Raymond. The messenger sent back to Boston by the British commander brought a relieving force under Earl Percy. They took possession of the building. The British advance went on to Concord, faced the farmers at the bridge, and retreated upon Lexington. They had been without food since midnight, and for many hours the Minutemen had been harassing them, picking them off by scores from behind the stone walls along the way. Thankful indeed were the redcoats when Earl Percy's square enclosed them. A granite slab a little way toward the Green from the tavern shows where he

planted one of his cannon. The inscription makes no mention of one incident, but the knowledge of it by no means lessens the interest of the tourist, — how the widow Mulliken hid the family silver in a well near by. On toward the Green again, in the high-school yard, is a stone cannon, marking the location of another of Percy's field-pieces.

Thus the Provincials were held back, while the wounded were cared for, and the exhausted soldiers lay upon the grass, worn out by hunger and the unseasonable heat of the day. The tavern was searched for linen for bandages, and it used to be said that the floor of the living-room was "inches deep in blood." When evening came Percy decided to resume the retreat. Some of the soldiers made a bonfire in the tap-room, and on the doorstep they plunged a bayonet into the defenseless "hired man."

Colonel William Munroe and his son, Lieutenant Jonas Munroe, who succeeded to the business in 1827, were jolly and successful landlords. The tavern was the last over-night stop on the long journey to Boston from Vermont and New Hampshire. Often there were a hundred horses stabled in its barns, and the yard was filled with sheep and cattle. The drovers were put to bed in long rows in a big hall in the second story of one of the ells which has now disappeared. The house was closed to the public in 1858. By the will of James Smith Munroe, who died in 1910, it came into the hands of the Lexington Historical Society. Furniture, docu-

ments and relics have been gathered for exhibition, including a set of the day-books of the inn going back to the year 1773.

Now you come to the triangular Common or Green with monuments and memorials clustering around it. In the familiar poem Paul Revere arrived here an hour after midnight on the morning of the battle:

“ It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.”

That meeting-house is gone, but where it and the two meeting-houses which preceded it stood, is now a strikingly original and beautiful monument. This is a big block of red granite, desk-shaped, with a closed book of granite lying upon its slanting top. The monument is supposed to occupy the spot where was the pulpit in the meeting-house which was burned in 1846. Panels upon the front and back are cut with the names of the first seven pastors of the parish, and the record of some of the principal events of a century of town and church history.

A boulder, estimated to weigh fifteen tons, hauled by ten horses from the woods two miles away, is



*Church and Monument, Lexington Common*





another of the impressive monuments upon the Green. The front has been cut away and the remainder left in its rough and unpolished state. An old musket with a powder-horn hanging from its barrel is carved upon the smooth face of the stone, and points the direction of the line-up of the Minutemen. Below are inscribed the words attributed to Captain Parker:

“ Stand your ground  
Don't fire unless fired upon  
But if they mean to have a war  
Let it begin here.”

A letter written by the Rev. Theodore Parker to George Bancroft, the historian, states that according to a tradition held in the Parker family this command was spoken by his grandfather. The orderly sergeant, William Munroe, who formed the line of battle, confirmed the tradition, for when in 1822 a battle pageant was given on the Common, he took the part of Captain Parker, and repeated the words, adding: “ Them is the very words Captain Parker spoke.” What a commotion there was then when, at a meeting of the Lexington Historical Society a few years ago, a speaker suggested that the evidence for the famous saying was not sufficient to amount to historical demonstration. But the war did “ begin here ” at any rate. Major Pitcairn heard the Continentals' drum beating and hurried his eight hundred men forward upon the double-quick. There stood the seventy yeomen. He

ordered them to disperse. Not a man moved. The troops fired one volley, then another. There was a desultory reply. Then the Minutemen scattered. Seven of them lay dead and nine were wounded. And to continue to the end the outline story of the day's fighting: the British, on their retreat from Concord, made a stand a mile or more beyond the Green upon a bluff; then they paused again upon Fiske's Hill closer in, and there Major Pitcairn was thrown from his horse, and the animal and the accoutrements of the rider were captured. The pistols are still to be seen in Lexington. Thence the troops fled to the sheltering square made by Earl Percy's reenforcements.

A tablet with an inscription and a relief of the old belfry designates the site of the little building in which was hung the bell which rang the alarm on the day of the battle, and which for many years after called the people to worship, warned them "at 9 o'clock to rake up their fires and go to bed," and tolled their funeral knells.

Here also, facing that corner of the Green where appeared the column of grenadiers, is Henry Hudson Kitson's Minuteman, in bronze, leaping up a pile of stones, a figure admirably poised, and strikingly typifying the spirit of the men who fought that day from stone walls and points of vantage wherever they offered.

Contrasting sharply with these modern memorials is the monument, erected by the State in 1799, on a

knoll in one of the angles of the triangular Green. It is said to be the oldest memorial of the war. A recent tablet tells you that the bodies of those who lost their lives here on the Common were buried first in the old cemetery, and after sixty years deposited before this monument. Edward Everett pronounced the oration when this second burial took place, and the surviving members of the company of Minutemen lowered the caskets into the grave. Lafayette was welcomed to Lexington in front of this monument in 1824, and fourteen of the Minutemen were presented to him. The long and rather oratorical inscription first placed upon the monument was written by the Rev. Jonas Clarke. It records the names of those who fell, and proceeds thus:

“Sacred to the Liberty and the Rights of Mankind!!!

The Freedom and Independence of America,  
Sealed and Defended by the Blood of Her Sons.

. . . . .

The Die was cast!!!

The Blood of these Martyrs

In the cause of God and their country

Was the Cement of the Union of these States, then  
Colonies, and gave the spring to the Spirit, Firmness  
And Resolution of their Fellow Citizens.

They rose as one Man to revenge their Brethren's  
Blood, and at the Point of the Sword to assert and  
Defend their native Rights.

They nobly dar'd to be free!!!

The contest was long, bloody, and affecting.

Righteous Heaven approved the solemn appeal,  
Victory crowned their arms; and  
The Peace, Liberty, and Independence of the United  
States of America was their Glorious Reward."

Clustering about the Green are several historic houses. One carries two tablets, reciting that it was a witness to the battle, built in 1729, the home of Marrett and Nathan Munroe, and the birthplace of Deliverance, the daughter of Marrett. A British bullet passed through a window in this house, and Caleb Harrington was shot when running toward it from the meeting-house, to which he had gone for powder. The venerable building facing another side of the triangle has a tablet identifying it as the house to which the wounded Jonathan Harrington managed to crawl, only to die before its door. What is now the Merriam house was formerly the Buckman Tavern, a plain and well-preserved old building, with dormer windows peeping through its sloping roof and a pretty garden about it.

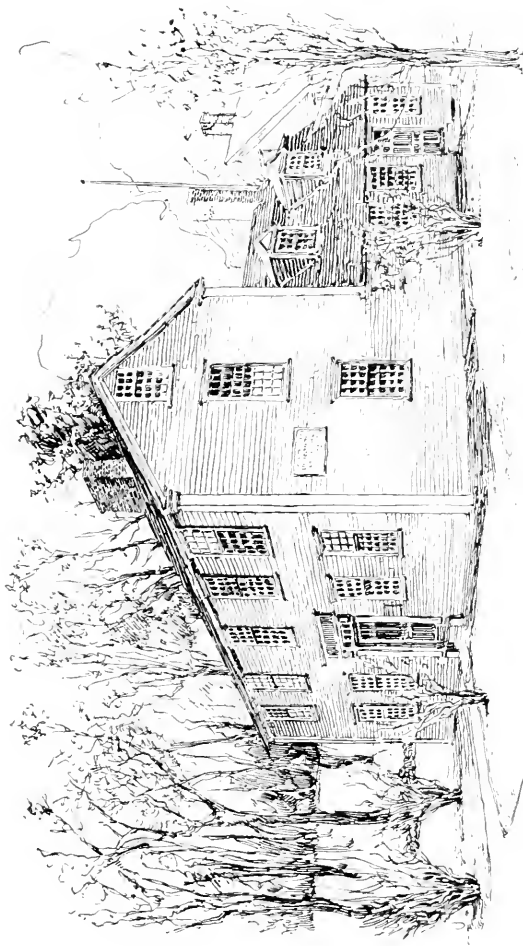
The handsome Unitarian meeting-house, successor of the churches whose history is a part of the history of the town and of the war, also looks out upon the Common, and near it is a lane which leads to the old burying ground. The tomb of Captain Parker is in this cemetery, also a monument to Governor Eustis, and a big slab supported upon six pillars above the vault in which the pastors whose names are connected with the Hancock-Clarke house, and several members of their families, are interred.

In the stone building of the Cary Public Library there are several portraits of much interest. Of these one which attracts the attention of all visitors is a painting of the young and handsome Earl Percy. William Dean Howells has told of the questions people used to ask him when he was a resident of the town and came to the library to read, and how one boy gazed long at the portrait and at last turned away with a sigh and the exclamation, "And he was a Britisher!" The picture was given by Earl Percy's grand-nephew, Algernon George, sixth Duke of Northumberland. Here also are a portrait of the orderly sergeant, William Munroe, and one of Major William Dawes, who, like Paul Revere, rode out from Boston to give the alarm on that April night, only no poet's song brought him fame. A fine painting of very different interest is an original by V. Brozik, of Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella, presented to the library in 1906, and reminding many visitors of the famous picture by the same artist in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City.

As you go across the Green and through Hancock Street to the Hancock-Clarke house, you pass the building which was occupied by the first normal school in America. This was long the meeting-house of the Hancock Church, but was built in 1822 for Lexington Academy. The State took it for normal school purposes in 1839 and in that year the school was opened with three pupils.

Only a few rods from the Common is the building,

associated with many important events and personages, known as the Hancock-Clarke house. The exterior is not impressive, and tablets in this village are so common that you might only idly note the occurrence of another as you saunter by, were it not that visitors throng to this house. The record shows for one year the names of twenty thousand who came to it from all parts of the world. This is the manse in which lived the two ministers of the Lexington Church, whose combined pastorates counted up to no less than one hundred and one years. Only a part of the present building was in existence during thirty-six years of the pastorate of the Rev. John Hancock, which reached from 1698 to 1752; this part is the small, low-studded cottage, with a gambrel roof and gabled dormer windows. After an interregnum of three years, the Rev. Jonas Clarke came in 1755 and remained until his death half a century later. In this original cottage, the large room opened directly upon the lawn, and was parlor, dining-room and kitchen all in one. The room at the back, with narrow windows and inside shutters, was the pastor's study. From the large room there ascends a very quaint staircase. The two-story front part of the house contains the room in which John Hancock, "the signer," and Samuel Adams were sleeping when Paul Revere dashed up, and also the room which was occupied that night by Dorothy Quincy. The whole house is filled with interesting relics and memorials, including portraits of the Hancocks, a silhouette of



*The Hancock-Clarke House, Lexington*





Mr. Clarke, and a quantity of bric-à-brac, dresses, utensils, weapons and engravings.

Pastor Hancock came to Lexington in 1698 on a salary of forty pounds a year and a special contribution every three months, with a settlement of eighty pounds. His five children were reared in the four rooms of the little cottage. The oldest son, John, became minister in Braintree, and there the famous John Hancock was born in 1737. The second son, Thomas, became a merchant and built the Hancock mansion in Beacon Street, Boston. The other son was associated for several years with his father in the pastorate. The two daughters married ministers, and the daughter of one of them became the wife of the Rev. Jonas Clarke, who succeeded Hancock in the Lexington pastorate. Thus this sturdy old minister had two sons who became ministers, two daughters who married ministers, and a granddaughter who was married to the minister who came after him in the parish which he had held for life. Let it be noted also that he himself had married a woman who was the daughter, the granddaughter, and the great-granddaughter of ministers.

The Clarkes had thirteen children, and four of the daughters became ministers' wives. It has been computed that not less than twenty-five ministers have been connected directly or by marriage with this old manse.

But after all, most visitors are interested more in

the story of that other John Hancock who was sleeping here when the alarm was brought by the rider from Boston. Hancock and Adams were proscribed, and above all things the British desired their capture. The Tory ballad ran in these terms:

“ And for their king, that John Hancock,  
And Adams if they're taken,  
Their heads for signs shall hang up high  
Upon the hill called Beacon.”

But they were not “ taken.” A guard of eight men had been placed about this Hancock-Clarke house lest General Gage should attempt their arrest. According to the story Revere came clattering out from the Common, and the guard asked him to make less noise. “ Noise! ” was the reply. “ You'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming.”

Hancock was for the Common and the clash of arms. Adams induced him to agree that theirs was another duty. They found a place of safety several miles away. In the manse that night were quartered also Madame Lydia Hancock, widow of Thomas the merchant, who left his nephew most of his wealth and the splendid Boston mansion, and Dorothy Quincy, who in Connecticut the following August was married to that nephew, the future “ signer ” and governor of Massachusetts.

## CONCORD

“Those of us who do not believe in communities believe in neighborhoods, and that the Kingdom of Heaven may consist of such.” — *Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

ON the wall of his observatory at the Wayside, Hawthorne placed this line from Tennyson's *Lotos Eaters* :

“There is no joy but calm.”

To the visitor who learns how the novelist used that line, the quotation will be called to mind again and again as he goes about Concord. The town broods and dreams, remembers and waits. Serenely it cherishes its splendid past; patiently it bides its time, not concerned if no great epoch in the future shall match the glory of the era that has made it in America almost what Stratford is in England. It was fitting to choose from the *Lotos Eaters* a motto for a Concord study. For the river “slumbers along” still, as when Hawthorne came to the Old Manse with his bride. The home of Emerson is almost as secluded as it was when the gentle seer daily left its door for his walk among the pines. As you look at the primitive little building by the Orchard House, the imagination makes pictures

for you of the school of philosophy in that Hillside Chapel with the bust of Plato upon the wall.

It seems a pity that any one living in Concord should ever be required to earn a dollar; he should give himself altogether to the coining of ideas. The town, in spite of an occasional intrusion of showy modernity, still has the atmosphere and many of the features which won for it the affection of the group who brought it fame, and you feel that the fields and woods could be counted upon in time of need to produce a courage as bold and prompt as that which burned in the hearts of the Minutemen at the bridge. The town has that mysterious thing, recognized by all and defined by none, called "charm." It captivates. Concord should never be "improved." Sometimes you exclaim that the blare of an automobile ought not to be tolerated, nor the megaphoned eloquence of the guide in the "Seeing-Concord Wagon."

A threefold interest belongs to this village. It has a placid beauty quite apart from its historical associations. In the story of its part in the Revolution and in the events which preceded the clash at the bridge, Concord wrote "the preface to the history of a nation." Sixty years after Emerson came to Concord. Other literary men followed. Thoreau had been born in the village. Thus about Emerson there gathered a circle of friends and disciples, and the name of the town became associated with a school of thought and a group of writers. The homes and haunts of these men are

sought to-day by their admirers from every land on the globe. People like to look at the Manse in which Hawthorne spent his happiest years. They may even try to picture him in the kitchen, where his "magnificent eyes were fixed anxiously upon potatoes cooking in an iron kettle." It pleases whole generations of Louisa Alcott's admirers to see the house in which *Little Women* was written, and to pick out the chamber whose woodwork May Alcott covered with sketches of jolly faces and Greek gods. Many enjoy the walk to Walden and the circle of the pond, and if they add a stone to the cairn in memory of Thoreau their deed shall be counted unto them for righteousness. Nor will the home of the Concord grape be overlooked, and few there are who will not find pleasure in a quiet hour with the graves in Sleepy Hollow.

Wherever else he may ride, the visitor must walk in Concord. Let him begin with the church and the tavern at the square, loiter out Monument Street to the battle-ground, and then make a leisurely round of the houses which witnessed the plain living and high thinking of the company of choice spirits who found here their retreat. Whatever your affinities, the little journey will yield a suitable reward. The scholar will rejoice in the significance of these homes in the history of American thinking. The poet and dreamer of dreams will find his fancy waking under the gentle influences that beguile even the most undevout of tourists. And the plain, average person, who cannot

write verse but has ears to hear, who cannot sketch but has eyes to see, and who cares more for the fellowship of the dinner at the club than for all the relics ever exhumed, will come under the spell if he lingers but a summer day in Concord.

Here in the square are the Unitarian Church and the Wright Tavern, side by side. The simple and handsome church stands where once was the parish meeting-house, built in 1712. A tablet imbedded in a big stone marker informs you that the Provincial Congress assembled in the earlier building. That first Congress met at Salem on October 7, 1774, and adjourned the same day to meet in Concord. When the delegates convened in the court-house on October 11, the building proved too small and they removed to the meeting-house, and there stayed for five days. In the next March, the Second Provincial Congress assembled in Concord, and adjourned four days before the night foray of the British grenadiers. Once more Concord was the legislative capital of Massachusetts on the third day after the battle, and the Congress left the town forever on May 31, 1775, when the members heard a sermon from President Langdon of Harvard. Another distinction soon came to Concord, however, for the recitations of the college in Cambridge were heard from October, 1775, to June, 1776, in the meeting-house and court-house.

The Wright Tavern dates from 1747, and is to-day as it was when Pitcairn there drank his toddy and swore

his oath. You may have a temperance toddy here yourself, if you choose, for the sign says that "soft drinks are sold over the famous Major Pitcairn bar." And near this diminutive counter you may take your chair and slowly quaff your mild beverage before the fireplace where "the good folks filled their foot-stoves with live coals to fortify themselves against the chills of a three-hour sermon in an unwarmed and all too well ventilated meeting-house." The inevitable old musket is on the wall, but then it has a better right to be here than in some other places where it is paraded. The collection of old utensils and china also is on display, quite in the orthodox fashion. As a matter of course you expect to hear that Washington was entertained in this dining-room on his farewell tour in 1789, and Lafayette on his triumphal progress in 1825. If remarks like these seem somewhat irreverent, their flippancy finds ample excuse in the dining-room itself, for upon the wall hang these rhymes, framed in black and read with smiles by the most dignified of visitors and with good hearty laughs by the young American:

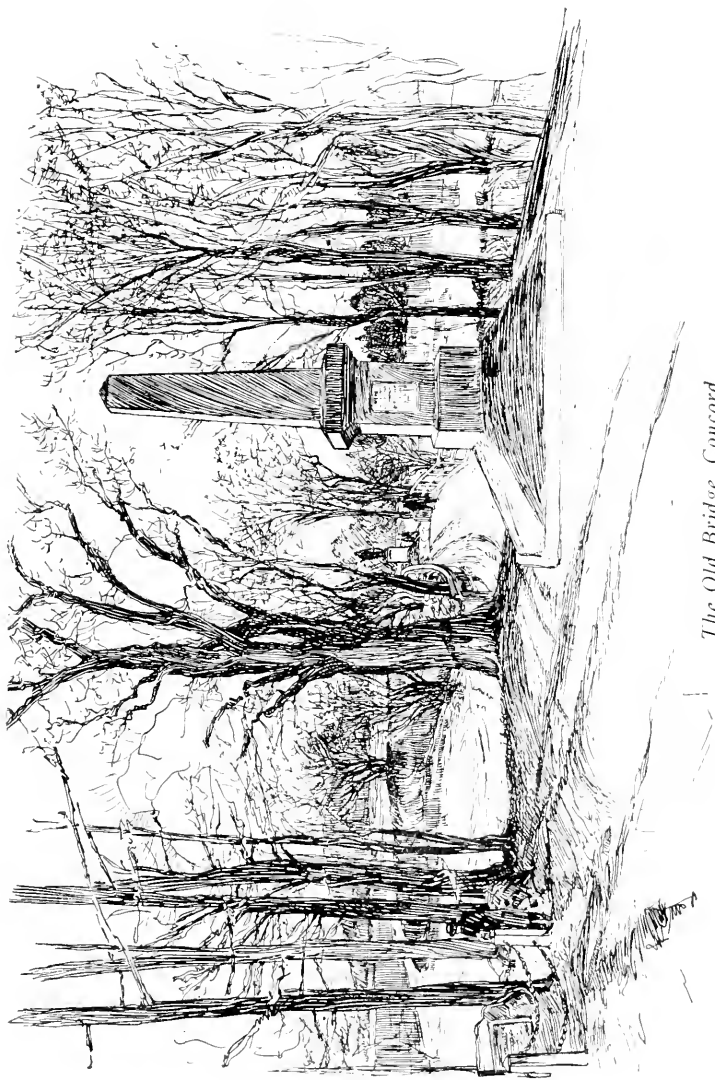
"One Brown once kept the  
Tavern Wright, and a brave man was he,  
For in the Boston tea-party  
He helped to pour the tea.  
This fact is chiseled on his  
Stone and grave-stones never lie,  
But always speak the living truth  
Just as do you and I.

“ The legend tells you that in this  
House the silver of the church  
Was hidden in a keg of soap  
Away from British search.  
Certain it is her ancient creed  
So guarded sacred things  
That to her solemn verities  
No soft soap ever clings.”

With the Revolutionary history fresh in mind, you will wish to see the spot where was fired “ the shot that rang.” “ The rude bridge that arched the flood ” is gone. You are not quite sure that you like the cement simulacrum which now spans the stream. You walk across it into an oval of gravel and grass shut in by an iron fence. The road of 1775 is closed, and the turf is defended by warning signs. But the Minuteman is there in bronze, looking across the river at the red lines of the British column. He personifies for the ages the spirit that dared defy a British king, the grit of the “ embattled farmers ” that accepted the gage of war and slew the first of the grenadiers whom England sacrificed in her fight to whip the Colonies into submission. This was the first statue of Daniel Chester French. The yeoman has seized his rifle and powder-horn and is leaving the plow in the furrow. The pedestal bears the lines of Emerson:

“ By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.”





*The Old Bridge, Concord*



Opposite, on the hither shore, is the simple obelisk of granite, for whose completion Emerson wrote the Concord Hymn. The inscription reads:

“ Here  
On the 19 of April  
1775  
Was Made  
The first forcible resistance  
to British aggression  
On the opposite bank  
Stood the American Militia.  
Here stood the Invading Army  
And on this spot  
The first of the enemy fell  
In the War of that Revolution  
Which Gave  
Independence  
To these United States.

In Gratitude to God  
and  
In the love of Freedom  
this Monument  
was erected  
A. D. 1836.”

Most pathetically suggestive of all the monuments here is the tablet in the stone wall near this old obelisk, where are the graves of the unknown British soldiers who fell at this spot. They lie between two fine trees, their graves enclosed by iron chains stretching from

the wall to a couple of stone corner posts. These lines are cut upon the slab:

“ They came three thousand miles, and died,  
To keep the Past upon its throne;  
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,  
Their English mother made her moan.”

It is good to see that of the pilgrims who come here in scores every summer day, many feel deeply the significance of the place. Heads are bared before the monuments. Most pleasing is the sight of one visitor, who takes off his hat before the tablet for these nameless soldiers of King George. Some lines come to mind as you loiter here — the ballad of the “ two fair-haired boys meeting by Yorkshire bridge,” the “ two soldiers near the London bridge,” the “ two comrades marching across the Charlestown bridge and swinging up the country road,” and then:

“ There’s peace and quiet by Concord bridge  
After the angry fight, —  
There’s the stillness of death in the lonely spot,  
Though the far-away sound of a musket-shot  
Comes faint through the soft twilight.

“ Two English soldiers are sleeping there —  
And they dream of home and the early dawn  
When the far-away note of the hunting horn  
Came faint through the evening air.”

Pitcairn and his men had been delayed but a short while in the raw dawn on Lexington Green, and had hurried on to Concord. But they knew the farmers were rising, for on every side bells were ringing. Pierpont was not a great poet, but the facts are embedded in his verse:

“ Now Concord’s bell, resounding many a mile,  
Is heard by Lincoln, Lincoln’s by Carlisle,  
Carlisle’s by Chelmsford, and from Chelmsford’s swell  
Peals the loud clangor of th’ alarum bell,  
Till it o’er Bedford, Acton, Westford spreads,  
Startling the morning dreamers from their beds.”

Emerson’s grandfather, in his valuable memorandum of the events of that day, recorded how the Continentals took a position back of the town upon an eminence, where they formed in two battalions, and awaited the arrival of the enemy. His narrative proceeds:

“ Scarcely had we formed before we saw the British troops at the distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing towards us with the greatest celerity. Some were for making a stand, notwithstanding the superiority of their number; but others, more prudent, thought best to retreat, till our strength should be equal to the enemy’s, by recruits from the neighboring towns who were continually coming in to our assistance. Accordingly we retreated over the bridge when the troops came into the town, set fire to several carriages for the artillery, destroyed 60 bbls. flour, rifled several houses, took possession of the Town House, destroyed 500 lb. of balls, set a

guard of 100 men at the North Bridge, and sent a party to the house of Col. Barrett, where they were in expectation of finding a quantity of warlike stores. But these were happily secured just before their arrival, by transportation into the woods and other by-places.

“ In the meantime the guard set by the enemy to secure the posts at the North Bridge were alarmed by the approach of our people, who had retreated as before mentioned, and were now advancing, with special orders not to fire upon the troops unless fired upon. These orders were so punctually observed that we received the fire of the enemy in three several and separate discharges of their pieces before it was returned by our commanding officer; the firing then became general for several minutes; in which skirmish two were killed on each side, and several of the enemy wounded. . . .

“ The three companies of troops soon quitted their post at the bridge, and retreated in the greatest disorder and confusion to the main body, who were soon upon their march to meet them. For half an hour the enemy, by their marches and countermarches, discovered great fickleness and inconstancy of mind, — sometimes advancing, sometimes returning to their former posts; till at length they quitted the town and retreated by the way they came.”

Thus the Revolution began. On that day, between the time of their leaving and the time of their return to Boston, the British lost more soldiers, as Frank B. Sanborn has noted, than had fallen on the day when, upon the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe conquered Canada.

On each side of the road to the bridge is a splendid avenue of pines. Between the boughs of green, above



*The Old Manse, Concord*





the footpaths in which you walk, the sunlight streams in a wavering band of gold. The walks are bordered with benches, and on these, like true Americans, the picknickers have carved their names and residences, and in some instances yet other details of family history.

And this is Musketaquid, as Emerson loved to call the river, a stream which Hawthorne found to be "about the breadth of twenty strokes of a swimmer's arm." The novelist has interpreted the stream in prose and the seer in verse. Said Hawthorne: "It may well be called the Concord, — the river of peace and quietness; for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered imperceptibly towards its eternity, — the sea. Positively I had lived three weeks beside it before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed."

To which Alcott added: "It runs slowly because it hates to leave Concord."

All this time, across from the bronze Minuteman, between the river and the street, the Old Manse has been holding you in half slumbering regard. Truly the house has a look of mystery and sleepiness. Fine trees swing their branches over it protectingly. It seems to face the highway with a reproachful air. For it has an unkempt look nowadays; new paint would make it too obtrusive, perhaps, but some little repairs would show at least that man holds it in loving regard, as well as do the trees, about which chatter the squirrels

who are the sole tenants of the property whence Emerson's grandfather witnessed the battle at the bridge, where Emerson himself wrote *Nature*, and in which Hawthorne and his bride set up housekeeping.

Of this home the philosopher said:

"My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river; and with one stroke of the paddle, I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities, behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation."

In the *Mosses from an Old Manse* there occur these characteristic passages from Hawthorne, which still hold good for the general aspect of the house:

"Between two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black-ash trees. . . . There was in the rear of the house the most delightful little nook of a study that ever afforded its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote *Nature*; for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moonrise from the summit of our eastern hill. . . . The study had three windows, set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked, or rather peeped, between the willow branches, down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the

river, at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. . . .”

The Manse was built ten years before the battle at the bridge for the Rev. William Emerson. His wife, who had been Phoebe Bliss, was early left a widow. A man nine years her junior, the Rev. Ezra Ripley, undismayed by her young “encumbrances,” married her and succeeded to the pastorate. Dr. Ripley was a character. Witness the story of his chaise, how he entered in his diary the prayer: “The Lord grant it may be a comfort and a blessing to my family,” and how, when they were thrown out of it, he wrote: “I desire that the Lord wd teach me suitably to repent this Providence, make suitable remarks upon it, and to be suitably affected by it.”

A “little whitewashed apartment” in the Manse, Hawthorne said, “bore the traditionary title of the Saint’s Chamber, because holy men in their youth had slept, and studied and prayed there.” The novelist, indeed, found it “awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written” in the house. In his *American Note Books* there are found entertaining remarks upon the furnishing and furbishing of the old parsonage by his bride and himself, and in the first of the *Mosses* he refers to the strange vicissitude which led him from the Manse to a custom-house.

Sleepy Hollow may come next in the itinerary. Beyond the hollow from which the cemetery derives its

name, upon a ridge crowned with fine trees, are the graves of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts. Emerson's resting place is marked by a splendid boulder of rose quartz. His wife lies by his side, and the boy in whose memory he wrote the *Threnody*. Here it was that a company of distinguished men and women gathered in 1882 to strew twigs of pine over the casket of the seer. Longfellow's *Resignation* was read at the funeral, as it had been five weeks before, at the funeral of its author. Louisa Alcott's harp of yellow jonquils was placed before the pulpit, and her father read a sonnet of his own, beginning "His harp is silent." In his address Judge Hoar referred to Emerson's descent from the founders of the town. The Rev. Peter Bulkeley, a Puritan minister, came from England in 1634, and the following year the colony of Concord was granted to him and a few others by Winthrop and his legislature. This minister's granddaughter married the Rev. Joseph Emerson, their son married Rebecca Waldo, whose son in turn became a clergyman and married Phoebe Bliss, for whom the Old Manse was built.

The grave of Hawthorne is secluded by a hedge, as if the author even in death craved the modest retirement which he cultivated in life. He died in New Hampshire in 1864. When his casket came into the Concord church, the interior was filled with apple blossoms, and the widow said it looked to her like a heavenly festival. Through the service there sat side by

side Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Agassiz, Holmes, Whipple, James T. Fields and Franklin Pierce, who had been Hawthorne's classmate, friend and political benefactor. The entire company, except Mrs. Hawthorne, walked from the church to Sleepy Hollow, and into the grave all cast sprays of arbor vitae save Agassiz, who dropped a bunch of violets upon the casket. Longfellow's stanza describes the time and scene:

“ The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,  
And the great elms o'erhead  
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms  
Shot through with golden thread.”

The gravestone bears but the one word “ Hawthorne.” That was his wish. He had found Wordsworth's English grave satisfying, and had written: “ It is pleasant to think and know that he did not care for a stately monument.”

On this “ hill-top hearsed with pines ” are the group of markers for the Thoreaus and the simple granite monument with the names John and Cynthia, John Junior and Helen, Henry D., who died in 1862, and Sophia, who died in 1876.

Five low stones designate the graves of the Alcotts, and a plain monument gives the names and dates: the father, Amos Bronson, who died in 1888, the mother, Abigail May, and the daughters, Elizabeth, May, and Louisa May, who also died in 1888. The other daughter, Anna, is also named, but she is said to have been

buried in another lot beside her husband. The small markers bear initials only, except that the public demanded for its convenience that the name of the writer of *Little Women* be cut in full upon her stone. This grave is sought by fully as many pilgrims as come to see those of the seer and the novelist, and it is good to hear of the small boy who gave the stone a shy little hug before he turned away from it.

Near the foot of the ridge are certain graves which must not be overlooked, if only for the exquisite epitaphs placed upon the monuments of his father and brother by Judge E. R. Hoar. Samuel Hoar's tomb has upon it the design of a window, with the words from *Pilgrim's Progress*:

"The Pilgrim

They laid in a chamber whose window

Opened toward the sunrising.

The name of the chamber was

PEACE.

There he lay till break of day, and then

He awoke and sang."

The eminent men who bore this name, Judge Hoar and Senator Hoar, were born in Concord. Their sister would have married Charles Emerson, but for his early death. She became a close friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and he called her "Elizabeth, the wise."

Coming back to the square, you will note that the retaining wall which prevents the hill from spilling into

the street bears a tablet stating that the settlers built on its southern slope their dwellings during the first winter, and that on the summit stood the liberty pole of the Revolution. There are historic graves on the top of the hill, among them that of Major John Buttrick, who fought at the North Bridge, and that of Emerson's grandfather, who died in Vermont, where he had gone as a chaplain in the army of General Gates. But the most interesting epitaph is that curious antithetical composition which appears on the stone of John Jack, a slave who died in the town in 1773:

“ God wills us free, man wills us slaves.

I will as God wills; God's will be done.

Here lies the body of

JOHN JACK

A native of Africa, who died

March 1773 aged about 60 years.

Tho' born in a land of slavery,

He was born free.

Tho' he lived in a land of liberty

He lived a slave;

Till by his honest though stolen labors,

He acquired the source of slavery,

Which gave him his freedom:

Tho' not long before

Death the grand tyrant

Gave him his final emancipation

And put him on a footing with kings.

Tho' a slave to vice

He practiced those virtues

Without which kings are but slaves.”

To appreciate the Concord Library, it is desirable to know a little of the man who drew up a curious constitution for it in 1784, providing that the books should not be kept more than half a mile from the meeting-house and that they might be drawn on the first Wednesday of each month. Good Dr. Ezra Ripley was "so conscientious that he returned thanks publicly for his first pair of spectacles," and "so zealous that he would start out to attend Sunday service though the snow was higher than his horse's head." Then away back in 1672, among the instructions given the town selectmen, was this article:

"That care be taken of the Books of Marters and other bookes that belong to the Towne, that they be kept from abusive usage, and not lent to persons more than one month at one time."

In the library of to-day is an interesting collection of busts and portraits, and the alcove of books written by residents of the town is remarkably large; and, what is better than quantity, most of them stand for the highest levels of quality. There is a large collection of relics and old furniture in the house of the Antiquarian Society.

The house in which Emerson lived from 1835 until his death is on a road angling off to the right of the Lexington road and but a short distance from the Green. It is a square, white structure, built on lines that are simple and sincere, and partly screened by lofty pines and chestnuts planted by Thoreau and





*Ralph Waldo Emerson House, Concord*



Alcott at a time when Emerson was visiting Europe. Under date of July 27, 1835, the seer said in one of his letters:

“Has Charles told you that I have dodged the doom of building, and have bought the Coolidge house in Concord, with the expectation of entering it next September? It is a mean place, and cannot be fine until trees and flowers give it a character of its own. But we shall crowd so many books and papers, and if possible, wise friends into it that it shall have as much wit as it can carry. My house cost me \$3500, and may next summer cost me four or five more to enlarge and finish. The seller alleges that it cost him \$7800.”

Little has the house changed in the thirty years since Emerson left it. Long it was occupied by his daughter, Miss Ellen Emerson, whom the whole village held in reverence. An old-fashioned fence encloses the premises. You may not enter. The visitor who expects to sit in Emerson's chair and look out from his corner upon his favorite view must go away disappointed, though the study is kept as Emerson left it. Among the men who thronged to him in his seclusion was George William Curtis, who left a detailed picture of the appearance of that literary workshop.

“Mr. Emerson's library,” he said, “is the room at the right of the door upon entering the house. It is a simple square room, not walled with books like the den of a literary grub, nor merely elegant like the ornamental retreat of a dilettante. The books are arranged upon plain shelves, not in architectural book-cases, and the room is hung with a few choice engravings of the

greatest men. There was a fair copy of Michael Angelo's 'Fates,' which, properly enough, imparted that grave serenity to the ornament of the room which is always apparent in what is written there. It is the study of a scholar. All our author's published writings, the essays, orations and poems, date from this room, as much as they date from any place or moment.

"The library is not only the study of a scholar, it is the bower of a poet. The pines lean against the windows, and, to the student deeply sunk in learned lore, or soaring upon the daring speculations of an intrepid philosophy, they whisper a secret beyond that of the philosopher's stone, and sing of the springs of poetry. It is not hazardous to say that the greatest questions of our day and of all days have been nowhere more amply discussed, with more prophetic insight or profound conviction, than in the comely square white house upon the edge of the Lexington turnpike."

Out the Lexington road again, and but a short way, at a point where the steep hill has curved inward and made room for the building, stands the Orchard House, the home of the Alcott family for twenty years. When Bronson Alcott moved there it was a forlorn enough place, made attractive only by the hill and the woods at the back and the fine prospect from the front. He enlarged it, and made it handsome, and shut it off from the highway by a rustic fence of his own construction. An apple orchard adjacent gave it the name by which it is best known. Of this house Hawthorne said in *Septimius Felton* :

"A house of somewhat more pretension, a hundred yards or so nearer to the village, standing back from the road in the

broader space which the retreating hill, cloven by a gap in that place, afforded; where some elms intervened between it and the road, offering a site which some person of a natural taste for the gently picturesque had seized upon. These same elms, or their successors, still flung a noble shade over the same old house, which the magic hand of Alcott has improved by the touch that throws grace, amiableness and natural beauty over scenes that have little pretension in themselves."

And in his *Tablets* Alcott himself wrote:

"My neighbors flatter me in telling me that I have one of the best placed and most picturesque houses in town; as for fences and gates, I was told that mine were unlike any other in the world."

The house fell upon evil days when the Alcotts left it. The roof sagged, the sides warped, the windows lost their glass, crevices opened in the chimneys, the lawn grew huge crops of weeds. But now a new era has come. The Concord Woman's Club has acquired the house, through gifts ranging from a dime to five hundred dollars, which have come from grandmothers, mothers and children in every corner of the country, and the author of *An Old-Fashioned Girl* and the other famous juveniles is to have her memorial. Weeks of labor were needful to restore a house which had been standing two hundred years. Four rooms appear very nearly as they were when the Alcott family lived in them. The study has the book-shelves which the sage made himself, and upon the mantel the motto which

May Alcott, called "Amy" in *Little Women*, placed there. The room with the north light was May's studio. When the paper was peeled off, some of her penciled sketches were found. In her up-stairs room the woodwork is covered with her drawings. The windows open upon the elms of the lawn in the room where Louisa did much of her writing. It is said that in the trunk of one of the trees lived a family of owls which she loved to watch.

The Hillside Chapel of the Concord School of Philosophy is up a lane or drive which opens beside the house. The trees lap over your head as you walk to the little building under the ridge. It is a one-story, wooden structure, the boards standing upright, with three small windows in each side, an ell angling from the lecture-hall, and a pointed doorway. The first meeting of the school was held in the Orchard House in 1879. Of this event Louisa wrote in her diary: "Father has his dream realized at last, and is in his glory, with plenty of talk to swim in. People laugh, but will enjoy something new in this dull old town; and the fresh Westerners will show them that all the culture of the world is not in Concord. . . . The town swarms with budding philosophers, and they roost on our steps like hens waiting for corn."

But the brown building which Louisa Alcott once called "Apple Slump," and which looks for all the world as though it were dozing under the trees, once held a good deal of the learning of America. The pro-



*The Orchard House, Concord*





gramme for the first year contained announcements of lectures, in series in most instances, by Dr. William T. Harris, the Rev. William H. Channing, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Dr. Elisha Mulford, Dr. H. K. Jones, the Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Emerson, Alcott himself, and several others. Vines twined their way between the boards of the sides of the building, and relieved with green the drab of the interior. Plato taught in groves and this was almost as primitive. A chapter unique in American history is the story of these conferences, which continued until the death of their founder. They brought the studious and the curious in hundreds to Concord. The last meeting was, fittingly, a memorial service for Mr. Alcott.

Childhood claims Louisa May Alcott for its own, and such fame as hers, given without guile and worn with honor, is enough to make the Orchard House a world shrine. *Little Women* came in 1868 and rescued the family from poverty. She had to dodge into the woods to escape the multitude who sought out the writer of a book which had captured all readers. Can any one understand how she managed to write the end of *An Old-Fashioned Girl* with "left hand in a sling, head aching, and no voice?" When her sister's husband died, she began *Little Men* to provide for the widow and the boys. To this house Emerson came one day with a telegram in his hand. May Alcott, who had married a young Swiss, Ernest Nieriker, was dead, and the philosopher was asked to soften the blow to Louisa.

He said: "My child, I wish I could prepare you; but, alas! alas!" and his voice failed, and he gave her the message. Emerson had kissed May when she was a bride, and Louisa left record that this was enough almost to make matrimony endurable. Upon the death of Emerson she said: "I can never tell all he has been to me. Illustrious and beloved friend, good-bye!"

What a family was Bronson Alcott's! The father was a sage but an impracticable man, unfitted for the hard realities of life. Elizabeth, lover of music, was the "Beth" of the stories; she died young. May, called by her sisters "Little Raphael," was "Amy." Anna was "Meg." And Louisa herself was "Jo."

The Wayside is beyond the Orchard House, with a fine growth of pines intervening. Mr. Alcott had lived in it for a time and had called it Hillside. Then Hawthorne bought it, and in a letter to George William Curtis he thus described it:

". . . As for my old house, you will understand it better after spending a day or two in it. Before Mr. Alcott took it in hand, it was a mean-looking affair with two peaked gables; no suggestiveness about it and no venerableness, although from the style of its construction it seems to have survived beyond its first century. He added a porch in front, and a central peak, and a piazza at each end, and painted it a rusty olive hue, and invested the whole with a modest picturesqueness; all which improvements, together with its situation at the foot of a wooded hill, make it a place that one notices and remembers for a few moments after passing it. Mr. Alcott expended

a good deal of taste and some money (to no great purpose) in forming the hillside behind the house into terraces, and building arbors and summer-houses of rough stems and branches and trees, on a system of his own. . . . The house stands within ten or fifteen feet of the old Boston road (along which the British marched and retreated), divided from it by a fence and some trees and shrubbery of Mr. Alcott's setting out. Whereupon I have called it 'The Wayside.' . . ."

Aside from the fame of its occupants, the house has interest also because of the oddities of its architecture. The bay window in the middle front looks like an entrance. To the western wing Hawthorne added two stories, and upon his return from Europe in 1860 he built in the rear three rooms, one above the other, making a tower that mounted above the irregular roofs of the older and later sections. In this tower's topmost chamber, which served to remind him of his tower in Florence, he had his study. The room was reached by a narrow and steep staircase through the floor. It has five windows and a small fireplace. The lofty vaulted ceiling conforms to the four gables of the roof. The standing desk is still in the room.

Exterior improvements also were made by Hawthorne. He terraced the steep hillside back of the house and planted the terraces with apple trees. A large number of Norway firs and spruces which he sent from Europe were set out upon the slopes of the hill, and to-day they make a screen of almost impenetrable shade. A reach of two hundred yards running east and

west upon the hill was worn by his feet into the path which is called by his name. His son has told of these walks:

“It was his custom to ascend hither in the late afternoon, and walk his beat for an hour or two till sunset, his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes gazing forward or downward abstractedly; occasionally he would pause on the western extremity of the path, which commanded a wide view toward the Concord meadows, and stand looking out over the sunset clouds. During the spring and summer of 1863 — the last summer and the last spring but one before his death — his wife used often to ascend the hill with him, and they would loiter about there together, or sit down on the wooden benches that had been set up beneath the larger pines, or at points here and there whence glimpses of the vale were to be had. At other times they would stroll down the larch path to the brook, where was a pleasant gurgle of water, and a graceful dip and shadow of willows, and the warble of bobolinks and blackbirds. They were as constantly together during the last years as during the first of their married life at the Old Manse; and they talked much together in the low, sympathetic tones that were characteristic of them. They were always happy in each other, and serene.”

Beside the ascending path a tablet has been placed, cut with these lines:

“This Tablet, Placed  
At the Centennial Exercises,  
July 4, 1904,  
Commemorates  
Nathaniel Hawthorne.

He Trod Daily the Path to the Hill  
To Formulate  
As He Paced to and fro  
Upon its Summit  
His Marvellous Romances."

Hawthorne's walks about Concord may be traced in his various note-books. He tells of a stroll to Walden with Emerson, and of a ramble in Sleepy Hollow, where he found Margaret Fuller, with whom he paused to talk. Emerson came upon them there and said there were Muses in the woods that day. As in Salem and elsewhere, he pondered long over the legends and scraps of history associated with the locality. The story of the slaying of a British soldier at the North Bridge, and some tales about the Wayside told him by Thoreau, gave him the basis for his *Septimius Felton*, the scene of which he placed at the Wayside and the Orchard House.

Henry D. Thoreau was born in an old-fashioned and handsome house, a mile from the village, which has been removed from its original site and somewhat altered. His death took place in what is known as the Alcott-Thoreau house, in the midst of the town. The projecting ell is the shop in which the family earned their livelihood by making lead-pencils and preparing plumbago for electrotyping. Louisa Alcott bought the house in 1877, after the death of the last of the Thoreau children, and the Alcott family lived in it for ten years. In it the mother died, and from it the

father went in 1886 to die two years after in Boston.

Thoreau had the instinct for nature. He wandered in mighty forests alone. Indians taught him their woodcraft. He had even more than their endurance and tenacity. The story is told that he once slept in a barrel buried in a snow-drift to find out how much warmth that kind of bed might afford. Alone much of the time, he was never lonely unless he was in the midst of the life of the city. He knew much of plants and flowers, of insects, birds and animals. The chapter on wood sounds in one of his books is a revelation of the heart of the man.

The little cabin in which he dwelt on the shore of Walden Pond is gone. The site is marked by a cairn of stones deposited by the visitors who find pleasure in the walk from the town to the pond. He was twenty-seven years of age when he borrowed Alcott's axe and went out to cut the timber for his hut. He made record that he returned the axe sharper than it was when he took it to the pond. In the cabin he built he lived for eight months at an expense of \$8.76. "Walden Pond," he said, "might have been covered with myriads of ducks which had not heard of the fall, when such pure lakes sufficed them. . . . The scenery of Walden Pond is on an humble scale and although very beautiful does not approach to grandeur. . . . It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference: a perennial spring

in the midst of a pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the clouds and evaporation."

The naturalist and essayist is best remembered by the book which he wrote of his two years in this place. Walden is still very much the Walden of his day. It seems isolated. The gong of the trolley is not heard, and the speculator has reared no summer pavilion upon its shores, with toboggans into the pond and merry-go-rounds and dancing halls. The spirit of the hermit has kept unbroken the tranquillity of this peaceful spot and saved the fine trees from the spoiler.

The house of the Concord grape is next beyond the Wayside. Ephraim Wales Bull removed to Concord in 1836. For years, in a small shop near his cottage, he carried on his business as a gold beater, but the major portion of his time was given to the culture of the vines which he had discovered. With amazing rapidity the grape which he developed spread over the country, and gave Concord a fame which carried where even the names of its authors were not known. Mr. Bull himself came to be forgotten, and he died, broken in spirit, in 1895. His epitaph reads:

"He sowed; others reaped."

The original Concord vine winds its big folds over the lattices of an arbor near the house, but it is overgrown and shaded by large trees, producing no fruit. A simple board tablet on the arbor has these lines in

worn black letters: "I looked about to see what I could find among our wildings. The next thing to do was to find the best and earliest grape for seed, and this I found in an accidental seedling at the foot of the hill. The crop was abundant, ripe in August, and of very good quality for a wild grape. I sowed the seed in the autumn of 1843. Among them the Concord was the only one worth saving."

Concord has other places still about which hover the memories of her famous people. The last survivor of the "Concord circle," Frank B. Sanborn, lecturer, author, friend of John Brown and anti-slavery leader, lives in a handsome house close to the river. How great a delight it is to talk with a man who "has seen Alcott hoeing in his garden and Emerson up in an apple tree with saw and shears." Tales remain untold also of Emerson's farmer, Edmund Hosmer, of Ellery Channing, of Mrs. Lothrop, "Margaret Sidney," who also lived at The Wayside, and of many another. One is prone to write of this town to-day in the spirit in which Emerson wrote his betrothed in Plymouth in 1835, saying, "I must win you to love Concord."



## THE WAYSIDE INN

“ As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old Colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality;  
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,  
Now somewhat fallen to decay,  
With weather-stains upon the wall,  
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys huge, and tiled, and tall.”

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

THERE stands the inn to-day, very much as it was when Longfellow made it the scene of a modern Decameron, except that the automobiles blaring past on the oiled highway have robbed it of much of the “ repose ” of which the poet wrote. He described it as

“ A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills!”

But in the old days its occupants did not altogether slumber and dream. Steel-capped troopers used to rendezvous in its tap-room almost two hundred years ago. Soldiers hurrying to Ticonderoga stopped here,

as did the Minutemen from Worcester on their way to Lexington. The fine highway of to-day was the great mail road from Boston westward, and in stage-coach times travelers well knew "How's Tavern in Sudbury," later called the Red Horse Inn.

When Longfellow became acquainted with the inn he found the red horse prancing still upon the sign, though "half effaced by rain and shine." The poet made but two visits here, seemingly, stopping, it is likely, as a young man when on his way to New York to sail for Europe, and going on an October day twenty-five years later to see the house when it had ceased to be an inn. Of that visit he wrote in his journal under date of October 31, 1862: "October ends with a delicious Indian-summer day. Drive with Fields to the old Red Horse Tavern in Sudbury, — alas, no longer an Inn! A lovely valley, the winding road shaded by grand old oaks before the house. A rambling, tumble-down old building, two hundred years old." He had begun the *Tales* before this, making this entry in his journal for October 11: "Write a little upon the Wayside Inn, — a beginning only."

Restored and solidified, looking handsome yet wearing an air of age, the inn to-day is an attractive hostelry, a museum of interesting relics, and a gallery of pictures, some having intrinsic or historic value and all having associations which make them interesting. A big, white, gambrel-roofed block of a building it is, with various extensions, and a few additions made by the



*The Wayside Inn*



present owner in the interest of the business which must support an enterprise which with him is partly commercial and partly antiquarian.

At the right of the entrance is the tap-room, looking more ancient than any other part of the house. There are heavy hanging beams overhead and a worn floor beneath. The bar is in one corner, surmounted by a wooden lattice screen which used to be triced up when refreshments were demanded. They show you the desk where the score was kept and the splintered wood where was jabbed the bottle-opener. Swords and muskets are crossed above the fireplace, and old prints are hung about the walls. Sitting here in reverie, it is rather jarring to be brought back from the scenes to which your thoughts have traveled by such remarks as this: "The machine did well this morning. I think we can make Providence easily by four. Great old place, isn't it?" And you realize that stage-coach days are over, and that the motor parties about you are anxious to have dinner and fare onward.

More to your liking is the landlord's statement that in winter parties of guests come here, when they can have the house almost to themselves, and tell tales and make good cheer in the old kitchen, where high-backed settles can be drawn before the big, brick fireplace piled high with blazing logs.

The stairs with their worn treads take you to the old ballroom, the Lafayette room, and the Longfellow room on the second floor. The dance hall would seem

small for a modern ball. It is a rectangular white room, with a dais at one end for the musicians, a fireplace, wooden benches fixed to the walls, chandeliers, each holding a dozen or more candles, hanging from the ceiling, and a floor of wide yellow boards, worn smooth by feet that once tripped in contra-dances, cotillons and minuets. Upon one wall has been hung a copy of Raphael's *La Fornarina* and on the opposite wall a portrait of Maria Theresa. Tradition has it that Lafayette slept in the state chamber when he made the triumphal tour which supplied all New England with historical rooms. The old blue-bells paper is on the walls still. A small room, opening into the larger chamber, is supposed to have been used by Lafayette's valet. Longfellow is said to have occupied the handsome room named for him, and its walls bear several of his portraits and autographs.

Coming down-stairs to look about in the hall and the parlor, you find yourself in the midst of memorials, some of which recall the *Tales* and others the early history of the inn. It seems that this was the fifth tavern on the road west from Boston, and that it was built by David How about 1702. He was one of the thirteen children of Samuel How. He called his house "How's Tavern in Sudbury" to distinguish it from "How's Tavern in Marlboro," kept by his grandfather. David's son Ezekiel took the business in 1746, and he enlarged the house to a two-story structure, with extensions running from each side; and its walls he

pierced with the then prodigious number of seventy-nine windows. He gave it the name "Red Horse;" then it was that the steed began to prance upon the board hung before the door. When the summons came from Lexington, the landlord buckled on his sword, and in 1776 he was colonel of militia. Adam How followed in the line of landlords in 1796, to be succeeded in 1830 by his son Lyman, who died in 1861. Lyman was the "Squire Howe" of Longfellow. The house was sold upon his death and the present owner acquired it in 1897.

Lyman Howe was an imposing figure, familiar to all the countryside, living as a bachelor with a negro servant, driving about in his chaise and seeing his business lessen as railroads multiplied. Longfellow referred once in a letter to the old English ancestry of which the squire was proud and which accounted for his coat-of-arms. In the poem he appears as

" Grave in his aspect and attire;  
A man of ancient pedigree."

His fitting dirge was sung by Dr. Parsons, who had been a frequent visitor at the sign of the Red Horse.

" Thunder clouds may roll above him,  
And the bolt may rend the oak;  
Lyman lieth where no longer  
He shall dread the lightning stroke.

“ Never to his father’s hostel  
 Comes the kinsman or the guest;  
 Midnight calls for no more candles;  
 House and landlord both have rest.

“ Fetch my steed! I cannot linger.  
 Buckley, quick! I must away.  
 Good old groom, take thou this nothing;  
 Millions could not make me stay.”

The coat-of-arms is above the fireplace in the parlor.

“ He beareth gules upon his shield,  
 A chevron argent in the field,  
 With three wolf’s heads, and for the crest  
 A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed  
 Upon a helmet barred.”

A little removed from the coat-of-arms hangs “fair Princess Mary’s pictured face.” Some careless woman visitor poked her elbow through the glass some years ago, but it has been neatly repaired, and you are likely to gaze long at this half-length mezzotint of the daughter of George II, by the French engraver Jean Simon. There is a spinet in this room on which Miss Jerusha, the squire’s cherished sister, used to play *The Battle of Prague*, and to whose chords she sang *Highland Mary*. Also you find the portrait of the landlord himself, the man into whose mouth Longfellow put *Paul Revere’s Ride* and *The Rhyme of Sir Christopher*. But

“ . . . the sword his grandsire bore  
 In the rebellious days of yore ”



is not in the house. In a frame appears, however, the old window-pane with the "jovial rhymes" flashing upon it to which the poet referred.

"What do you think,  
Here is good drink,  
Perhaps you may not know it,  
If not in haste do stop and taste,  
You merry folks will show it."

The lines were scratched upon this glass in 1774 by William Molineux, Junior. In his Prelude, Longfellow paid compliment to Hawthorne as having made Major Molineux immortal, and the novelist acknowledged the courtesy in a note written early in 1864: "It gratifies my mind to find my own name shining in your verse, — even as I had been gazing up at the moon, and detected my own features in its profile."

The world now knows very well the identity of the sojourners whom Longfellow grouped in the parlor "under the sign of the Red Horse," that he might put into the mouths of this new Canterbury company his own series of tales. Under the portrait of Dr. Parsons there hang some verses written by that member of the company whom Longfellow named "the poet: "

"Blessings on their dear initials —  
Henry W., David V.,  
E. and L.; I'll not interpret —  
Let men wonder who they be."

Men do not wonder now. "The student" was Henry Ware Wales; "the young Sicilian in sight of Etna born and bred" was Luigi Monti, who married the sister of Dr. Parsons; "the Spanish Jew" was Israel Edrehi, from whom Longfellow obtained much of the rabbinical lore of the *Golden Legend*; "the musician" was Ole Bull, the violinist; "the theologian from the school of Cambridge on the Charles" was Professor Treadwell; and Thomas W. Parsons, the translator of Dante, was "the poet." One of the least known of this company was Wales; he was graduated from Harvard with Lowell in 1838; he came to Longfellow's attention through his love of rare books, and, having lived much abroad, he died at Paris in 1856.

This parlor is full of pictures and autographs of that company, two of whom, Professor Treadwell and Dr. Parsons, came often to the inn. Most interesting of all these memorials, perhaps, is the letter from the last survivor of the group, Luigi Monti. The letter, addressed to the then new owner of the house, reads thus:

"ROME, July 4, 1898.

"I am delighted to learn that you have purchased the dear old house and 'carefully restored and put it back in its original condition.' . . . It is very sad for me to think that I am the only living member of the happy company that used to spend their summer vacation there in the *Fifties*; yet, I still hope that I may visit the old Inn once more before I rejoin those choise spirits whom Mr. Longfellow has immortalized in his great poem.

"I am glad that some of the old residents still remember me when I was a visitor there with Dr. Parsons (the poet) and his sisters, one of whom, my wife, is also the only living member of those that used to assemble there. . . . 'The musician' and 'the Spanish Jew,' though not imaginary characters, were never guests at The Wayside Inn.

"LUIGI MONTI,

"The Young Sicilian."

Of the portraits in this room there are several of Longfellow, some of them bearing his signature, a Jenny Lind and an Ole Bull, and a Washington silhouette. A sonnet in autograph by Edna Dean Proctor hangs beside her portrait. These are the lines:

"Set by the meadows, with great oaks to guard,  
Huge as their kin for Sherwood's outlaw grew, —  
Oaks that the Indian's bow and wigwam knew,  
And by whose branches yet the sky is barred —  
Lightning, nor flame, nor whirlwind evil-starred  
Disturbed its calm; but, lapsing centuries through,  
Peace kept its doors though war's wild trumpets blew,  
And still it stands beside its oaks unscarred.

"Ah, happy hostelry, that Washington  
And Lafayette among its guests can number,  
With many a squire and dame of high renown!  
Happiest that from the Poet it has won  
Tales that will ever keep its fame from slumber,  
Songs that will echo sweet the ages down."

You may reach the inn by railroad train, stopping off at the little Wayside Station, or you may motor

from Boston, or from Worcester, a few miles away. The walk from the station, a little more than a mile, is a more satisfactory approach than is the helter-skelter of the usual automobile trip. The walk takes you over a winding country road, and through groves of oaks, pines and chestnuts, until, a few rods from the inn, you emerge upon the oiled road, and soon sight the new Red Horse sign which swings before the hostelry. The splendid oaks near the house have been remarked by nearly all its guests. Dr. Parsons was in a special sense the poet of the inn, and of these trees he sang:

“ Ancient Druid never worshipped  
    Beneath grander oaks than these;  
Never shadows richer, deeper,  
    Than have cast these ancient trees.”

## MARBLEHEAD

“ Nature plainly meant Marblehead for a fishing-station; she had been beforehand with man, and made ready the way in uprearing the cliff and scooping out the rocky inlets. Out-thrust aggressively into the bay, shouldering off the waters of Salem harbor on the left and those of its own miniature basin on the right, the ragged headland seems to say to the wide world, ‘ Make room for me and my coming brood! ’ And what with the bracing air, the flinty soil, and the teeming waters, nowhere in the world could have been found a fitter abode for that notable brood.” — *Edwin Lasseter Bynner*.

SPEND an hour in “ Old Marblehead ” and you will like it; spend a whole day in the town, lingering for the sunset and the moonlight view of the bay, and you will love it. For it is a picturesque and historic hamlet. Queer habits of speech and life still cling to some of its people. Its gray houses still huddle themselves in clusters and hide away behind the granite ledges, to the astonishment of the visitor. Boston’s streets may follow the paths of the colonial cattle, but no “ calf-path ” hypothesis can account for the ups and downs and zig-zaggings of the tangle of streets and squares of this brine-drenched village. Every fisherman of the early days surely “ did what was right in his own eyes,” at least when it came to building his house.

The syenite and greenstone ridges run northeast and southwest. The houses were put together with hand-wrought iron nails and set down in the valleys between the ridges. Thus after all there is no mystery about these crooked streets. They merely follow the line of least resistance. Many homes were built right against the rocks, the fronts showing three stories, one room deep below and some of the topmost rooms perched on the summit of the ridge. If the main streets followed the valleys, the cross streets had to get over the ridges at their most vulnerable points. The resulting maze is somewhat inconvenient, but so delightful to the eye and the fancy that thousands of tourists and artists all over the world would protest against any attempt in the name of "progress" to straighten the thoroughfares of the famous old town.

No wonder that a well-known preacher, Dr. John White Chadwick, said of the men and women whose birthplace is Marblehead: "They bless their stars that they were born in such a town." And when you learn what Marblehead did in the two wars with England and in the war between the States, and how for decades her hardy fishermen fought the sea, you do not wonder that he added: "Its natural beauty, its original quaintness, of which much survives, its traditions of sterling manhood and heroic independence — all these are so many hooks of steel that grapple to it the affections of its people."

In the Town Hall, the "Faneuil Hall of Marblehead,"

you may meet an old soldier who will tell you that his great-great-great-grandfather fought in King Philip's War, his great-great-grandfather in the French and Indian War, his great-grandfather in the Revolution, his grandfather in the Mexican War, and his father and himself in the Civil War. There, too, you may find one of the old skippers, who will relate how he and two others hoisted the first American flag in the city of Foo-chow, where they had been sent for a cargo of tea. He says he is seventy-seven and he looks younger, and if he fancies you, it may be your fortune to see and handle the tea caddy which he brought back from China in 1853.

The first settlers pitched their cabins at Peach's Point, where in the beating of the Atlantic upon the rocks they had a constant reminder of the swash of the sea upon the Channel Islands whence they came. Fishermen of skill were needed in the infancy of the colony. In answer to this demand the men from Guernsey and Jersey crossed the ocean. To them has been traced the Marblehead dialect, which rolls the "r," pronounces the "i" like "oy," makes the "a" very broad, and turns the "v" into "w" and the "w" into "v." Whittier's poem of Skipper Ireson gives some notion of a manner of speech which was heard in Marblehead until quite recent times. Rough these men may have been, but they had courage and resourcefulness, and their fishing life was full of the romance and poetry of adventure. Climb the Old Burying Hill and

you will appreciate the significance of Marblehead in the history of the nation. The men who wrestled with the sea for spoil and grappled with England for freedom are buried here. They were stout-hearted and warm-hearted in equal degree. The "amphibious regiment" of the Revolution, and the crew that manned *Old Ironsides* and fought the *Guerrière* in the "War of '12" are among the hamlet's chief titles to fame.

In Abbot Hall hangs the famous painting, "The Spirit of '76." It well symbolizes Marblehead. Dauntless, bleeding, but going right on, rugged of face, head held high, and eyes flashing battle — that is Marblehead. That spirit cost her dear, both in war and peace. But Marblehead does not repine.

" Our mother, the pride of us all,  
She sits on her crags by the shore,  
And her feet they are wet with the waves  
Whose foam is as flowers from the graves  
Of her sons whom she welcomes no more,  
And who answer no more to her call."

By all means come to Marblehead by boat. Thus you get the view of the town from the water, and you learn why it is that this bay has come to be the chief yachting port of the New World. This harbor is but a mile and a half long and half a mile wide. But almost anywhere a schooner can find anchorage within a few feet of the shore. It is one of the deepest harbors on





*Washington Street and Town Hall, Marblehead*



the Atlantic coast, in which great steamships might anchor with safety. The bay is a pouch, closed in upon one side by the blunt headland upon which the town stands, and upon the other by the strip of land known as Marblehead Neck. The sailor skims into the harbor through a passage "clear and open as a church door." He slips past the granite cliffs and with scores of yachts about him finds as snug an anchorage as ever beguiled a modern Ulysses into forsaking for a time his quest.

What a picture is this harbor on a midsummer day. There are sonder boats, sailing tenders and puffers, knockabouts and cruising cabin launches, two-masters and single-stickers, all at home together. That queer nondescript belongs to an old fisherman who has transformed his craft into a house-barge. He discourses at length about the rigs of the boats around him, and especially of the Block Islander, with no bowsprit or topsails, the two masts fitted with schooner sails but the foresail having no boom. On the Neck are the handsome homes of the Corinthian and the Eastern Yacht Clubs. The station of the Boston Yacht Club is across the harbor.

If you cannot come by water, then hurry across the harbor ferry and look at the town from the Neck. How it sprawls upon the ledges. How precarious a hold its buildings seem to have upon their rocky perches. The eye traces the streets clambering from the waterside, follows the lifting of the roofs one above another,

and notes the ladder ways and hewn steps here and there. The tower of Abbot Hall and the spire of the Old North Church dominate the sky-line. An occasional bit of foliage shows green against the gray town and the blue sky. And there is a huge sign, *Gasolene*, sure token of the twentieth century. Look long and dream. If the day is somewhat misty, why, so much the better. The bay, with its pleasure boats tossing at anchor, and the old town, with its flavor of the primitive and the romantic, suggest the contrast between the present and the past.

Walk about the Neck. From the ocean side there is a view of a very different character. "Summer people" are stowed away among the rocks, watching the tumbling breakers, and staring seaward through the haze. Half Way Rock, three miles out, midway between Boston and Cape Ann, gets a surf that is flung in foam a hundred feet into the air. Upon this rock the out-bound fishermen used to toss coppers for luck, and to this spot the boys of the town used to come at risk of limb and sometimes of life to salvage those coins. Watchers linger for hours at the dike called "The Churn," listening to the clashing waves and catching an occasional rainbow in the spray. By the harbor entrance lie some rocky islets, as if on guard. They are rimmed with white foam, with the deep blue of the sea showing beyond. The colors are never the same for long. They shift and change with every veering of the clouds.

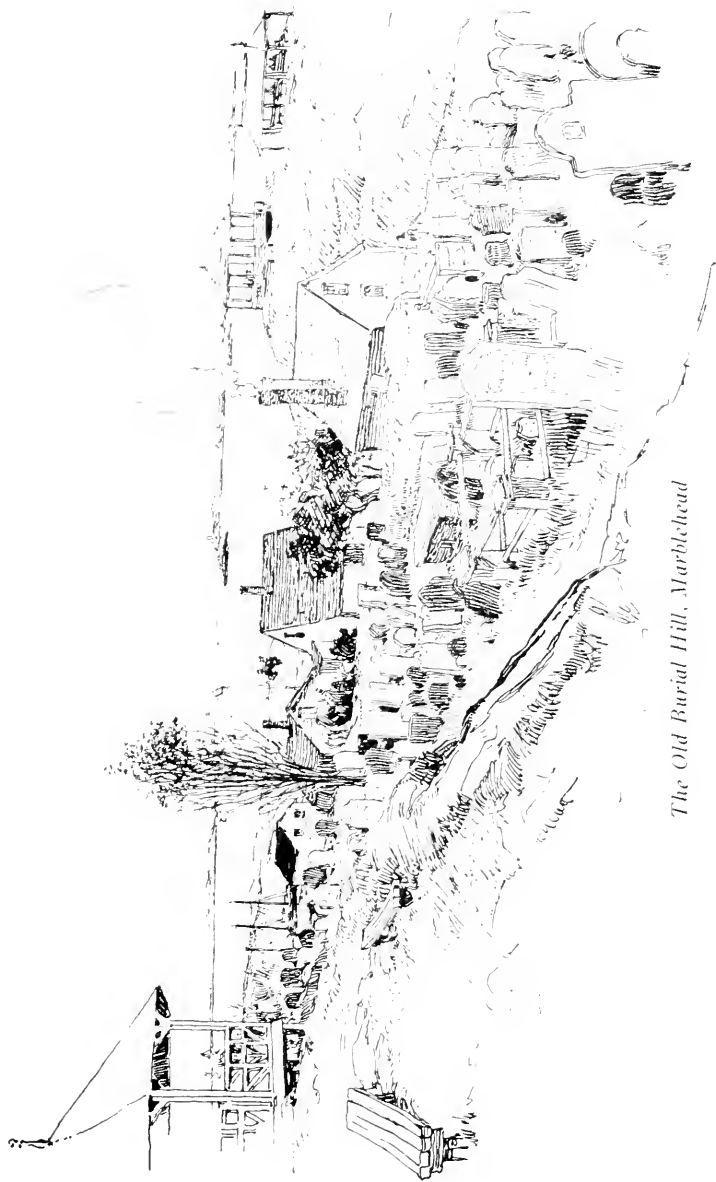
Watch the scene at sunset and you will no longer discount the enthusiasm of those who know Marblehead well. Yachts are gliding in and stripping their masts. Puffing motor-boats show black against the swaying lights of anchored vessels. The lighthouses are all agleam — the twin lamps on Baker's Island, Marblehead Light on the Point, Hospital Point Light at Beverly, and away southward the revolving light on Minot's Ledge. There are gay parties in all the summer houses. But as you quietly watch the waters shining in the moonlight, you will become aware that there are scores of persons who, like yourself, find their chief pleasure in silently musing over the scene.

And now for a walk through the town. Near the head of State Street on Washington Street is the old Town Hall. Every timber in the building, which was erected in 1727, must bear some record of stirring scenes. In this structure, still in an excellent state of preservation, town meetings were held and tax questions were debated. The first floor has been the gathering place of the town's soldiery, whenever America has gone to war, for nearly two centuries. Here Colonel Azor Orne moved his handful of hearers as deeply as did Patrick Henry the burgesses of Virginia. Elbridge Gerry became a man of the pen, like Jefferson, his chief, but in this building he proved the ability that made him a member of the Continental Congress, a governor of Massachusetts, and a Vice-President of the United States. Up three flights of battered stairs your guide

will take you, to the loft under the roof, a small room with one circular window, which was the secret meeting place of Ebenezer Gerry and other patriotic plotters against King George. The loft is dingy and dusty now. The Grand Army men use it as a storeroom. Right fitting it is that the building should be the headquarters of the veterans. They will tell you stories of the wars for hours at a time. Upon the wall they will show you a black fragment of wood, the only relic so far as known of the great gale of 1846. It is the stern of the "Moses" boat of a schooner, and bears in worn, yellow letters, the words "Warrior, Marblehead."

That terrible storm came on a day in September. You will find the Great Gale Monument on the Old Burying Hill, with the site of the Fountain Inn and the birthplace of Moll Pitcher under its lee. This cemetery is one of the most attractive spots in Marblehead. Scrambling over the rocks you might surmise that the gravediggers found here rather scant earth for their graves. The view is splendid seaward, the languid waves swaying indolently in lines of blue streaked with white. Landward across the rocks and the roofs are the spires of Salem.

These carved slate tombstones have survived the storms of almost two hundred years. Many of the inscriptions are long, very long, and quite undecipherable. The modest monument which most of all you wish to see has these lines cut upon it:



*The Old Burial Hill, Marblehead*





“ Erected 1848  
By the Marblehead Charitable Seamen’s Society  
In Memory of its Deceased Members  
On Shore and at Sea.”

That on one side. On another, with a list of names:

“ LOST  
On the Grand Banks of New Foundland  
In the Memorable Gale of September 19, 1846,  
65 Men and Boys  
43 Heads of Families  
155 Fatherless Children.  
‘ The sea shall give up the dead that were in it.’ ”

The other faces of the monument bear the names of men lost in the thirties and the forties.

Every day in the season some tourist reads these lists and turns away to muse upon the risks of a calling which crushes the cowardice out of its followers and pays them more blanks than prizes.

The story of Agnes Surriage is the lure which will take you up the pretty, green-bordered path to the yard of a cottage nestling under the shoulder of the hill, where you will find the Old Well. Lifting the weighted cover, you peer into the cylinder of jagged stone which holds to-day perhaps as full a measure of water as in the time when it furnished a name for the Fountain Inn, in which Sir Harry Frankland’s Agnes was employed.

America has very few historical episodes which so

lend themselves to the art of the novelist as does the tale of the maid of the Fountain Inn. The narrative of her life, with but little imaginative embellishment, is plot enough for a fiction writer. Two novelists have told the story,

“ The old, old story, — fair, and young,  
And fond, — and not too wise, —  
That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue,  
To maids with downcast eyes.”

Standing here by the Old Well, the outline of the picturesque tale may be recalled, how Sir Harry Frankland, the new collector of customs for George II., called to Marblehead to superintend the building of a fort, one day in the autumn of 1742, with a coach and four and a liveried servant, drove through the labyrinth of streets to the door of the inn, and how the handsome young man in gold-lace coat and brocaded vest saw scrubbing the stairs a girl of sixteen who was artless and very beautiful. The baronet gave her money with which to buy shoes for her bare feet; then obtained from her parents permission to educate her, and removed her to Boston, where she gained at least the exterior graces and accomplishments of a fashionable lady. The girl and her benefactor fell in love with each other, but his pride forbade his wedding the daughter of a Marblehead fisherman, and Boston society refused to receive her under circumstances which exposed her to criticism. Thereupon the collector

bought a tract of land in Hopkinton, where he built a manor house and lived for several years in the Virginia plantation style with a troop of slaves about him.

Called to England in 1754, he took Agnes to London, but she was treated with disdain by his family and friends. He carried her to Lisbon and entered upon a gay life in the Portuguese capital. Frankland was among the thousands who were buried under the walls of fallen buildings in the great earthquake in 1755. Agnes ran into the street at the first sign of danger and wandered among the ruins until she found her lover. The wounded man had made the vows of a penitent, while pinned beneath the stones with a dead companion by his side, and immediately after his rescue a Roman priest married them, and on the way to England an Episcopal clergyman performed a Protestant ceremony for them.

So Agnes became Lady Frankland.

“No more her faithful heart shall bear  
These griefs so meekly borne, —  
The passing sneer, the freezing stare,  
The icy look of scorn.”

Once more they came to London, and this time society welcomed the charming Agnes, and Sir Harry's mother relented when she heard the story of the awful day in Lisbon. They lived in Boston for a time, and again in Lisbon, during Frankland's service as consul-general of Portugal. Upon his death in 1768, she re-

turned to Hopkinton and Boston. In her dining-room in Garden Court Street she helped to nurse wounded King's men during the battle of Bunker Hill. As a strong supporter of the Crown, she was not popular in the Colony, and ere long she sailed again for England.

Such is the story of the girl whose pretty ankles caught the fancy of the gay cavalier near the Old Well in Marblehead. Sir Harry's diary is in the Massachusetts Historical Society's library, with this reference to his rescue at Lisbon: "Hope my providential escape will have a lasting good effect upon my mind."

" Thus Agnes won her noble name,  
Her lawless lover's hand;  
The lowly maiden so became  
A lady in the land!"

Leaving the well, and noticing at the entrance of Orne Street the "spite house" with its curious extensions, it is but a few steps to the two-story house, white with green blinds, which bears this tablet:

" Yea Old Brig  
Birthplace of Moll Pitcher  
Erected 1650 A. D."

Its lines have bulged and sagged, but withal it bears its years well enough. It stands amid the rocks, the front plain and unadorned, while ells jut from each of the rear corners of the main block of the structure.

Moll Pitcher, the fortune-teller of Lynn, is said to

have inherited her gift from her grandfather, who certainly must have lived in a time when it was not very safe to use powers then attributed to the devil. The granddaughter, Mary Dimond, was married to Robert Pitcher, a shoemaker, and went to live in Lynn. There for half a century she told fortunes. Her clients were the rich and educated as well as the ignorant and poor. They came to learn of their fortunes in love and business, and to ask about crimes and lotteries. But her most numerous customers were those who followed the sea, from owner and master to sailor and cabin-boy, and it is said that many a ship was deserted on the eve of leaving port because of her predictions of disaster.

The first meeting-house possessed by the town stood upon this rocky hill. The records show that Robert Knight was "released from paying his town rates during his lifetime for his workmanship done in the meeting-house in building the galleries." In time the church was removed to a less exposed location, and when finally it was abandoned, the society built what is called "the Old Stone Church" or the North Church, in Washington Street. The tablet tells you that the First Congregational Church was gathered in 1635 and organized in 1684 "for the worship of God and the service of man." No church could have a nobler purpose stated with more telling brevity, one may reflect, as he contemplates the ivy-covered building standing high above the street, and in front of the ledge from which much of its stone was quarried.

Differences of opinion over the choice of a minister gave Marblehead a second church in 1714. Some members wanted the Rev. John Barnard and others the Rev. Edward Holyoke. Barnard had a majority but refused acceptance unless a second church was formed with his friend Holyoke as minister. "And it was so," reads the record. Then in 1737 Harvard College called Barnard to its presidency. He declined and recommended Holyoke. Holyoke was called, but hesitated. Barnard prayed "most powerfully" over his friend's problem, and when Holyoke left for Cambridge the Second Church people, not pleased over their loss, said: "Old Barnard prayed him away." At one time, indeed, the location of Harvard College at Marblehead was seriously considered.

Those old town records contain many curious entries and over some of them one enjoys a hearty laugh. For instance, in 1637 John Gatchell was fined ten shillings for building on the town lands; but it was agreed that half the fine should be abated "in case he should cutt off his long har off his head." It was not uncommon to designate the boundaries of land after this manner: "From the bramble bush on the east so many feet to the bramble bush on the west," and so on. No wonder there was much litigation over land titles. Two town trustees once refused to serve, feeling the indignity of the measure adopted in town meeting to insure the safety of five hundred and fifty pounds which had been voted for the improvement of the fort. It

was ordered "that the trustees deposit the money in one chest with two different locks and keys, the chest to be left in the charge of one and the keys to be held by the others, and the chest not to be opened except in the presence of all three gentlemen." And, let it be noted also, these townsmen saw fit to make regulations as to the size of Marblehead dogs.

In Summer Street, near the Town Hall, stands St. Michael's Church, built in 1714. King's Chapel, in Boston, already existed when the frame for the Marblehead edifice came across the sea, but St. Michael's nevertheless is the one enduring token in New England of the Episcopal order of worship that has come down from colonial times. The square, low tower is sidewise to the street. Under and beside it is its cemetery; the stones bear decipherable dates back to 1723, and others, older perhaps, have been smoothed away with the passing of the years. The exterior of the church makes no plea to the tourist. But the interior "sets the worshiper a-dreaming of old English churches with immemorial yews about them and thick-leaved ivies climbing wall and tower." The ancient reredos, brought from England ready to set in position, still holds its place. There hangs also the first brass chandelier of colonial associations, given the church in 1732 by the collector of the port of Bristol, England. The silver communion service was a gift of the year 1745. When the troubled times came, the parish was sorely divided. Staunch patriots there were in St. Michael's,

and staunch Tories as well, and the rector refused to make discretion the better part of valor and continued to pray for the royal family long after the Declaration of Independence. When the news came that independence had been declared, the excitement ran so high that a body of men broke into the church, pulled the coat of arms of King George from above the chancel, and rang the bell until it cracked. It is said that one of the members, fearing that all the books of Common Prayer might be destroyed in some riotous outbreak, actually wrote out a copy of the entire volume. From 1818 to 1833 the church was in a bad way. The glebe lands were sold to pay the parish debts. But when in the midst of the Channing movement there was danger of its conversion to Congregational uses, the liturgic services were re-established. St. Michael's sent one of its ministers to New York to become president of Columbia College, and another of its rectors, the Rev. David Mossum, went from Marblehead to Virginia, and there married the Widow Custis to George Washington.

Almost opposite the Old North Church stands the home in which Elbridge Gerry was born in 1744, a square house, three stories high, painted white. At the foot of the Gerry garden John White Chadwick was brought up. He says: "It terminated in a headway and fence impossible to climb, and beyond them were for me all the infinities and immensities." Elbridge Gerry put forward what John Adams regarded as the



most important measure of the Revolution, the first measure for defensive warfare, proposed in the church at Watertown in which the General Court was in session. Probably Gerry is remembered by the majority to-day, however, as the originator of the gerrymander. He was charged with making over the Essex district to meet the emergencies of the political situation. Some shrewd eye looked over the map and saw the possibilities the shape of the new district offered the cartoonist. A few touches produced a monster, suggested perhaps by the salamander, and multitudes of school children, having seen the "gerrymander" once, have never been able to forget it.

A handsome example of the architecture which old Marblehead favored is the house in Hooper Street, long used for Y. M. C. A. purposes, which bears the tablet reading "The King Hooper Mansion, 1745." It is a big, rectangular building, recently painted white with green blinds, the front heavily clapboarded, and the principal door having an enormous knocker. The banquet hall within has heard many a toast to the king. Wainscoting and paneling indicate the pretensions of this early mansion. Robert Hooper was one of the richest of New England's merchants before the Revolution. His name was known in all the chief ports of the world. The fishermen gave him the sobriquet "King," it is said, because of the simple honesty of his dealings with them.

Other houses which should have at least a casual

inspection are the " Parson Barnard House " in Franklin Street; the home of Colonel Azor Orne in Orne Street; and the house in Washington Street in which Judge Joseph Story was born in 1779. Colonel Orne was one of the conspirators who met in the loft of the Town Hall. Dr. Elisha Story, father of the jurist, made one of the band of Mohawks who spilled the tea in Boston harbor.

But for one house the tourist inquires with every likelihood of meeting a rebuff, in spite of the courtesy which as a rule Marblehead shows her visitors. Ask for the house of Skipper Ireson, and if you get any reply at all it will be to the effect that " Marblehead has no pride in that house or that story." But the tale is one of the best known of all Marblehead yarns, and the house stands in Circle Street in that quaint corner called " Oakum Bay." Marblehead objects to Whittier's:

" Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead! "

and Marbleheaders **have** been known to express strong opinions in language **picturesquely** profane about **their** women being depicted as a lot of brawling and ribald fishwives. But Whittier can hardly be blamed. A local ballad so represented them. The gentle poet said in 1880: " My verse was solely founded on a fragment of rhyme which I heard from one of my schoolmates,

a native of Marblehead. I certainly would not do injustice to any one, dead or living."

Whatever the facts may be about the writing of the poem, and no one would associate the poet with wilful unkindness, here is the story of Ben Ireson of the schooner *Betty*. A wreck was sighted at night off Cape Cod, when the darkness and the heavy sea made rescue impossible. The skipper went below, leaving orders to lie by the hulk until morning, but the watch disobeyed orders, deserted the wreck, and when they returned to Marblehead shielded themselves by laying the blame on the skipper. Then came the "ride," on a night in 1808 —

" Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart."

But no "wrinkled scolds" or "girls in bloom of cheek and lips" had anything to do with that ride. Strong men seized the skipper and dragged him about town in his smear of tar and feathers. When he was released he said: "I thank you for my ride, gentlemen, but you will live to regret it." And soon the fishermen realized that they had inflicted a grievous wrong upon an innocent man. Ireson was not more blameworthy than his crew, and perhaps not at all. For years after that awful night he managed to earn a living dory-fishing in the bay and hawking his catch about in a

wheelbarrow. When old age and blindness came, he hauled the dory into the lane by his house and left it there to rot and fall in pieces, a sad job for a fisherman. The house to-day looks deceitfully young in white paint, with the inevitable green shutters for contrast.

Looking like an inverted goblet, with the stem broken off close to the bowl, there stands, out Mugford Street from the Town Hall, the old Powder House. The red brick bowl, in the clasp of the green vines that clamber over it, with its padlocked iron door, starts poetical fancies in the mind of the observer. The central pillar, projecting through the shingled roof, makes the stem of the goblet. This "magazine suitable for securing ammunition" was erected by vote of the town in 1755, when the French and Indian War began. Passing the shoe factory on the way back to the square, one rejoices that modern industrial plants have not been permitted unduly to intrude upon the antiquities of the place.

The glimpse of the ancient Powder House suggests the story of Marblehead in the Revolution. The war path will take one to the home of General Glover and then to the splendid mansion of Colonel Lee. In the little open space off State Street called Glover Square stands a white house with gambrel roof, over whose simple colonial entrance appears the date "1762." To this house Glover came with his bride in the days immediately preceding the Revolution. His was the famous "amphibious regiment," as Irving called it,



*The Old Powder House, Marblehead*



the Twenty-first Regiment of Foot of the Province of Massachusetts, numbering five hundred and eighty-four men, of whom all were from Marblehead, except one man from Lynn and one captain and five men from Danvers. They marched out of the town in June, 1775, and the glory of their exploits in the following years time has not been able to dim. In Cambridge they were lodged in the mansion which became the headquarters of Washington. The Continental Army was able to get away from Long Island on that critical night in 1776 partly, at least, because the commander-in-chief had this marine regiment to call to his aid. And on that night of bitter cold when the Delaware was crossed and Trenton won, Glover's fishermen rowed the patriots across the river and led the advance at the battle with fixed bayonets, the locks of their muskets being clogged with ice.

Marblehead is also one of the towns which claims the glory of anticipating Lexington and Concord. In 1769 the British sloop-of-war *Rose* sent a lieutenant and a party of seamen, later reenforced by a detachment of marines, aboard a Marblehead brig off Cape Ann, to impress some of the crew into the British service. For three hours a hand-to-hand fight was waged. Two Americans were wounded badly and the British lieutenant was harpooned to death.

With alacrity Marblehead took to the water when the war began. Just at the railway station stands the little monument to Captain James Mugford, the hero of an

exploit worthy of Sir Francis Drake. In the face of the British fleet lying in Nantasket Roads, his fishing smack captured the good ship *Hope* and took her into Boston harbor with her fifteen hundred barrels of powder, a thousand carbines and a lot of artillery carriages. When he fought his way out again, he was killed, but his life cost the British the lives of three score men and ten. Marblehead was very proud and very sad the following Sunday, when the regiment in which he had been a captain followed his body to the grave on the Old Hill.

If Froude had written an American chapter for his *Forgotten Worthies* he would have welcomed with joy the stories of such Marblehead mariners as Tucker, Boden, Harris and Manly. The first British flag struck was yielded to Manly, as he sailed under the Pine Tree banner of Massachusetts. Commodore Tucker took forty prizes of war. John Adams sailed with him as envoy to the court of France. When a sea-fight seemed imminent, Adams took his place, gun in hand, with the marines. Tucker ordered him below. Adams wished to stay on deck and the commodore proceeded to make his orders good. Says the racy Chadwick: "As Mr. Roads, the invaluable historian of these things, reports the commodore, his language is more respectful than in the tradition which I have received, and less objectionable as a breach of the Mosaic law."

Heavy indeed was the cost of independence to Marblehead. In 1772 she had twelve hundred voters



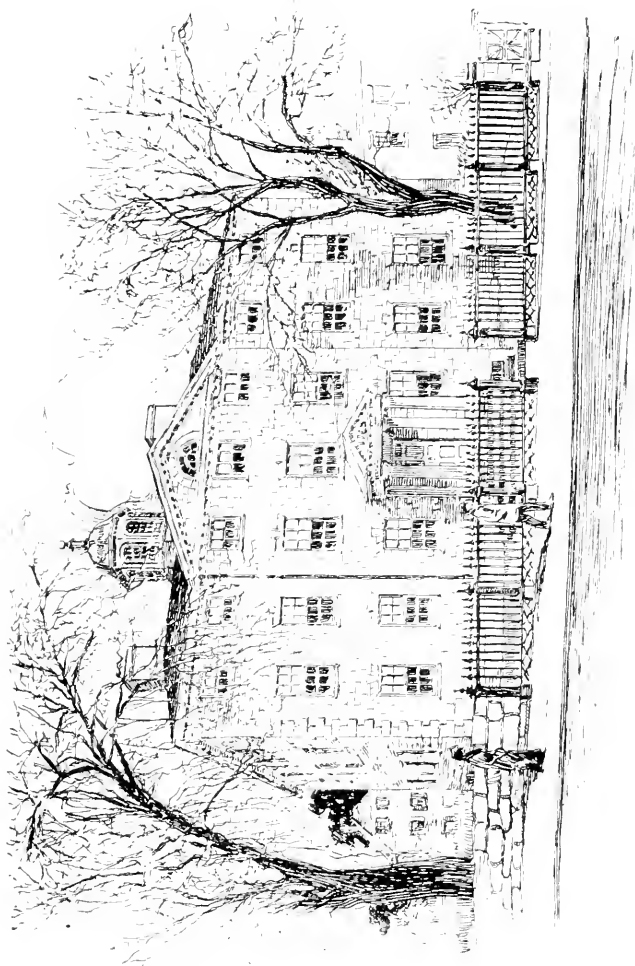
and twelve thousand tons of shipping; at the end of the war her voters numbered five hundred and her shipping totaled fifteen hundred tons. Also she had one thousand orphans and five hundred widows in her charge. Fishing speedily revived, but although her merchants voyaged far they could not regain their former prosperity. Gone forever was the prospect of Marblehead becoming a great port.

To the War of 1812, extremely unpopular elsewhere in New England, Marblehead, indoctrinated by Elbridge Gerry, was thoroughly loyal. Again the hardy seamen displayed their valor. In that war for "free trade and sailors' rights," over a thousand men of Marblehead had part, seven hundred and twenty-six aboard privateers and one hundred and twenty in the navy. Many Marblehead sailors helped to man the *Essex* on her long and daring cruise. On a day in 1813 the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, in full view of the headlands, fought the battle in which Captain Lawrence lost his life. Of the crew of *Old Ironsides* eighty hailed from the town, and the victory over the *Guerrière* was claimed almost as a local exploit. It also happened that a Marblehead merchant was a prisoner aboard the English vessel at the time of the famous duel. The people of the town again crowded to the headland to see the great frigate on a Sunday in 1814, when, with two British frigates in chase, the *Constitution* appeared off Marblehead, and Samuel Green brought her safely in through the channel. At the end of the war seven

hundred citizens of the town were in British prisons, five hundred of them at Dartmoor.

The one name that competes with those of Orne and Gerry in the early annals of Marblehead is that of Jeremiah Lee, and his mansion is the best extant proof of the prosperity of the town before the Revolution. Built in 1768 at a cost of more than ten thousand pounds, it was one of the finest and most elaborately furnished houses in all the Colonies. Its builder was a thriving merchant who died at the very opening of the war. In these spacious rooms Washington was entertained in 1789. To this house also came Monroe in 1817 and Lafayette in 1824, and here also Andrew Jackson met the fishermen who idolized him in 1833. Chief Justice Sewall bought the house from the estate of its builder, and sold it to the Marblehead Bank in 1804. In 1909 it was acquired by the Historical Society.

The dimensions of the house are something like one hundred feet by sixty feet, and it is three stories in height. It was made of brick, over which were placed big, beveled clapboards. The designs for the building were the work of English architects, and from England came the timbers and finish. Investigation of the interior is satisfying. The oak door swings on hand-wrought hinges and opens into a hall of splendid proportions, running from front to back, its walls paneled in mahogany. The staircase starts midway and climbs to a mezzanine landing, then turns and ascends



*The Lee Mansion, Marblehead*



to a hall above of the same size as the one below. Balustrade and banisters, twisted and handsome, are all of mahogany. Above the woodwork in the hall and in other parts of the house, is the original wall-paper which was painted in various designs by a London artist, making almost a unique distinction for this mansion. At the right of the lower hall is the reception room, paneled in white pine, a real architectural gem. Across is the banquet room. Old tiles frame the fireplaces, mostly depicting scenes from Aesop's *Fables* but in one case finding subjects from Hogarth's "Rake's Progress." Over the banquet room is the state chamber, with a beautiful mantel, and opposite is a bedroom, whose paper shows Neptune presiding over a series of sea scenes. In one of the rear rooms the paper duplicates that in the Dorothy Q. house in Quincy. From this room runs what was called the secret staircase, a narrow and steep passage to the upper floor. The ceilings are lower on the third floor, but the rooms are handsome still. You may climb to the lantern, where you will find a seat for a lookout, and you may get under the roof to see how the house was framed together. Coming down, you note the cornices in some of the second-story rooms, and the mahogany wainscoting in others, as well as the wide boards with their hand-wrought nails which made the original floor of the upper hall. The kitchen must not be missed, where there are fireplaces and ovens for the entertainment, it is said, of a hundred persons at a time, in the days when the

builder of the house was dispensing hospitality. Between the reception room and the kitchen there runs a side hall, the door of which opens upon what were the quarters of Colonel Lee's slaves.

Such was the home of one of New England's most faithful patriots. Lee, with Gerry and Orne, was at the meeting of the Province Committee of Safety and Supplies at the Black Horse Tavern between Cambridge and Lexington on the day before the battle. Hancock and Adams went on to Lexington that night, while the members from Marblehead remained at the Black Horse. In the early morning they made a hurried escape into a cornfield at the rear while the British were surrounding the tavern. The exposure which followed brought Lee down with a fever, and he died a few weeks later at Newburyport.

This is Marblehead, beloved of the poet and artist, the yachtsman, the tourist and the patriot. Old Fort Sewall and the "Pirate's House," so-called; Abbot Hall, surrounded by handsome, old-fashioned houses and named for Benjamin Abbot, its donor; the Catholic Church, Star of the Sea, whose cross is at times a steering mark for sailors; these and many other places of interest help to make the fascination of the quaint old town. Whittier's Evelina Bray came from a simple house in Marblehead, and to this State Street home the young poet came for his farewell call. The popular skit known as *Pigs is Pigs* might well have been born of the story of a co-operative enterprise of 1850

for the propagation of rabbits on Brown's Island. One of the youthful partners says: "It was so successful that nothing I have read about the multiplication of these creatures in California and Australia has caused me the least surprise."

Prosperous and populous a century and a half ago, Marblehead to-day blends the new-fangled and the old-fashioned most curiously and happily. Where once were fishing smacks, privateers and merchantmen, now are only pleasure craft. The harbor alone has altered not at all, — the harbor and the rocks which shut it from the ocean. But the coming of the trolley and the electric light have made so small a change that Long-fellow might see to-day

" . . . the port,  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,  
The light-house, the dismantled fort,  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown,"

much as he saw them from the Devereux farm across the bay fifty years ago.

## GLOUCESTER

“ On reef and bar our schooners drove  
Before the wind, before the swell;  
By the steep sand-cliffs their ribs were stove, —  
Long, long their crews the tale shall tell!  
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three score;  
Of the Province sail two hundred more  
Were stranded in that tempest fell.  
The bedtime bells in Gloucester Town  
That Sabbath night rang soft and clear;  
The sailors’ children laid them down, —  
Dear Lord! Their sweet prayers couldst Thou hear?  
’Tis said that gently blew the winds;  
The good wives, through the seaward blinds,  
Looked down the bay and had no fear.”

— *Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

A CITY of far-voyaging schooners, of seines and nets and fishing lines, of herring and halibut, cod and mackerel; a city whose prosperity is the spoil her rugged sons wrest from the sea with which they battle; a city of orphans and widows, and of wives and children whose hearts are always fearful lest the ship shall come back with the flag at half-mast — that was Gloucester, and, in degree, is Gloucester still. But there is another Gloucester — a city of trolleys and telephones and incandescents, of paved streets and tenements, modern

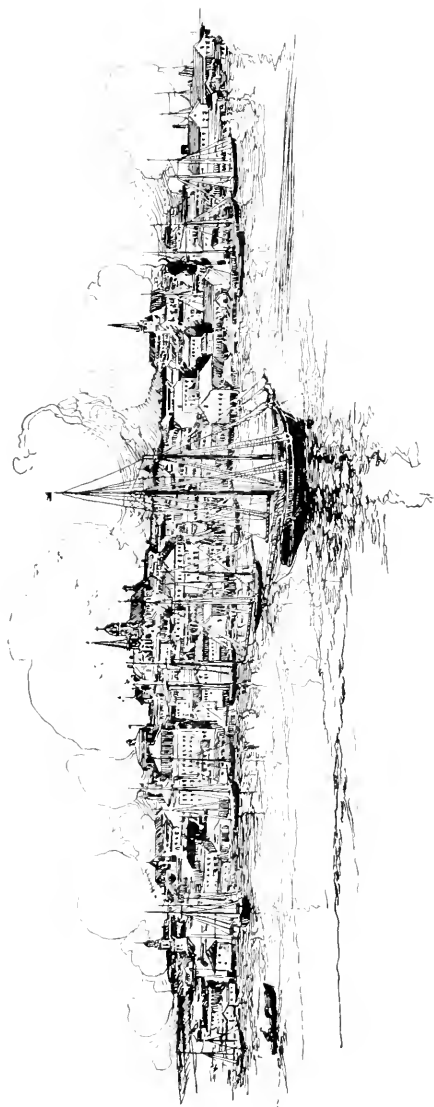


enough to have a foreign population, and, in summer, a great colony of cottagers. The old Gloucester by no means is gone; the new Gloucester has not wholly arrived. The two are intermingled. The fishing fleet beat out of the harbor, one hundred and two hundred strong. They go to the Banks, and not infrequently schooners venture to Labrador, Iceland, Greenland and Norway. Every year some lives are lost. Occasionally the storms take so many that State Street and Wall Street pause in their scanning of the papers to comment upon the perils of the fisherman's calling. No memorial day is more impressive than Gloucester's midsummer ceremonial, when her children cast flowers for the dead upon the receding tides of the harbor. No bride could enter upon life with more risk of early widowhood than does the bride who marries a fisherman "out of Gloucester." It is still a city of sorrow, whose history, some one has said, is written in tears.

Yet while Gloucester is still a fishing city, it is not the city of old. Science and invention have come to the aid of the fisherman. Chemistry uses the wastes of his business. Machinery is doing what labor once did. Young people are working over the by-products of the catch. The market for the fish is certain. Refrigerator cars distribute the product throughout the country. Above all, a new motive power is on the way to supersede sails. The Gloucester natives own the fishing vessels, but many of them are manned these days by Portuguese. These fishermen from over seas are thri-

ving, and the industry and home love of their wives the whole Cape holds in admiration. In the future Gloucester will have her heroes, but their risks will not be so many; and the number of those who sail out and never return will not be so great.

For two hundred and fifty years Gloucester grew very slowly; since 1875 her growth has been remarkable. Strange as it may seem to the tourist who climbs about on the rocks of the Cape, the early settlers went to farming, and it is a curious fact that in 1727 some of the inhabitants went to Salem, because there were not enough farms to go around. Then the people took to cutting wood and sending it to market in the boats built in the harbor. When the timber supply was exhausted, these vessels were changed into fishing boats. The industry was not very successful, and for some time the town barely made a living out of it. But the original families meantime had married and intermarried. There had been only slight infusion of new blood. The Gloucester breed became a race as rugged as their Cape, indomitable and patriotic. They responded freely to the calls of war, even though the Revolution ruined their fishing industry. The foreign trade left the port as the lumber trade had gone. Then, about 1860, came the turn of the tide. The demand for fish increased. New and better fishing grounds were found. Boats and gear were improved. Men saw their chance, took larger hazards, and reaped greater and greater rewards. Small boats making trips of one, two



*Gloucester from the Harbor*



and three days have dwindled in number. The Banks voyages have made capital and capitalists necessary. And the first fishing boat with auxiliary power appeared in 1900.

Entering Gloucester harbor, you pass on the left the formidable reef called Norman's Woe, where the schooner *Hesperus* was wrecked, according to the poem, and vessels of other names have come to their end, according to the historians. However peaceful the sea may be, it moans upon these rocks and lashes out at the small boat that ventures near. Woe be unto the ship that is caught as was the schooner in the poem.

“ And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

“ And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

. . . . .

“ She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.”

Come you by boat or by train, first of all go over to East Gloucester and from Rocky Neck look across at the city. The harbor is full of boats. “Puffers” are spluttering about. There are vessels with masts and

without masts, motors with seine-boat and small skiff in tow, old-fashioned bowsprit schooners, and spick-and-span steam yachts flying blue anchor flags. That motor taking fuel from the gasoline schooner anchored in mid-harbor is off for "blue backs." Over there is the one square-rigger in sight, an Italian salt boat. These ships and brigs that occasionally come into Gloucester harbor recall the times when Cape Ann had a fleet of square-riggers that sailed to the East Indies and South America and Europe, in the days when merchandise from all parts of the world was piled high upon her wharves. To-day Gloucester needs salt for the curing of fish, and the few square-rigged vessels that appear are likely to have salt packed in their holds, and sometimes so tightly that sailors have to mine it out with pick and shovel. There are freight steamers also in the salt trade plying between the Cape and Cadiz.

The boat which Gloucester may claim as her very own is the schooner. Schooners and American Universalism were born in this town. In the early days the pink, pointed at both ends and having no bowsprit, was the Gloucester craft. Then in 1713 Captain Andrew Robinson invented a new kind of vessel. It had gaffs instead of lateen yards, and the luff of the sails was bent to hoops on the masts. As she slid down the ways on launching day some sailor cried: "Oh, how she scoons," and a schooner that type of boat has been ever since.

Lining the shores of the harbor you note the acres of

long racks upon which barrow-loads of fish are being spread. The sun is hot, so that long stretches of white canvas covers are soon rippling and billowing in the wind. The cod and the mackerel, as soon as they have been cleaned, go to these flakes to be dried in the sun. There they lie, split double every one, in long and glistening rows. Once dried, they will be packed in every shape and style for shipment to markets all over the world. They come to the kitchen boneless and shredded and as prepared fishballs ready to serve after a little warming.

You study the profile of the city across the bay. Away at the left the green hills slope to Half Moon Beach. Yonder is Fort Square, where the fresh fish industry centers. Harbor Cove is full of boats, with two-story frame buildings and sheds huddled about it. Above it the trees make a background of green, and above them soars the spire of the old Universalist Church. Your eyes travel on to the right, where appear coal wharves and hoists, and halibut-company and other fish signs, and a line of docks clear around the sweep of the inner harbor. The brick walls of the business buildings and the spires of the churches and the City Hall tower make the high points of the picture. Farther on there are dwellings perched one above another upon the slope, some of them square-framed, three-story structures, of which there are a large number in Gloucester. And away at the extreme right is the curve which shuts in the harbor.

An old man joins you upon the rocks where you sit. Evidently he is a superannuated fisherman, loving to dream over the past and to talk about the great catches, the awful storms and the high tides which have been part of his experience. Thomas Wentworth Higginson once wrote:

“ I know of no class of uneducated men whose talk is so apt to be worth hearing as that of sailors. Even apart from their personal adventures and their glimpses of foreign lands, they have made observations of nature which are far more careful and minute than those of farmers, because the very lives of sailors are always at risk. Their voyages have also made them sociable and fond of talk, while the pursuits of most men tend to make them silent; and their constant changes of scene, although not touching them very deeply, have really given a certain enlargement to their minds.”

From this incidental companion you learn a great deal. His manner is simple as a child's, but his eyes have the look you saw in the eyes of the steersman of the revenue cutter's life-boat. You learn that his grandfather was at Bunker Hill. He tells you that in 1873 Gloucester lost twenty-eight vessels and one hundred and seventy-three lives. He spins yarns of gales in which Gloucester schooners delight, but which would make a passenger steamship dizzy. You have side-lights upon the uncertainties of the old-time trade, how the fisherman chased hopes that deluded and evaded him, endured cold and ice, ventured life and limb, and all for a floating doubt. It is good to learn that



some portion of the profits of the catch goes to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

You question as you listen if this man of seventy-three would at any time in his career of danger have exchanged his trawl for a plow, his boat for a farm. Not he. He wonders at your wonder. Then he remarks: "I've known folks come from the West and sit down on those rocks and just watch the water and the boats. It's a treat for 'em. They never saw nothin' before." Clambering back and up the road with him, he shows you his house. Then you get a disclosure of a new side of his character. One part of the building is banked with clematis. He calls your attention to it. "Ain't it pretty?" he asks, and watches your face to make sure that you appreciate the simple but beautiful floral display.

Clamber about the peninsula that makes East Gloucester. There are hotels of ornate style along the ocean front. Houses are ensconced among the rocks. They are painted green, with pretty curtains and flower boxes at the windows. Most of their names are derived from the sea, The Anchorage, The Ledges, The Moorings, even The Steerage. Along the roads, over which automobiles are swarming, signs appear at intervals, pointing the way to artists' studios and antique shops. Almost every house has its staff and flag. This is the region of the summer people. Once it was gloomy and desolate. Now roads traverse it in every direction and golfers are busy on the links.

The cottage of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, for which you have been looking, seems so sad in its loneliness, now that its owner is gone, that you are almost sorry you found it. There is the study, a little to one side, in which she wrote her stories of Gloucester life and from which she made her pleas for a hospital for a city in which she had found so much sorrow.

The wild roses of Cape Ann are all about here, nestling in every cranny of the rocks. Of such roses Lucy Larcom wrote:

“ A rose is sweet, no matter where it grows:

. . . . .  
But our wild roses, flavored by the sea,  
And colored by the salt winds and much sun  
To healthiest intensity of bloom —  
We think the world has none more beautiful.”

The view from Eastern Point is superb. The point makes the barrier which creates the harbor. Down the coast on a fair day keen eyes make out Plymouth. The shore of the Point reaches away to Thacher's Island, where Anthony Thacher lost his ship and his children in 1635. It now has two needle-like lighthouses and a fog-horn which booms its warning in bad weather. On a clear, bright day, as you see a fisherman coming in from the northeast, you will find yourself almost as happy in watching him as he is in getting safely home. He passes the red buoy on the Dog Bar. Then he has a clear course in past Ten Pound Island. On the Dog

Bar breakwater there is a light on stilts. And on the rocky islet is the United States fish hatchery. Long the sea scenes from this point of vantage will hold you captive.

“ Amid these sweeps of shore and sky,  
Of shaded lane and upland free,  
And rocks that like dead Titans lie,  
And shifting pictures of the sea,

“ It is but right that one should give  
Homage from pencil or from lips,  
For here in weird sea-change we live,  
Our fancies sailing with the ships.”

Although to-day, in the thriving city of Gloucester, prosperity has obliterated a great number of interesting antiquities and fires have devastated large areas once covered with quaint and beautiful old houses, a good many buildings still remain which are suggestive of the past. The streets angle and curve about, and climb hills only to come down them again, ascending from the water-front by steep inclines, sometimes with the assistance of flights of steps, and dominated in their general course by Rogers Street and Main Street, which in turn had to conform their curves to the shape of the harbor. What a pity it is that for such names as Fore Street and Cornhill the meaningless Middle Street and Main Street were substituted!

Every type of colonial doorway may be seen in Gloucester, and balustraded fences, the posts topped

with big white balls, are not uncommon. Many a back yard is full of sunflowers. Everywhere you go, however, you come upon shops which have to do with the fishing industry, spar shops, seine lofts, block shops, sailmaker's shops, shops dealing only in oil clothing and shops which handle outfits entire. Strolling about the city, you will be likely to conclude that the typical house of the city's older days must have been the three-story frame with a hip roof gently slanting from the center point to the four sides, and sometimes decked and balustraded.

In Middle Street there are several houses which will catch the eye. One of these is the "Revolutionary House," set sideways to the pavement, and having two tremendous chimneys, one of which is warped so out of plumb that it seems a wonder it does not come down in a shower of bricks. At the rear is a one-story extension which has little port-hole windows. The entrance is through a gate set in paneled brick walls. The interior is as handsome as any house on the Cape. The property once belonged to the widow Judith Stevens, whom Murray, the founder of Universalism in America, married. Also in this street, and opposite each other, are the houses erected respectively by the Rev. John Rogers in 1775 or thereabouts and the Rev. Samuel Chandler about 1752.

The Sawyer Library occupies a handsome old mansion erected in 1764. Out at Annisquam are several ancient buildings, the Briggs house, whose antiquity

probably antedates that of any other structure on Cape Ann, and the Dennison house among them. The gambrel-roofed Babson house has been well kept for many years. It is filled with interesting old furniture, and under the gables are the pens once used for slaves. Various houses are referred to generally as "Somes Houses," from certain sea-captains of the name; two of them are on opposite corners of Pleasant and Federal Streets. At West Gloucester are the Stanwood house on the Point, which is very old and looks its age, and Byle's Tavern at the entrance to Beachbrook Cemetery. The Ellery house, dated 1705, has a second-story overhang.

Near the "Revolutionary House" is the historic Universalist Church. Before it is an open, green, parklike area crossed by a wide walk from Middle Street to the church door, and shaded by splendid elms which relieve somewhat the simple austerity of the exterior of the building. This "Independent Christian Church, Universalist" was built in 1807. It is a large wooden structure on a brick foundation, with handsome pillars about the entrance and a tower of the Wren box-upon-box type, which, with the tower of the Municipal Building, dominates the city.

This was the original home of Universalism in America, and Gloucester is to-day the Mecca of the faith of the founder, the Rev. John Murray. It seems that in 1774 a few residents of Gloucester heard that in Boston Mr. Murray was preaching the doctrines which their

reading of James Relly's writings had taught them to favor, and they sent one of their number to ask him to visit them. But strife and bickering and persecution followed the preaching of the Universalist gospel in Gloucester. Murray's followers were publicly suspended from the church. Thereupon, on January 1, 1779, to the number of sixty-one persons, they organized as "an independent church of Christ, resolved by God's grace, whether blessed with the public preaching of the Word or not, to meet together and supplicate the divine favor, to praise our Redeeming God, and to hear his Most Holy Word."

There followed a contest in which the Gloucester society of Independents vindicated the rights of many another church and denomination. The First Parish levied a tax upon the leading Independents. The Independents claimed that they were free from parish rule and ecclesiastical control. In 1782 the parish seized and sold at auction the goods of three of the Independents, some English goods of one, some silver plate of another, and the anchor of a vessel about to sail which belonged to a third. Also a fourth who refused to pay was lodged in Salem jail. In 1786, however, the courts gave a decision which made such seizures impossible thereafter. But action was once more brought against the Independents because they were not incorporated. Compelled therefore to petition the Legislature, the Independents in 1792 were granted incorporation.

The Rev. John Murray had been chaplain in Nathanael Greene's Rhode Island regiment, and had left the army because of ill health. The first meeting-house of the Gloucester Independents was a diminutive frame building, looking very much like a typical country schoolhouse of the older kind. Its dedication took place in 1780. The music was supplied by a crank organ which Captain John Somes had taken from a captured British frigate. The old organ is now an object of curiosity to most visitors to Gloucester.

The First Parish Church in the same street is now Unitarian, the opponents of Murray having announced their secession from the orthodox faith in 1837. Among the original covenanters was Gloster Dalton, a negro. On his death Parson Thomas Jones entered on the church record this notice:

“ April 11, 1813, Gloster Dalton, an African. In this country from a youth. Supposed to be ninety years old, or upwards. The said Gloster Dalton was an honest, industrious man. He had been infirm for two or three years. He was a believer in Jesus Christ, the Savior of the World, and belonged to the Independent Christian Society for many years. He was a native of Africa, and was brought away as a slave, (so-called).

“ For there are no slaves! All men are born free!

“ T. JONES.”

And this entry also has brought distinction to Gloucester.

All Cape Ann is picturesque, and one who has zest for scrambling among the rocks will find his muscles

quite tired enough after a day of climbing over and among the boulders. One boy visitor has suggested that if the giants of old had tossed rocks about after the snowball fashion of school boys and the rocks had remained just where they happened to lodge, the present aspect of the Cape would have some intelligible explanation. "The whole interior of Cape Ann beyond Gloucester," said Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "is a continuous woodland with granite ledges everywhere cropping out, around which the highroad winds, following the curving and indented line of the sea, and dotted here and there with fishing hamlets. I know of nothing more wild than that gray waste of boulders; it is a natural Salisbury Plain, of which icebergs and ocean currents were the Druidic builders."

How delightful are the names of the localities all over this region — Annisquam, or Squam, which some say was the original name before which the prefix Ann's was placed, Bass Rocks, Land's End, Pigeon Cove, Folly Cove, Halibut Point, Loblolly Cove and Rockport. In the wake of her fisheries is coming another industry to give Gloucester fame, the quarrying of granite. The Finns have a village of their own, with church, entertainment hall, teachers and doctors. The Italians on the Cape also cling to home habits, and the alert ear sometimes catches bits of Neapolitan songs. The Italians prove here as elsewhere their ability with the chisel. Saint Ann's Church, whose lofty cross serves as a mariner's beacon, got its granite from these quarries.



No wonder Captain John Smith was beguiled by this wild coast and bestowed upon it a name which recalled a romantic incident in his own adventurous career. The redoubtable explorer had his Pocahontas who saved his life in Virginia; he also had a princess in the Mohammedan East who aided him to escape from prison. For this princess, whom he called Charatza Tragabizanda, which may mean Charatza of Trebizond, he gave to the rocky promontory the name Cape Tragabizanda. And the three islands off the Cape he called the 'Three Turks' Heads, recalling thus an exploit in which he proved his prowess by cleaving away the heads of three Mussulmans in single combat one after the other. But while this wanderer voyaged from Penobscot to Cape Cod in an open boat, it cannot be shown that he actually landed upon Cape Ann.

There did land here, however, an earlier voyager, the founder of Quebec. In 1605 Samuel de Champlain dropped anchor off shore and met and danced with the Indians, and when he departed he gave the place the name *Le Beau Port* — the Charming Harbor. Finally Prince Charles bestowed the name which has endured, Cape Ann, in honor of his mother, Anne of Denmark.

Strangely enough, when a party came here from Dorchester some years later, they failed to establish themselves permanently, and one of them referred to the "ill choice of the place for fishing!" But John Smith had urged England to set up a fisheries plantation here, and with the enthusiasm of an angler he went on record

thus: "Is it not pretty sport to pull up two pence, six pence, or twelve pence as fast as you can hale and veare a line? And what sport doth yeeld a more pleasing content than angling with a hooke and crossing the sweete ayre from Ile to Ile, over the silent streames of a Calm Sea?"

The Rev. Richard Blynman and his friends in 1642 came to repopulate Cape Ann. Many of the men were from the English city of Gloucester, and they used the old name for their settlement. In a few years they have made mackerel a legal tender for the payment of debts. Rock and wind and sea begin the long toughening process for the men of the Cape. For a century the region is out of the way, a little to one side, and it comes to be a land of mystery, so that one account has it that lions could be seen at Cape Ann. But Gloucester mariners were taking fish to the West Indies, Portugal and Spain, and coming back with sugar, molasses, coffee, salt and liquors. There were Gloucester fishermen at Louisburg and Crown Point, and, tradition has it, with Wolfe at Quebec. Right pleasing it is to learn, too, that some of the Acadian exiles found refuge here, and that for a time they were cared for at the expense of the town.

Gloucester placed a share of brave deeds to her credit in the Revolution, as did all the other towns on the coast. A typical story is that of the British sloop-of-war *Falcon*, which entered the bay, bombarded the town for a while, and got so warm a reception that

a hurried retreat was in order. The only casualty is said to have been endured by Deacon Kinsman, whose hog was killed. And the veracious historian relates that the bill against the town that night at the tavern was for thirteen buckets of toddy, five suppers and two quarts of rum.

There's a deal of superstition yet clinging to some of the Gloucester fisherfolk. They nail horseshoes to their masts for luck and believe implicitly in signs. There may still be found those who resent any discrediting of the tale of the old witch Peg Wosson, how she threatened the men who were starting for Louisburg and appeared to them there as a raven. Shots harmed the bird not at all. Then a soldier remembered that only a bullet of precious metal could harm a witch. He fired away again, and the silver sleeve buttons which he used for bullets brought the raven down. At the same hour in Gloucester, Peg Wosson fell and broke her leg, and when the doctors examined the wound out dropped the silver buttons.

*Captains Courageous* and *Out of Gloucester* are the stories to read if you would understand the spirit of this people. A tale which well illustrates the uncertainties of the life they lead is that of the very end of a voyage to the Banks made by a certain schooner some years ago. Eight dories left the ship on the last day of the season. In one of the boats was the captain's son and the brother of his wife. A thick bank of fog blotted out sky and sea. Then a storm began to blow and the

waves to roll high. For hours dories searched the fog for the one boat which did not find the way back to the ship. Fog-horns blew incessantly. When the fog lifted, there came out of the northeast a severe gale, with ice in every blast. And for two days the schooner sailed here, there, everywhere, making a trail over scores of square miles of water.

It was hopeless. The captain at last abandoned the quest. The schooner headed for — home. In three days the skipper had aged by years. For five hundred miles the boat sailed straight for Gloucester. She came in with flag at half-mast. To their astonishment she was greeted with cheers and blowing of whistles. And at last they saw and understood. For there on the wharf was the wife of the captain with her boy and her brother on either side. At the very last hour when rescue would save their lives, a tramp steamer had picked them up and carried them to Boston.

## SALEM

“ Ah me, how many an autumn day  
We watched with palpitating breast  
Some stately ship, from India or Cathay,  
Laden with spicy odours from the East,  
Come sailing up the bay!  
Unto our youthful hearts elate  
What wealth beside their real freight  
Of rich material things they bore!  
Ours were Arabian cargoes, fair,  
Mysterious, exquisite, and rare;  
From far, romantic lands built out of air  
On an ideal shore,  
Sent by Aladdin, Camaralzaman,  
Morgiana, or Badoura, or the Khan.  
Treasures of Sindbad, vague and wondrous things  
Beyond the reach of aught but Youth’s imaginings.

“ How oft, half-fearfully, we prowled  
Around those gabled houses, quaint and old,  
Whose legends, grim and terrible,  
Of witch and ghost that used in them to dwell,  
Around the twilight fire were told.”

— *William Wetmore Story.*

“ Hawthorne was related to his background as closely as flower to root, so naturally did he grow from it and so truly did he represent it to the beholder’s eye.”

— *Charles F. Richardson.*

THE peculiar spell of age and beauty can be experienced as thrillingly and completely in Salem as in any city of New England. Travelers familiar with lands across the ocean have found this ancient town more satisfying than many of the show places of Europe. Great cathedrals and mediaeval castles become professionally historic. Also they carry the observer so far back into the past that he loses the sense of relationship with them. His imagination does not easily carry far enough on "the road to yesterday" to link the conditions of thought and life of the times when men reared those overwhelming masses of stone with the social conditions and the habits of thought and action of to-day.

Then, too, in Salem, owing perhaps to the salty air of the sea, the exceptionally large number of old buildings, which, happily, have been permitted to survive, seem as antiquated as those of many foreign cities three times their age, and they do not baffle the visitor who would know the story of their origin, their successive occupations, and their vicissitudes of "improvement" and alteration. These things are true of Salem, in spite of all that steel and stone, electricity and steam, have done to make it a modern industrial center. The town holds its history in reverence, and the buildings which have been preserved appeal to the visitor with impressive cumulative effect.

Salem's witchcraft, Salem's commerce, Salem's associations with Hawthorne, and Salem's colonial archi-

ture, — these make the attraction of the city. Stories of that reign of terror, the witchcraft era, force themselves upon the attention. A sinister charm have the tales of that strange delusion, when children were divided from parents and husbands from wives by fear and credulity, and innocence was the last security for the accused. But Gallows Hill and the documents and pins in the court-house stand for a belief that was almost universal in that day, and show how relentless was the combat fought by the Puritan with that personal devil whom he feared far more than any danger of the wilderness.

Among the American streets of splendid memories the right of Derby Street in Salem to that rather high-sounding title will not be denied, for it runs along the harbor front and recalls the fifty years when the city was the greatest center of ocean enterprise this side the Atlantic. The seal of the city indicates her pride in her maritime achievements — *Divitis Indiae usque ad ultimum sinum*, To the farthest port of the rich East.

Salem ships made the name of their port a synonym for America on the other side of the world in the early part of the last century, much as World's Fair advertising made Chicago and America one and the same to the remotest peoples of Africa at the end of the century. Froude's words about the "forgotten worthies" of England come again to mind: "Wherever we find them they are still the same. In the courts of Japan or of China, fighting Spaniards in the Pacific, or pris-

oners among the Algerines, . . . exploring in crazy pinnaces the fierce latitudes of the Polar Seas, they are the same God-fearing men whose life was one great liturgy." For these men of Salem were held in prison in France, England, Spain and Algeria. They fought pirates in the East and cannibals in the Pacific. When a Salem ship made her first voyage to the Cape of Good Hope in 1784, her "guidebooks" were some maps and charts which were largely drawn by guess, a sextant and a Guthrie's Grammar. Salem's mariners were in Japan fifty years before Commodore Perry and at Guam a full century before Uncle Sam added that lonely outpost to his Pacific picket-line. Heavy laden argosies from the rich and mysterious Orient came almost daily to her wharves. And as to her prowess in war — Salem's privateers did more damage to British shipping in the Revolution than was done by those of all other American towns together.

Hawthorne was not an admirer of Salem, but in Salem he was born and in Salem he lived, almost as a recluse, for years. Said he: "I sat down by the wayside of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared to be possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity." But he wrote very much of Salem, of her "Main Street," — Essex Street, that is, — the custom-house, the town pump, the houses of many gables, and the romantic history of the town. And





*The Custom House, Salem*



Salem has no less than eight Hawthorne houses: the house of his birth, the house of his youth, the house of his courtship, the house in which James T. Fields persuaded him to surrender the manuscript of *The Scarlet Letter*, these and the House of the Seven Gables, the customhouse, and two other houses in which the writer lived, account for some twenty-five years of his life.

The fame of Salem's architecture has traveled almost as far as has the story of her witchcraft. Any one may walk about her streets and feast his eyes upon her doorways and note the exquisite proportions of her old mansions. The favored who penetrate to the interiors will find stairways with twisted balusters and newels, carved mantels and handsome wainscots in their rooms of state. There were cunning craftsmen here in the early days, and they wrought with conscientious pride in their joinery. "The McIntires" were a family of builders whose skill descended from father to sons; much of their work survives, and "McIntire arches" are sought out by architects from all parts of the country. In quiet side streets will be found many gambrel roofs. Walking in early evening through Federal Street and Chestnut Street, it is not difficult to dream yourself back to the time when courtly men and powdered women here in the fashionable part of the town made their way at candle-lighting to the assemblies in Hamilton Hall.

The oldest building in Salem and one for which all visitors inquire is known as the Witch House. But it

will disappoint most visitors, for it has no connection with the witchcraft craze, save that tradition claims that some preliminary examinations of suspected persons were held therein when it was the residence of Judge Jonathan Corwin. While in looks part of the building is scowling and sinister enough, a modern drug store has been attached to its most prominent corner, an impertinence that it is hard to forgive. You find it right in the heart of the city at the corner of Essex and North Streets. Going through the narrow passage to the little area at its rear, hemmed in as it is by modern buildings, you get a view that conveys a distinct impression of age. Originally it had wooden pineapples over its window lattices, and three gables in its front. The old timbers may be seen at the rear of the store. But the record of the alterations which have been made upon this building suggests the story of the dealer in antiques who offered a battered chair to a lady, remarking that "with new legs, a new back and a new seat the piece would make a fine example of the furniture of the period." The house was altered and repaired in 1675 and again in 1746, when a gambrel roof supplanted the ancient gables. It is said that the part of the front which has a projecting upper story retains the original appearance. For nearly two centuries it was in the possession of the Corwin family.

"The Roger Williams House" some would have it called, supposing that famous man to have lived in it in 1635. Some have gone so far as to claim for him

a residence therein in 1631. He had been "teacher" of the First Church for a time in that earlier year, and again in 1633, becoming minister of the church in 1635. But the General Court in Boston was distrustful of him, and sent a vessel to Salem to carry him to England. Trusting in a small compass for guidance, and depending upon the Indians for aid, he fled from this old house into the wilderness, and made his way amid the desolation of winter to Rhode Island.

Jonathan Corwin was one of the judges in the witchcraft trials. Salem hanged nineteen witches — fourteen women and five men — and pressed Giles Corey to death; and Boston hanged two witches. To the courthouse the curious come in thousands to see portions of the testimony of these trials and the original death warrant of Bridget Bishop. There also they find the "witch pins," the implements which the bewitched charged the bewitchers with using upon them. They are kept in a corked bottle. You look at them and marvel. Crudely made, bent and black, these pins were said to be tools of torture. Shall you laugh at the absurdity of the sight, or shall you shiver at the enormity of the suffering which these pins caused?

The fear of witchcraft came upon the Puritans in the hard winter of 1692. A few miles from Salem at Danvers Centre, there was a church whose pastor was the Rev. Samuel Parris. He had been a merchant in the West Indies, and in his household was a slave, an Indian woman named Tituba, whom he had brought

from the islands, and two children, — a daughter Elizabeth, aged nine, and a niece, Abigail, eleven years old. Tituba was something of a sorceress, and into the ears of these children she poured many a weird tale. Soon these girls began to do unaccountable things. They assumed strange postures. They shrieked incoherently. They crept into holes and under tables. Sometimes they fell into convulsions. The village physician declared them bewitched. Mr. Parris and the neighboring ministers had resort to fasting and prayer, without ridding the children of the evil influence. These children, and some other girls and women similarly affected, were not thought of as subjects of a nervous disorder or as wilful mischief-makers, but as the victims of some malevolent persons. They were besought to tell who bewitched them. At last they cried out "Tituba," then "Goody Osburn," a sick woman, and "Sarah Good," a vagrant. This was the beginning of the accusations which cost twenty lives. These girls began half in jest and ended in belief in their own bewitchment.

But then, nearly every one in those days believed in witchcraft. And did not the Bible command: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live?" Had not Matthew Hale and Coke, the great English jurists, implied the fact of witchcraft in some of their decisions? And then Governor Winthrop, Governor Bradstreet and Governor Endicott had each sentenced a witch to death, and executions had taken place in Charlestown, Dorchester

and Cambridge, Springfield and Hartford. Cotton Mather, the Boston divine, had published a book in which he had indicated his belief in witchcraft. In 1682 in England there had appeared a work by Joseph Glanville containing an account of witches in Sweden, a story which was duplicated in many details by what happened in Salem, and with this book it is likely that Cotton Mather was acquainted.

In March, 1692, Tituba, Sarah Osburn and Sarah Good were examined before Judge Hathorne, the novelist's ancestor, and Jonathan Corwin. Guilt was assumed by the magistrates and the public. The children declared themselves pinched and beaten, and pricked with pins, which they produced whenever the accused looked at them. Tituba manifested cunning and invention, telling witch stories of the broomstick variety, and implicating others in her "confessions." Then persons of eminence in the community and of character never before assailed were accused. In a short time there were hundreds in the jails of Boston, Cambridge and Salem. The epidemic of fear and superstition was on. Everybody believed, therefore it was easy to suspect anybody. Diabolical compacts furnished easy solutions of all mysterious occurrences. Giles Corey bore the agony of the weights and died three days before his wife was hanged. In Danvers still stands the home of Rebecca Nurse, an old woman of high character, who also was executed. The Rev. George Burroughs, upon the ladder of the gallows, calmly declared

his innocence and offered the Lord's Prayer. On the last execution day eight persons were hanged. The order of Governor Phips in May, 1693, releasing from jail all under accusation, ended the era of witchcraft in America.

What compensation was possible was made to the survivors. One of the "afflicted children" confessed her mistake. Judge Samuel Sewall, one of the commissioners who heard the cases, on Fast Day in the Old South Church, Boston, and annually thereafter, bravely stood and stated his conviction of error in having been led to accept "spectral evidence."

From the pages of the ancient documents before your eyes here in the court-house you get such entries as these, which appear in the direct examination of Rebecca Nurse:

Mr. Hathorne — What do you say? (speaking to one afflicted). Have you seen this woman hurt you?

"Yes, she beat me this morning."

"Abigail, have you been hurt by this woman?"

"Yes."

(Ann Putnam in a grievous fit cried out that she hurt her.)

"Goody Nurse, here are two. Ann Putnam, the child, and Abigail Williams, complain of your hurting them. What do you say to it?"

N. — I can say before my Eternal Father I am innocent and God will clear my innocence.

The only death warrant which has been preserved, one of the most curious documents in America, reads thus:



“ To George Corwin, gentleman High Sheriff of the county of Essex, Greeting:

“ Whereas Bridgett Bishop, als Oliver, the wife of Edward Bishop of Salem in the county of Essex, sawyer, at a speciall court of Oyer and Terminer held at Salem the second day of this instant month of June for the countyes of Essex, Middlesex and Suffolk before William Stoughton Esq. and his associate justices of the said court, was indicted and arraigned upon five several indictments for using, practicing and exercising on the nynteenth day of April last past and divers other days and times before and after certain acts of witchcraft in and upon the bodyes of Abigail Williams Ann Putnam junr. Mercy Lewis May Walcott and Elizabeth Hubbard of Salem Village single women whereby their bodyes were hurt afflicted pined consumed wasted and tormented contrary to the forme of the statute in that case made and provided. To which indictment the said Bridgett Bishop pleaded not guilty and for tryal thereof put herself upon God and her country whereupon she was found guilty of the felonies and witchcraft whereof she stood indicted and sentence of death accordingly passed against her as the law directs. Execution whereof yet remains to be done. These are therefore in the name of their maj(es)ties William and Mary now King and Queen over England &c to will and command you that upon Fryday next being the tenth dy of this instant month of June between the hours of eight and twelve in the afternoon of the same day you safely conduct the sd Bridgett Bishop als Oliver from their majties gaol in Salem aforsed to the place of execution and there cause her to be hanged by the neck until she is dead, and of your doings herein make return to the clerke of sd court and pr cept. and hereof you are not to faile at your peril and this shall be your sufficient warrant given under my hand and seal at Boston the eighth dy of June in the fourth year of the reign of our Sovirgne Lord & Lady William and

Mary now King and Queen over England &c anno dom 1692.

WILLIAM STOUGHTON.

“According to the within written precept I have taken the body of the within named Brigett Bishop out of their majesties’ gaol in Salem and safely conveyed her to the place provided for her execution and caused ye sd Brigett to be hanged by the neck until she was dead (and buried in the place) all which was according to the time within required and so I make returne by me.

GEORGE CORWIN, Sheriff.”

Let it be remembered that, contrary to the very general impression, no witches were ever burned in Salem. Gallows Hill, where all the executions took place except that of Giles Corey, stands bleak and wind-swept to-day. Nature does little to ameliorate its bareness. Perhaps it is fitting that the hill should remain desolate, in sackcloth and ashes, rather than in the green and crimson of joyous life. Tourists chatter and laugh on its summit in summer, and boys whoop in delight as they coast down its sides in winter. Far away, indeed, seems the tale of those nineteen executions. But, as has been suggested by the secretary of the Essex Institute, Hawthorne pointed out a duty which remains still undone. As long ago as 1835 he wrote:

“Yet, ere we left the hill, we could not but regret that there is nothing on its barren summit, no relic of old, nor lettered stone of later days, to assist the imagination in appealing to the

heart. We build the memorial column on the height which our fathers made sacred with their blood, poured out in a holy cause. And here, in dark, funereal stone, should rise another monument, sadly commemorative of the errors of an early race, and not to be cast down, while the human heart has one infirmity that may result in crime."

Let all the indictment against Salem be considered now, however, and then let it be dismissed. There is an additional count, for Salem persecuted the Quakers, scourged and branded them, as was done in many other places. There was considerable provocation, no doubt, for not all the Quakers were mild and peaceful. Some of them seemed to find a species of joy in outraging the laws. Not thus, nevertheless, can be justified the thirty strokes given Ann Coleman, ten in Salem, ten in Boston and ten in Dedham. Hawthorne shows her "naked from the waist upward, and bound to the tail of a cart, dragged through the Main Street at the pace of a brisk walk, while the constable follows with a whip of knotted cords." Painful, but a little more pleasant, is the story told by Whittier of Cassandra Southwick:

"And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;  
I heard a murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,  
How, from every door and window the people gazed on me."

Different, indeed, is the story of the achievements of Salem at sea. Pace from end to end of Derby Street to-day, and it will be both easy and difficult to imagine the commercial supremacy which once belonged to this

port; easy, because landward an occasional mansion indicates the wealth that was piled up by the old-time mariners, and difficult, because seaward the bay is deserted and the wharves are falling into ruin. The records of Salem's commerce are to be found in the old log-books in the Essex Institute, in the exhibits in the Peabody Museum, in the heirlooms which fill the stately homes erected by the nabobs of the golden age, and in the suggestive roominess and emptiness of the custom-house erected in 1818.

Can you imagine the Derby Street of a century and more ago? What a street it must have been in the first decade of the last century, for in those ten years Salem's imports brought duties of seven million dollars! Wagons crowded the water-front. Sailmakers sat on the floors of their lofts and stitched away on great sheets of white canvas. The ship-chandlers' shops were full. The stores held many curios from far lands, and parrots and monkeys were part of the stock in trade of every "up-to-date" dealer. Sailors chatted upon the corners. When their ships were ready to sail again, they went aboard knowing that not a word would be heard from them for a year, and that it might be two years or even three before they sighted Salem Harbor once more. The Salem lad was a cabin-boy in the vessel of his father or some other owner at fifteen, he was a captain at twenty, and by the time he was forty he had sailed all the seven seas and amassed a fortune, so that it only remained for him to build a fine house and spend

the balance of his years in opulent retirement. When Elias Hasket Derby died in 1799 his fortune was estimated at a million and more, and was said to be the largest private fortune accumulated in America in the eighteenth century.

Mount the steps of the custom-house and gaze from the Hawthorne window upon Derby Wharf, or walk out farther and have a look at old India Wharf. What scenes they witnessed in the days of the Indiamen! Every day some ship started on a long voyage. Every week some vessel left port to fight her way east or west around one of the Ultima Thule capes, Good Hope or "the Horn." There goes the *Light Horse* with a cargo of sugar for St. Petersburg, the venture which opened the way for American trade with Russia. And there comes the *Grand Turk* from Batavia with a cargo of teas, silks and nankeens. From this harbor sailed the *Atlantic*, taking the American flag for the first time to Bombay and Calcutta. Thence also went in 1801 the *Margaret* and found her way to "Nangasacca," Japan. For years the Dutch East India Company had been trading in Sumatra and the other rich islands of the Orient. But it was an inquisitive Salem skipper who found wild pepper there, and he told the secret only to the owner of his ship. Then the *Rajah* squared away her yards from Salem harbor — having fitted out as secretly as ever in late years has a filibuster taken aboard powder and ball in a neutral port — and when she came back eighteen months later she had a cargo of

pepper which yielded a profit of seven hundred per cent. The secret was kept for years, and other lands had to look to Salem for their supplies of pepper. "Old Billy Gray," as Hawthorne called him, had in 1807 fifteen ships, seven barks, thirteen brigs, and one schooner in the merchant trade. Failures there were, to be sure. Richard Cleveland at twenty-three began voyaging with an investment of two thousand dollars. He sailed around the earth twice, and at thirty had seventy thousand dollars, a competence for those days. This he invested in the voyages of others, — and they lost it, and one hundred thousand dollars more, and in the end he had to take a place in a custom-house.

Do you see them as you stroll about these ancient docks? Square-riggers, ships and brigs, manned by bold and resourceful men, and waited for by brave and patient women. There were pirates in every sea; England and France were always at war, and the British were insisting upon the right to impress alleged deserters from American ships. So these Salem vessels were equipped with small arms and sometimes with cannon. No wonder the seal of the city shows in the background a ship under full sail and in the foreground an East India merchant.

Scarcely a resident of Salem but had investments, small or large, in the voyages of these vessels. These risks were called "adventures." As an example, this transaction has been cited: The *Messenger* sailed in 1816 with one hundred Spanish dollars entrusted to

her master for investment in coffee and sugar, nutmegs and spice. The captain bought coffee in Batavia for \$83.30 which he sold in Antwerp at \$183.75, so that the on-shore speculator realized a handsome profit.

Salem's commercial prosperity began with the close of the Revolution and was ended by the Second War with England. In a sense the War for Independence made the fortune of the city. The war closed the chief ports of the colonies and stopped enterprises at sea. The ports about Massachusetts Bay turned to privateering. When peace came the idle ships sought a new occupation. They were large vessels and they could outsail almost anything they were likely to meet on the high seas. So they went to the Pacific and the East. The enormous chartered companies of Europe found them formidable competitors. The embargo which preceded the War of 1812 and the war itself closed that period of enterprise and success, and then the railroads came and diverted commerce elsewhere.

Salem's record in those two wars with England was not less splendid. One seaport after another, from Boston to Savannah, was closed, leaving to Salem and the neighboring small ports the task of keeping open communication with Europe. For the Revolution, Salem furnished her quota of men for the army, while for the struggle on the water she fitted out one hundred and fifty-eight privateers, carrying more than two thousand guns; and these vessels, with a loss of fifty-four of their own number, took four hundred and forty-five

of the seven hundred prizes captured by all the Colonies. Next to John Paul Jones might be ranked Salem's hero, Jonathan Haraden, who took a thousand guns from the British during the war, and fought a British frigate in the Bay of Biscay with one hundred thousand persons on shore watching what was a veritable David-and-Goliath combat. When the Second War with England came, Salem supplied forty of the two hundred and fifty armed vessels of the country.

But enough of the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," only that you must have these memories in mind to appreciate the water-front of Salem. Now you are ready to see the custom-house. It seems, when you have read what Hawthorne wrote of it in the introductory chapter of *The Scarlet Letter*, to have changed none at all since he was here at work marking goods with the stencil which you find in the office. Said the romancer:

"Its front is ornamented with a portico of half a dozen wooden pillars, supporting a balcony, beneath which a flight of wide granite steps descends towards the street. Over the entrance hovers an enormous specimen of the American eagle, with outspread wings, a shield before her breast, and, if I recollect aright, a bunch of intermingled thunderbolts and barbed arrows in each claw. . . . On the left hand as you enter the front door is a certain room or office, about fifteen feet square, and of a lofty height; with two of its arched windows commanding a view of the aforesaid dilapidated wharf, and the third looking across a narrow lane, and along a portion of Derby street."



The building is really an excellent example of the architecture of the late colonial style. As you enter the door of the handsome and well-kept room on the left the pictured face of Hawthorne looks at you from the wall. The deep windows glisten in their white paint, against which shows pleasingly the green of two vines which climb upon each side of the deep recess of one of them and join their tendrils beneath the arched top. Through this window Hawthorne looked out upon the wharf. The desk at which he worked is now in the Essex Institute. If you care to climb you may go up to the lookout, whence you will see Marblehead just across the water, and landward the curious intermixture of the old and the new which makes Salem.

So minute and realistic is the account of the writer in the introduction to his great novel, that there are many who yet suppose that he actually found the materials for *The Scarlet Letter* in an unfinished room in the building in which he began his service as surveyor in 1846. This room is said to have been on the second floor in the rear of the collector's office. In Hawthorne's time it was filled with barrels and boxes containing old papers. Many of the scenes and persons he described were real, but no manuscript was found in that room, and of course no former surveyor came in ghostly form to urge its publication.

Having thus been brought upon the trail of Hawthorne, you may follow it about the city. He was a

sailor's son and he came of an ancestry of sailors. The house in which he was born is in Union Street, numbered 27. It is a gambrel-roofed structure, with other gambrels about it in the narrow street. Built before 1692, it looks much as it did when the novelist's grandfather bought it in 1772, except for the modern door and windows. Here Nathaniel Hawthorne was born on Independence Day, 1804, in the northwest chamber of the second floor. But you will plead in vain for entrance. "We don't let no one in nohow," is the answer returned to at least one most humble petitioner.

Hawthorne's father died at far Surinam in 1808, and the family removed to the house, at the rear of the birthplace, which now is numbered 10½ and 12 Herbert Street. It was then owned by his mother's father. It is an ugly house, lately made over into a "three-decker" tenement. There is not a line of beauty about it. Almost as a blow does it come to you that in this house the boy grew and dreamed, and the man mused and wrote. "In this house!" — you repeat the phrase over and over. And away up there is "the window under the eaves." That is the room crowded against the roof to which Hawthorne referred when he wrote in *American Notes*: "In this dismal chamber FAME was won." And in a pleasant fashion he mentioned it in letters dated 1840 and 1843:

"Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber where I used to sit in days gone by. Here I have written many tales. . . . Should I have a biographer he ought to make great mention of



*Hawthorne's Birthplace, Salem*



this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here.

“Here I am in my old chamber, where I produced those stupendous works of fiction which have since impressed the universe with wonderment and awe! To this chamber, doubtless, in all succeeding ages, pilgrims will come to pay their tribute of reverence; they will put off their shoes at the threshold for fear of desecrating the tattered old carpets! ‘There,’ they will exclaim, ‘is the very bed in which he slumbered, and where he was visited by those ethereal visions which he afterwards fixed forever in glowing words. There is the washstand at which this exalted personage cleansed himself from the stains of earth and rendered his outward man a fitting exponent of the pure soul within. There, in its mahogany frame, is the dressing-glass which often reflected that noble brow, those hyacinthine locks, that mouth bright with smiles or tremulous with feeling, that flashing or melting eye, that — in short every item of the magnanimous face of this unexampled man. There is the pine table, — there the old flag-bottomed chair on which he sat, and at which he scribbled, during his agonies of inspiration.”

More closely connected with Hawthorne's life was this house than any other in Salem, — the greater is the pity of its present use and condition. He lived therein from 1808 to 1818, and for a time in 1819-1820. After his college days at Bowdoin, he came again for a while to Herbert Street, and there were periods of residence here in 1838, 1840 and 1846. With his wife he was domiciled here for a time at the beginning of his service in the custom-house in the last named year. He wrote much here, and from this door he issued for his long evening walks.

The years 1828 to 1832 were spent in the house in Dearborn Street now numbered 26, but which once stood opposite its present site; and in Chestnut Street, at Number 18, the family lived about eighteen months.

The house of Hawthorne's courtship, the home of the Peabodys, is at Number 53 Charter Street. It is a big, square, three-story building, but little changed since it was thus alluded to by the novelist in *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*: "(it) cornered on a graveyard with which the house communicated by a back door. . . . A three-story wooden house, perhaps a century old, low-studded, with a square front standing right upon the street, and a small enclosed porch containing the main entrance, affording a glimpse up and down the street through an oval window on each side."

A pretty story, indeed, is that of Hawthorne's meeting with and wooing of Sophia Amelia Peabody. It has been pronounced an authentic instance of love at first sight. Salem hardly knew the writer. There were questions and guesses as to the identity of the author of the stories which had their scene in Salem. But it was Elizabeth Peabody who found the right trail, discovered the lonely man, and managed to make his acquaintance. She says: "Mr. Hawthorne told me that his sisters lived so completely out of the world that they hardly knew its customs. Whenever after this he called at our house he generally saw Sophia. One day she showed him her illustration of 'The Gentle Boy,' saying: 'I want to know if this looks like your

Ilbrahim.' He sat down and looked at it, and then looked up and said: 'He will never look otherwise to me.' A year later he wrote to me: 'She is a flower to be worn in no man's bosom, but was sent from heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul.' " He married the woman of whom he thus wrote in Boston in 1842.

The old cemetery next door was frequented by Hawthorne, and this will be a convenient time to ramble through it. The iron fence supports a tablet, which tells you that the enclosure is the oldest of Salem's burying grounds and that it contains the grave of Governor Bradstreet. Of the ancestor whose grave he found here Hawthorne said: "In the old burial-ground is a slate gravestone, carved around the borders, to the memory of 'Col. John Hathorne, Esq.,' who died in 1717. This was the witch-judge. The stone is sunk deep into the earth, and leans forward, and the grass grows very long around it; and on account of the moss it was rather difficult to make out the date." A few feet away is the grave of Captain Richard More, who came when a boy in the Mayflower. The low stone is the only contemporaneous gravestone of a Mayflower Pilgrim that now remains.

The manuscript of *The Scarlet Letter* was delivered to James T. Fields in the winter of 1849 "in a chamber over the sitting-room" of the house at Number 14 Mall Street. It is not far from Washington Square, standing sidewise to the street, with a vine climbing about the

dentilated and pilastered doorway. The door opens upon a yard, shut from the street by a board fence, containing a swing and seats that intimate that the laughter of children now rings through the room where the great novel was composed. To this house Hawthorne came home one day in July, 1849, and told his wife that he had been officially decapitated. The brave woman replied: "Oh, then you can write your book." And when he asked as to the ways and means of existence meantime, she showed him the small heap of gold that she had saved out of the household expense money. The novel was written, and he relates how he read the final scene to his wife while his "voice swelled and heaved" as if "tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm."

James T. Fields has told how the story found its way to the public: how he pressed Hawthorne to tell what he had been writing, how he caught sight of a chest of drawers in which it occurred to him there was something hidden, and how he vehemently charged Hawthorne with the fact. "He seemed surprised, I thought," he says, "but shook his head again; and I rose to take my leave. . . . I was hurrying down the stairs when he called after me. . . . Then quickly stepping into the entry with a roll of manuscript in his hands, he said: 'How in Heaven's name did you know this thing was there? As you have found me out take what I have written, and tell me after you get home and have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It





*The House of the Seven Gables, Salem*



is either very good or very bad, — I don't know which.' "

Thus the man

" . . . in whose glance "

(were) " silent worlds of mystery and romance "

was almost badgered into the revelation of a novel which the world long ago numbered among the few that shall endure. That novel brought him fame, and Salem is proud of her son. But it seems strange that there always was something of a coldness between the town and the man. His social attentions were restricted to the house beside the cemetery whence he took his wife. He was shy, too shy for society. His life had been secluded and lonely. Perhaps he was at times rather over-emphatic in his aloofness. It surely is time to forget all those things, and very largely Salem has forgotten.

One more house completes the Hawthorne list. And this is " The House of the Seven Gables." The house so-called is in Turner Street, close to the bay. The novelist himself declared in his preface that he had built a house " of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air." But with this house, then the home of his cousin, Miss Ingersoll, he was very familiar. The story runs that on a time she told him the house once had seven gables and showed him the beams and mortices to prove the statement, and that he was quite infatuated with the sound of the phrase. He called his cousin " the Duchess," and to her adopted son,

Horace Ingersoll, he once wrote a letter telling of his going over the house, making out five gables and learning where the others had been. This letter, if authentic, seems to show where the title and germ of the story came from, whether the Turner house is *the* house or not.

At any rate the house is now one of the most interesting in all Salem. Built about 1662, it has been reclaimed from neglect and decay by a public-spirited Salem woman, and all the old gables are in place once more. Architects and antiquarians have wrought long upon it. Walk about it and you will count upon your fingers now seven and again eight gables. Covered up on the exterior was found a heavy oaken door studded with iron nails, and this now makes the main entrance. And here is the shop of Hephzibah, — a delightful arrangement; for the story has the shop, and whether the old house had it or not, the visitor will be glad to discover it, jangling bell and all. The parlor is handsome, with a good mantel and deep windows, near one of which Hawthorne loved to sit, and upon the wall is a portrait of "the Duchess." In the chimney is a concealed staircase. No one knows how it opened in the old days, and now it is concealed so perfectly that the visitor is puzzled until the spring is touched. That feature is enough to set any house up in business, and the gabled chambers complete an interior which is most attractive, irrespective of its relation to the novelist. Through the parlor windows you look out upon an old-

fashioned garden. The Bethel of the Marine Society now shuts off the view across the bay.

In this house Hawthorne heard from Horace Ingersoll the story of the Acadian lovers, and he passed it on to Longfellow, who wove about it his classic poem *Evangeline*. The romancer's *Grandfather's Chair* tales are said to have been derived from a remark of his cousin about an old arm-chair in the parlor.

The Old Bakery, after two hundred and fifty years, has been removed to a site adjacent to the House of the Seven Gables. There it has been restored, and, with the garden and its neighboring antiquity, it yields the visitor a somewhat complete notion of the conditions of early colonial life. The bakery was a little low-studded room whose beams clearly were hewn out with an axe and roughly ornamented with augur holes. Its clapboards were split out from the logs by hand, and the space between the outer wall and the inner was cemented with brick and mortar.

The Essex Institute and the Peabody Academy of Science are institutions in some ways without rivals in this country, and in some respects the collections in the Academy are not equaled outside the British Museum. The Institute has a large and valuable library, which includes over a thousand old Salem log-books, in whose pages one finds fascinating tales of adventure in war and peace. The antiquities in the museum, which is a part of the Institute, show the curious modern how the inhabitants of the old town measured time

with hour-glass and sun-dial, how they prepared their meals with chafing-dish and roasting-jack, how they covered their heads with bonnets and wigs, and how they defended their homes and persons with flintlocks and horse-pistols. With the furniture, the china, the tools, the clothing and the weapons of the colonial period, there are here large collections of relics and curios from distant lands. The Institute has also nearly two hundred portraits, some of them silhouettes and miniatures, which are valuable historically, and many of which have considerable worth as works of art. By the union in 1848 of the Essex Historical Society, which had been founded in 1821, and the Natural History Society, organized in 1833, the Essex Institute came into being, with the object of promoting history, science and art in Essex County. The institution is well housed at 132 Essex Street. It is in this building that you find the copy of the scarlet letter law which James M. Barrie pronounced the most curious thing he saw in Salem.

Right at hand at Number 101 Essex Street is the granite building lettered across the front "East India Marine Hall," now the home of the Peabody Academy. Enter this "paradise of collections" at your own peril, for you are likely to become absorbed and to be lost to the world for hours. Who can hope to describe it? William Wetmore Story tried to do so in his *Ode on the Anniversary of the Fifth Half-Century of the Landing of John Endicott*, the founder who came to Salem in 1628 with a hundred adventurers and a charter from

the English company which claimed this territory.  
The sculptor-poet wrote of the things he saw as a boy:

“ Strange dresses — bead and feather trimmed —  
High Tartar boots, and tiny Chinese shoes,  
And all the strange craft that ever skimmed  
The shark-infested Indian sea —  
Catamarans, caiques, or birch canoes,  
Tinkling pagodas strung with bells,  
Carved ivory balls, half miracles;  
Strung necklaces of shells and beads,  
Sharp poisoned spears and arrowheads,  
Bows, savage bludgeons, creeses keen,  
Idols of hideous shape and grin,  
Fat, bloated spiders stilted high  
On hairy legs that scared the eye;  
Great, gorgeous spotted butterflies,  
And every splendid plumaged bird,  
That flashes through the tropic skies  
Or in the sultry shade is heard.  
All these, and hundreds more than these, we saw,  
That made our pulses beat with a delighted awe.”

The old captains of Salem actually began this collection in 1799 with a rhinoceros horn, an elephant's tooth and a two-stemmed pipe from Sumatra. The visitor sees the white swan-tureens which were used at the banquets of the original society, all of whose members must have “ actually navigated the seas beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, as masters or supercargoes of vessels belonging to Salem.” The hall was erected in 1824. It is agreeable to note what

have been the business occupants of the first floor: The Asiatic Bank, The Oriental Insurance Office, and the United States Post-Office. A gift of George Peabody, the London philanthropist, who was born only a few miles away, provided the funds in 1867 for the organization of the Academy, which at once purchased and refitted the hall. Since then the building has been much enlarged. The collections are arranged on an educational plan. There are minerals, woods, birds, fishes, mammals of the county; and there are Australian marsupials, East Indian corals, and leopards and gorillas from other distant lands. Here is a palanquin bought in Calcutta in 1803, and there are many objects collected by E. J. Glave, who was "in darkest Africa" with Stanley. There are war-clubs from the New Hebrides, a colossal Hawaiian god, a devil's temple from Fiji, and here is a curious specimen of carving on a most minute scale done by a monk of the fourteenth century.

You renew your impression of Salem's marine greatness here when you come to the collection of models and pictures of Salem's ships. Of these there are a hundred and fifty, and of portraits of Salem's mariners and merchants there are nearly half as many.

Here, too, as you look at the great collection of things Chinese, you are reminded that Salem has a mandarin in her own name and right, General Frederick Townsend Ward, who led the Chinese troops against the Tai-Ping rebels, until they came to be called "the ever-victorious army," and whom China rewarded



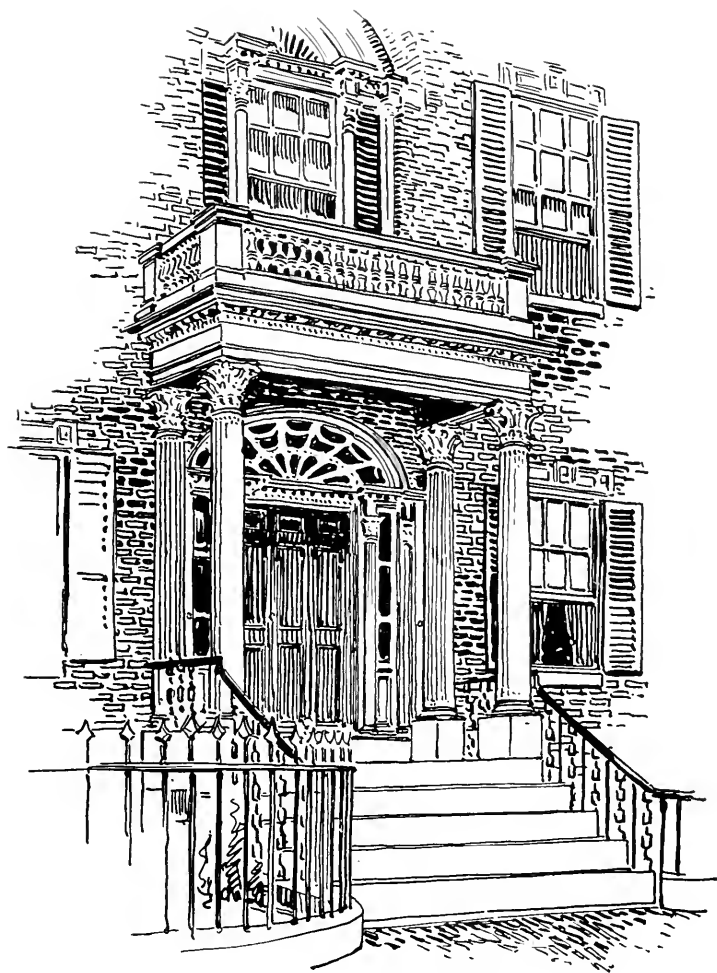
with the red button and peacock feather of a mandarin of the first rank, and honored after his death with a temple and pagoda and an imperial decree that he should be worshiped as a deity. His portrait and the bullet which killed him are in the Essex Institute. In Derby Street he was born, and his romantic career is enough to set any Salem boy a-dreaming of a life of adventure, even if Ward did marry a Chinese wife, and in spite of the fact that the world gives to "Chinese" Gordon a good deal of the glory that belongs to the American hero.

A long roll is that of Salem's famous men. The mathematician, Nathaniel Bowditch, who translated La Place upon the desk now in the Essex Institute, was born in Brown Street. The Rev. Jones Very, whose poems Emerson collected, lived and died in Federal Street. General F. W. Lander, born in Barton Square, showed the country where to put a wagon-road over the Rocky Mountains, and when he was killed in the Civil War, Salem gave him an historic funeral. Judge Joseph Story built the house at 26 Winter Street in 1811, and there in 1819 was born the son who became a writer and sculptor. Dr. Edward A. Holyoke lived and died in Essex Street, and in his honor the Massachusetts Medical Society gave a centenary dinner. Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, clerked in an Essex Street store, and the "Rumford Roaster" was the favorite oven of Salem housekeepers for many years. Salem thinks of George Peabody as her own, and Will-

iam Hickling Prescott, the historian, is clearly hers, for he was born where the Museum building of the Essex Institute now stands.

Very long, too, is the tale of Salem's fine old houses and doorways and staircases. Some of the houses are old enough to have been built by the early settlers, and they have something of the dignity and of the barrenness of the Puritan character. Others, built in the late colonial and Revolutionary times, show the English Georgian style, so adapted that it became the fullest flower of the New England colonial architecture. Like weeds in an old-fashioned garden are many of the intrusive modern houses here. The modern structures tire one often in a year or two; the colonials continue to satisfy after a century.

Walk down Federal Street. At Number 80 is the Pierce-Nichols house, three-storied, with tall chimneys and balustraded roof, fluted pilasters at the corners, and a classic Doric entrance of fine proportions; it has a balustraded fence before it, having high urn posts, and a great paved courtyard at the rear. At Number 138 is the "Assembly Hall," now a private residence, with its Ionic entrance and fluted pilasters in the front façade. Here Washington and Lafayette danced; its name comes from the record the former made in his diary: "Went to assembly where there was at least a hundred handsome and well dressed ladies." In the second house beyond lived that General Henry K. Oliver, publicist and musician, whose famous tune,



*Doorway of the Salem Club*



"Federal Street," was named after the street in which the house stands. Much of the best of McIntire's work was rebuilt into this house when the costly Derby mansion in Derby Square was taken down.

Chestnut Street is arched with fine elm trees and lined with handsome houses. They have a distinguished air, their fronts are covered with vines, and the knockers, the fences and the gardens, and the rear views as well as the doorways, make them a delight from whatever angle they are studied. These Salem gardens must not be missed, by the way. The fences and walls which enclose them are usually covered with ivy. They were planned by no landscape artists. Somebody's grandmother planted them first, and they have been continued with patient care. You see them all over the city, illustrations of what taste and attention will do.

Salem's fine houses are not grouped in any one section. The Common, renamed Washington Square in 1802, is surrounded with them. The Salem Club at Number 29 has the house long known as the Peabody mansion. The house at Number 13, the Andrew mansion, was once called the most expensive of New England residences, and one who sees the interior will find much there to admire, including some excellent specimens of the old-time panoramic wall-paper. There are doors to see at Numbers 81, 128, 318, 380, and 384 Essex Street, at Number 23 Summer Street, at Number 27 Herbert Street (dating to 1738), in Brown Street,

Court (dated 1750), at Number 20 Turner Street, Number 2 Andover Street, Number 14 Pickman Street, and so on through a long inventory, and they show many styles and various degrees of elaboration. The porte-cochère of the Emmerton home in Essex Street is sketched by visiting artists day after day through the summer.

Then there are fine staircases at Number 125 Derby Street, Numbers 46 and 393 Essex Street, Number 5 Monroe Street, and so again the list grows long; often these staircases have wellwrought twisted newels and balusters. There are beautiful mantels in many houses, — at Hamilton Hall, Number 12 Elm Street, Number 180 Derby Street, Number 94 Boston Street, Number 14 Pickman Street, and at Numbers 202 and 313 Essex Street. This is a dry enough catalogue, true; it is only cited to show the right Salem has to her claim of distinction for her colonial architecture.

Hamilton Hall was erected in 1805 and named for Alexander Hamilton, becoming the center of the social life of the town. Across Chestnut Street from it long stood the South Church, with a spire which was as fine an example of the Sir Christopher Wren style as the country can boast. Built as a child makes pyramids are these steeples, cube piled upon cube, cylinder upon cylinder, octagon upon octagon, and all surmounted by a slender steeple.

Of Salem's interesting churches there are the stone Gothic St. Peter's, built in 1833, beside whose entrance

is the tomb of Jonathan Pue, whom Hawthorne put into his introductory chapter to *The Scarlet Letter*; the First Church, now Unitarian, upon the site of a meeting house built before 1635; and the Tabernacle Church, where the first American foreign missionaries were ordained in 1812. From Salem in the *Caravan* Adoniram Judson and Ann Haseltine and Samuel Newell and his bride sailed on their long voyage to the East. The diminutive building long shown as the Roger Williams meeting-house has been discredited. This "first Puritan meeting-house," in the rear of the Essex Institute, it is now thought may have been the first Quaker meeting-house in Salem, built by Thomas Maule in 1684.

In the big garden in the rear of the Institute there now stands also what has long been called the "Old Ward House," which formerly was in St. Peter's Street. Built in 1684, it is an example of the home which preceded the era of opulence. It has a second-story overhang, a lean-to roof, and diamond-paned casement windows, and the rooms are restored and furnished in the seventeenth century manner, while at the rear, in the one-story part, is the little corner shop room, after the fashion of a later day. A well-sweep and bucket have been placed behind the house. In its restoration it is designed to illustrate the conditions of life prior to 1700. Beside the house is a flower garden containing only those flowers cultivated in the Salem gardens before 1700, and nearby is a shoemaker's shop of

1830 fully equipped with old time benches and tools. Very like it is the Narbonne house at Number 71 Essex Street, built before 1680, and having a decidedly antique look. It also has the lean-to with the little shop on the street side at the rear.

A house of many gables is the Pickering homestead in Broad Street. Although built two hundred and fifty years ago, it has always been in the possession of one family. It is a family mansion, matching its surroundings exactly, with a curiously shaped chimney, a dainty balcony over the front door, a narrow hallway and winding stairs within, and it is set among fine trees with a fence and hedge to give it seclusion. Its most noted occupant was Timothy Pickering, who served under Washington in war as a soldier and in peace as a cabinet officer.

And other notable houses still are the mansion-house, near the custom-house, now the home for aged women, built by Benjamin Crowninshield, secretary of the navy under Madison and Monroe, and occupied by President Monroe for four days in 1817; the Pickman house, erected in 1749, whose owner ornamented the staircase with carved and gilded codfish, a curious proclamation of the origin of his wealth; and the Pickman-Brookhouse place, whose builder left an opening in the window blind for a spy-glass through which to watch for incoming ships. The ceiling of the cupola has a fresco of the Derby fleet, as the great merchant Elias Hasket Derby lived there until the time of his removal to his



own mansion, now demolished, a few years before his death. Curious, too, is the tradition that when John Andrew built his Washington Square house he ballasted the tall hollow pillars with rock salt which his ships brought from Russia.

With one of the conspicuous houses of Salem there is associated a gruesome tale. The house stands next to the Essex Institute. It has a plain façade, the only ornaments of which are a delicate balustrade above the cornice, and a handsome semicircular porch before the entrance. In a room in this house Captain Joseph White was killed in 1830, it was alleged, by his nephews, George and Richard Crowninshield, to get possession of his will. The trial that followed was a celebrated case, Webster having part in it. The jury failed to agree. There were thrills enough for a sensational novel in the course of the trial; the presiding chief justice fell forward dead just after charging the jury; and even before trial one of the Crowninshields took his own life while in jail.

## THE WHITTIER COUNTRY

“ Among the blessings which I would gratefully own is the fact that my lot has been cast in the beautiful valley of the Merrimac, within sight of Newbury steeples, Plum Island, and Crane Neck and Pipe Stave hills.”

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE Valley of the Merrimac is the land of Whittier. Coming down by boat from Haverhill to the sea, the eye lingers upon scene after scene of charming beauty, which the poet himself once described in these terms:

“ The scenery of the lower valley of the Merrimac is not bold nor remarkably picturesque, but there is a great charm in the panorama of its soft green intervalles: its white steeples rising over thick clusters of elms and maples, its neat villages on the slopes of gracefully rounded hills, dark belts of woodland, and blossoming or fruited orchards, which would almost justify the words of one who formerly sojourned on its banks, that the Merrimac is the fairest river this side of Paradise. Thoreau has immortalized it in his ‘ Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.’ The late Caleb Cushing, who was not by nature inclined to sentiment and enthusiasm, used to grow eloquent and poetical when he spoke of his native river. Brissot, the leader of the Girondists in the French Revolution, and Louis Philippe, who were familiar with its scenery, remembered it with pleasure. Anne Bradstreet, the wife of Governor Bradstreet, one of the earliest writers of verse in New England, sang

of it at her home on its banks at Andover; and the lovely mistress of Deer Island, who sees on the one hand the rising moon lean above the low sea horizon of the east, and on the other the sunset reddening the track of the winding river, has made it the theme and scene of her prose and verse."

The boat speedily leaves the crowded city behind, and soon carries you past the few straggling survivors of that famous avenue of sycamores which Hugh Tallant, the first Irish resident of Haverhill, set out away back in the early years of the eighteenth century. This Hugh Tallant was the village fiddler

" With his eyes brimful of laughter,  
And his mouth as full of song."

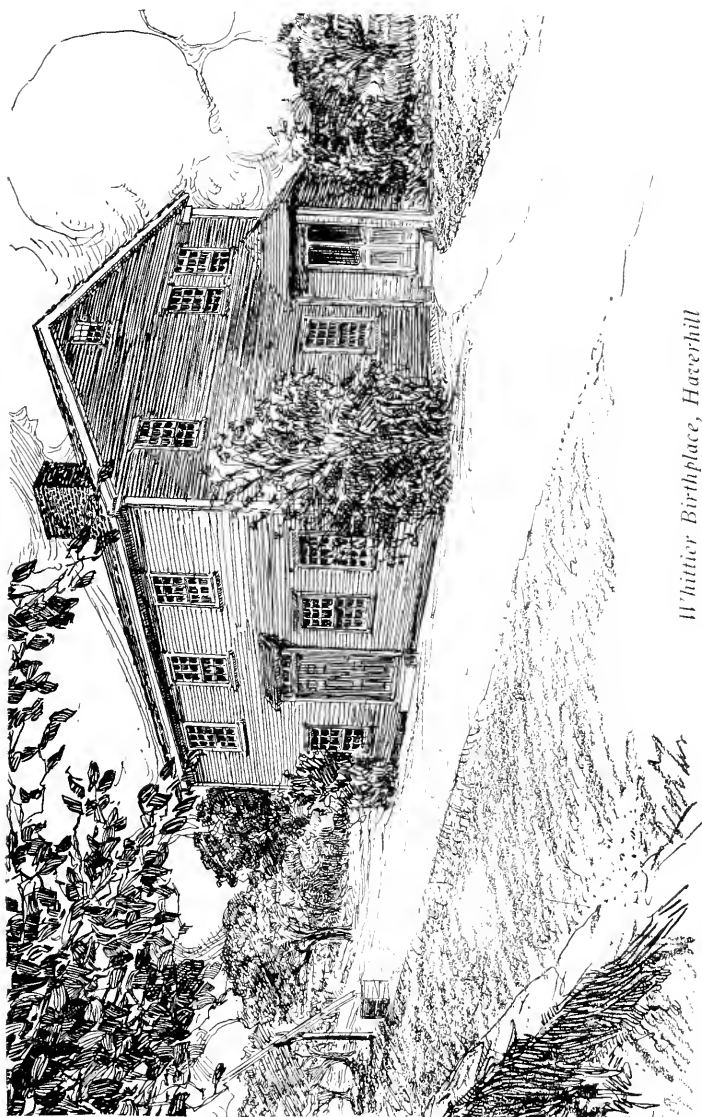
On you go past the bridge where was an old chain ferry, and soon you have in view the quaint Rocks Bridge connecting West Newbury with Rocks Village.

" Over the wooded northern ridge,  
Between its houses brown,  
To the dark tunnel of the bridge  
The street comes straggling down.  
You catch a glimpse, through birch and pine,  
Of gable, roof, and porch,  
The tavern with its swinging sign,  
The sharp horn of the church."

Over on your left, midway in the three-mile strip of Massachusetts between the river and the New Hampshire line, is a cluster of Whittier places. The birth-place is there, the house of the Joshua Coffin school,

the site of the district school of *In School Days*, Job's Hill, the East Haverhill Church, and the site of Thomas Whittier's log house. Nearer at hand is one of the garrison houses in which settlers found safety in the days of the Indian forays. In a churchyard quite near the river is the grave of "the Countess" of Whittier's poem, the village bride of Count François de Vipart, who died within a year of her marriage. On the south side of the Merrimac was the home of Sarah Greenleaf, and farther down are the well-remembered laurels of Newbury. On the north bank again and in Rocks Village is the home in which "the Countess" lived. On you go past the site of "Goody" Martin's house to Amesbury, where Whittier lived nearly threescore years, and where is the cemetery in which he was buried. Now comes Deer Island, the home of Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Newburyport, and the Salisbury Sands, where the river finds its home in the sea.

The Quaker poet and patriot sprang from a typical, rock-bound, New England farm, and the secluded farmhouse, three miles to the east of the City Hall of Haverhill, was his home for twenty-nine years. For the remaining fifty-six years of his life, his home was the famous house at Amesbury, a few miles nearer the ocean. In this beautiful region of hills and lakes and streams, with a few of the splendid oaks and pines which once were plentiful still remaining, while now there are numbers of prosperous villages and cities interrupting the once continuous green, there yet may



*Whittier Birthplace, Haverhill*



be found many farms that are quite beyond the din of the town.

The pilgrim who has but a day at his disposal will make no tour which will bring him greater returns than that which a long summer's day will afford on the trail of Whittier. If he knows just a little even of the poetry of the author of *Snow-Bound*, and if he has in any degree the gift of imagination, he will accept the offer to seat himself in the old rocking-chair in front of the big fireplace in the fine large kitchen in the Haverhill house, and as he hears the caretaker say: "That was Mother Whittier's chair, and I suppose she rocked Greenleaf in it," forthwith he will have gone on an enchanted journey into the past.

For the kitchen is almost exactly as it was when the Quaker boy was scribbling verses in it. The old farm has changed but little in the century which has passed since Whittier was a schoolboy. You spin along the road in an automobile or electric car, quite unaware of the nearness of the old homestead, until you note a granite marker where a road emerges from the trees, and you are told the shrine you seek is "just over there." It is nearly as secluded to-day as it was when Whittier was born there in 1807. Hills shut in the little valley on one of whose slopes the farmhouse stands, facing not the road but the brook which tumbles down over the stones, from the hill called "Job's Hill," after an Indian chief of the early days.

There is the square block of the house, with the slant-

ing, peaked roof, and the big chimney in the center into which five fireplaces open, painted white on the sides that may be seen from the road and red upon the other two sides, perhaps because white paint was the more expensive. There is the one-story extension, formerly used for a wood-shed, and part of it now used for a dining-room by the caretakers; and, at the opposite corner, facing the road, there is the little porch which gives access to the kitchen. There are the lilacs clustering about the windows, the old well with the long sweep, the old-fashioned flower garden, the trees — ash, maple, hemlock, walnut and pine — that help to produce the quiet seclusion which the tourist is glad to find here; and there is the splashing and twisting brook with its fern-grown stepping stones.

The barn across the road is longer than it was in the poet's day, but the portion toward the house is just as it was when the boys tunneled their way to it through the snow-drifts. Do you remember *Snow-Bound*?

“ Our buskins on our feet we drew;  
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,  
To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
We cut the solid whiteness through.  
And, where the drift was deepest, made  
A tunnel, walled and overlaid  
With dazzling crystal,”

and so they

“ . . . reached the barn with merry din,  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.”



The caretaker tells you she herself has seen drifts fifteen feet deep between the house and the barn.

Surely as you sit in that chair in that kitchen, twenty-six feet by sixteen it is, you cannot help taking a long journey. Happy the thought that prompted you to bring a volume of the poet's verse with you. "The oaken log, green, huge and thick," there it lies upon the hearth. "The bull's-eye watch that hung in view," there it hangs above the fireplace, its hands pointing to nine, "the mutely warning sign" that the circle must disperse to bed. What room anywhere has been given a greater degree of consecration by any poem of any poet than this one? The same utensils are hung upon the crane; the same table stands between the windows; many of the dishes upon the shelves are in their old places; the old almanacs hang there by the mantel, the oldest dated 1815; and there in the corner toward the east is the desk which belonged to Whittier's great-grandfather, and upon which the boy wrote his first verses; and, what is an impressive coincidence, upon this desk he wrote also his very last poem. The desk served the poet's reforming zeal as well, for he sat before it to write *Justice and Expediency*, the first pamphlet against slavery.

The house is almost a Whittier museum. The knife and fork belonging to "the Countess" are shown you, the cider mug and the pewter porringer, the flax wheel which the mother used, the dining table which was in daily service, and any number of articles, each with its

association, and many of them referred to in the poems of the man who was born in the room adjacent to this kitchen.

Up two steps at the western end of the big room is the little chamber which was "mother's room." It is said that the pioneer who built the house found, when he dug his cellar, a huge boulder which it was too much labor to remove, and, as he wished to have a milk room at this corner, he was obliged to put the floor two steps above the rest of the cellar. This inequality extends through all the stories of the house. In that little room off the kitchen is a four-post bed with homespun sheet and patchwork quilt, the work of Whittier's mother. The baby clothes of Whittier's father, made by the grandmother who brought the name of Greenleaf into the family, hang upon the wall. The bureau was there in its present position in the old times, and upon it stands the little mirror before which the poet lathered his face and then scraped the lather away again for some sixty or seventy years.

Pass through the door at the southwestern corner of the kitchen and you stand in the room in which on December 17, 1807, John Greenleaf Whittier was born. The table which his mother carried from her home when she was married in 1804 stands between the windows where she placed it. The picture which suggested the poem, *The Sisters*, hangs upon the wall. The brass andirons, candles and whale-oil lamp shine as they did when the tidy New England housekeeper

brightened them. Open grandmother's linen chest and you will find some of the linen sheets which were spun and woven by the poet's mother before she was married. The L-and-H strap hinges on the door to the little front entry are sure to catch the eye. That entry seems barely large enough for one person at a time, and from it there ascend the narrow stairs, making two turns before they reach the next floor.

Here are some of the books which made the well-read library of that isolated farmhouse. This life of George Fox, founder of the Quaker sect, must have been handled by Whittier. When he was about fifteen he made a few rhymes in which these books figured:

“The Lives of Franklin and of Penn,  
Of Fox and Scott, all worthy men.  
The Lives of Pope, of Young and Prior,  
Of Milton, Addison and Dyer;  
Of Doddridge, Fénelon and Gray,  
Armstrong, Akenside and Gay.”

Then, too, you see the Bible of Whittier's mother, opened at her favorite Psalm, the twenty-fifth. In the house at Amesbury there is another of her Bibles, in which she had picked out that Psalm in her old age with pinpricks. There are many portraits on these walls, some of them comparatively recent paintings of the poet himself, and others very old, including a silhouette or two that have special historical interest.

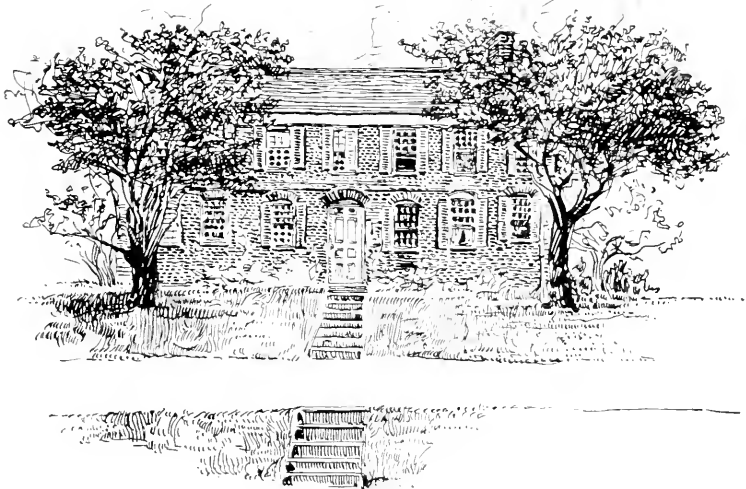
Ten years before his death the poet visited this place for the last time, and it saddened his gentle spirit to see

many indications of neglect. He wished that he might buy the property and restore it. After his death it was purchased by a friend and a board of nine trustees put in charge of it. It has been restored to the order of the olden days almost perfectly, and it remains to-day, as the biographer of the poet says, "one of the finest specimens in the country of the colonial farmhouse of New England."

There are various other Whittier shrines in the neighborhood of Haverhill. The academy, for which, when nineteen, he wrote a dedication ode, stands, a little changed, in Winter Street. Looking down upon the Merrimac, a few miles away, and just within walking reach of the city, is the Saltonstall mansion, called "The Buttonwoods," now occupied by the Haverhill Historical Society. In front of this house stand the three remaining sycamores which in 1739 were planted by Hugh Tallant, the servant of Judge Richard Saltonstall, twenty feet around their trunks and eighty feet in height. Whittier knew them well and of them he sang:

" In the outskirts of the village,  
On the river's winding shores,  
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,  
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,  
And another half-way told,  
Since the rustic Irish gleeman  
Broke for them the virgin mould."



*The Old Spiller Garrison House, Haverhill*



The mansion is now a treasure-house of relics. In a fireproof room there may be seen the death warrant of the first witch hung at Salem, various mementoes of Hannah Duston, and various paintings, swords, utensils, and miscellaneous historical articles and documents.

The little old white house which stands under the shadow of the mansion is the first frame structure built in the town of Haverhill, reared for the Rev. John Ward, the first minister of the parish, who occupied it from 1641 to 1693. The Hon. Nathaniel Saltonstall married the minister's daughter, Elizabeth, and by their descendants the mansion was presented to the society. The ancient frame house itself contains many pieces of colonial furniture, including a seraphim, a sort of miniature piano of the "square" style, which dates back into the preceding centuries.

Just beyond "Buttonwoods" is a "garrison house" so called, built in peaceful times by settlers who came up the Merrimac in boats long before the present road on the river bank was laid out. The assigned date is 1724, and the first occupant was a Joseph Whittier, whose descendants of the same name held the house until about seventy years ago, when two daughters, the heirs of the homestead, married respectively Jackson B. Swett and Joseph Spiller. By the latter name the house is now known, being commonly called "the Spiller garrison house." But, while it is doubtful if it ever was used for a garrison, the house commands a fine view of the river, and must have afforded a strategic

outlook against the approach of hostile Indians. The building looks its age. The original oak window-seats and frames are still in place in the brick walls. The brick came from England and the style of the house is that of the English village whence the Whittier family emigrated. The great fireplace in the west room is the largest in the city.

On the road leading from the Whittier birthplace to Rocks Village is an old garrison house of great interest because it was the home of Mary Peaslee, the great-grandmother of the poet. It is a fascinating place, with deep window-seats, closets and attics, port-holes, and a deep and dark cellar in one of whose compartments the early occupants might barricade themselves upon occasion. The house has walls sixteen inches thick of white oak and bricks fastened with iron bolts. It was built by Joseph Peaslee some time previous to 1675. Mary Peaslee probably was born in this house. The youngest son of Thomas Whittier, Joseph, married the Quakeress in 1694, and thus Quakerism was brought into the Whittier family. It is said that in the large rooms of this house the quarterly conventions of the Quakers were held, as they were not allowed to worship in the meeting-house in Haverhill.

The name of Harriet Livermore, the "not unfear'd, half-welcome guest" of *Snow-Bound*, is also connected to a degree with this house. A one-time owner of the "garrison," Moses Elliott by name, was for a while the accepted lover of the eccentric, beautiful and brilliant



teacher and preacher of whom the poet drew a vivid portrait. The story is that "while attending a New Hampshire academy she became deeply fascinated with this very promising and scholarly young man from East Haverhill." Family prejudices interposed objections to the marriage, however. The young man became an army surgeon and died of yellow fever at Pensacola in 1822. Harriet Livermore lived for a time in Rocks Village and thus the Whittiers came to know her.

The allusion to the times of Indian warfare from which for seventy years Haverhill was never wholly free recalls the suggestion of Whittier's biographer that it is possible that Hannah Duston on her return from captivity may have brought her ten Indian scalps into the kitchen of the Whittier home. Certainly no more remarkable incident is recorded of all the Indian struggles of the American colonists than is the story of the courage of this woman for whom a monument has been reared in the city of Haverhill.

Whittier put Rocks Village into a verbal photograph in his poem *The Countess*. This poem was written in 1863 and dedicated to the "wise old doctor" of *Snow-Bound*. This was Dr. Elias Weld, who had been a friend to the Quaker boy, but of whom the poet had known very little for many years, until he wrote this dedication. The doctor died not long after the poem appeared, but the lines gratified him greatly and eased the last months of his life. The grave of "the count-

ess " in the village cemetery is visited by hundreds every year, much as the multitudes go to see the grave of Charlotte Temple in New York City, because the sentiment of her story appeals to most persons who have had a touch of romance in their lives, or who have dreamed of the romance that never came.

But the two stories are quite different. "An exile from the Gascon land" had refuge in the tiny New England hamlet, and loving Mary Ingalls, "of all the village band its fairest and its best," "for her his rank aside he laid." They married, but

"The burial hymn and bridal song  
Were both in one short year!"

In July, 1836, the Whittiers came to Amesbury, nine miles from the birthplace of the poet, and to a cottage which had four rooms on the lower floor and a room in the attic, for which, with about an acre of land, twelve hundred dollars was paid. From 1836 to 1840 the writer was away from home much of the time, engaged in anti-slavery work and as an editor in Philadelphia. After 1840 the Amesbury residence became permanent. The English philanthropist, Joseph Sturge, with whom he toured the country, in a delicate way aided the poor American reformer financially, and through his assistance Whittier was able to add a two-story ell to the original building. Subsequently other enlargements were made, and the fruit of these was what has always been called "the garden room," because it opened upon

and indeed was built out into the original garden. In this room *Snow-Bound* was written, and *The Eternal Goodness*, and many others of the poems which were the best products of his ripest powers.

That garden room is a shrine in which almost any one might dream dreams and fashion fancies, although they might not level up to the Whittier standard. The room stands just as the poet left it. The floor is covered by the carpet he chose. Over the stove is a picture of Marcus Antoninus, and upon the opposite wall hangs a portrait of Henry Ward Beecher. The present occupant of the house has placed upon the wall the following quotation from a paper written in this room by the poet in 1870: "My room is quiet enough. The sweet face of the pagan philosopher looks down upon me on the one hand, and on the other the bold, generous and human countenance of the Christian man of action; and I sit between them as a sort of compromise."

This "present occupant" is the biographer of the poet, Samuel T. Pickard, and happy is the pilgrim who has him for a companion while he sojourns in this house. You sit in the big, comfortable chair, the favorite chair of the poet, and look out on the garden and listen to the biographer as he chats in a reminiscent way — for he was the companion of the poet many times — about the articles in the room and about facts in the life of Whittier which are not generally known.

Mr. Pickard will indicate the portrait of General "Chinese" Gordon on the wall, and relate the story

of the letter eight pages long, which John Bright wrote to the American poet in criticism of his admiration for the hero of Khartoum, and of the letter which Whittier wrote in reply. He will speak of the intense interest the poet always had in books of travel, and will call attention to the little shelf upon which there stand several volumes right where Whittier placed them a short time before his death. Inspection shows that among the six or seven books there are a set of Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*, and also a work of that other African traveler, Du Chaillu. Again, Mr. Pickard will tell the story of the poet's last visit to the home of his boyhood, a trip which the biographer made with him, and how on that fine October day the octogenarian wished to have a fire made in the room in which he was born.

In gilt frames stand two miniature portraits which will command the attention of all who know something of the details of the life of the poet. One is a picture of Whittier as he was at twenty-two and the other is a likeness of Evelina Bray as she was at seventeen. She was a classmate of Whittier's at the academy in 1827, when he was nineteen, but, while there was an attachment between them, she did not belong to the Quaker society, and there were various other objections to any closer ties. A few years after they parted at the close of the term he walked from Salem to Marblehead to see her. They sat on the rocks by the old fort and looked out upon the harbor. Three stanzas of *A Sea Dream* refer to this incident:

“ The waves are glad in breeze and sun;  
The rocks are fringed with foam;  
I walk once more a haunted shore,  
A stranger, yet at home, —  
A land of dreams I roam.

“ Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind  
That stirred thy locks of brown?  
Are these the rocks whose mosses knew  
The trail of thy light gown,  
Where boy and girl sat down?

“ I see the gray fort's broken wall,  
The boats that rock below;  
And, out at sea, the passing sails  
We saw so long ago  
Rose-red in morning's glow.”

They met no more for fifty years, except that the poet once sat beside her, all unconscious of her identity, in a pew in a Philadelphia church. And then in 1885 they met at the reunion of his schoolmates. Evelina Bray engaged in educational work with Catherine Beecher, and became the wife of an Englishman named Downey, and at the age of eighty at the school reunion she was seen by the author of *America*, the Rev. S. F. Smith, who thus described her: “ She looked, O so *distingué*, in black silk, with a white muslin veil reaching over the silver head and down below the shoulders. Just as if she were a Romish Madonna, who had stepped out from an old church painting to hold an hour's communion with the earth.”

Then Mr. Pickard will hand you a knife which Thackeray owned, and which he gave to James T. Fields, who in turn gave it to Whittier, from whom the biographer had it. He will show you articles of Whittier's wearing apparel and talk entertainingly about each piece; and he will hand you the cane which was made from the oak in a house burned by a mob in Philadelphia. The painting which inspired the poem *The Rock in El Ghor*, hangs in this garden room. The various portraits selected by Whittier are here, pictures of Garrison, Thomas Starr King, Emerson, Longfellow, Sturge, Matthew Franklin Whittier. The bookcase contains several scores of volumes whose titles one might delight to scan.

But there are other interesting apartments in this house. The parlor contains many memorials, most precious of them all the portrait of "mother" which hangs over the mantel. Opposite is the likeness of Elizabeth, the sister of whom the poet sang in *Snow-Bound*, a crayon portrait presented to Whittier by Lucy Larcom, who had it made after the poet lost her in 1864. The desk upon which *Snow-Bound* and *The Tent on the Beach* were written is here. It contains presentation copies of many books, with autographs which would set a collector wild with delight. One of these is so precious and contains so many interesting letters and sentiments, each with the signature of a world celebrity, that it must not be taken into profane hands. You look at it with longing eyes while one of the elect

turns a few of the pages for you. There is here, too, the album containing a remarkable collection of autographs of famous Americans which was presented to Whittier on his eightieth birthday. Every member of the United States Senate and House of Representatives has his signature here, as well as other statesmen and a large number of literary men. It is a notable fact that not a Southern Congressman or Senator failed to write his name in this volume intended to honor an anti-slavery leader.

Not all the treasures this house contains can be enumerated. The eagle feathers sent from Lake Superior which brought a poem from the ready pen, the files of the *New England Review* and the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which Whittier edited, scores of other memorials, each of which has connected with it a pleasant tale, are included in the collections upon which you have time but for a passing glance.

For by this time the afternoon is waning fast. You may make a hasty visit to the old weather-beaten enclosure around what is known as "The Captain's Well," made famous by a poem which relates how the bold Captain Valentine Bagley vowed to dig a wayside well for the refreshment of all wayfarers, should he be delivered from the miseries of shipwreck and thirst; to the Macy-Colby house, built in 1654, and sold to Anthony Colby by the builder, Thomas Macy, when he fled to Nantucket because of the persecutions he had to endure for harboring Quakers; and to the old cemetery

where is the Whittier lot enclosed in a breast-high hedge with its series of graves, all marked with the simplest headstones, the poet's a little larger than the others. On the reverse of that stone are cut these words:

“ Here Whittier lies.”

These are the last words of the final verse of the tribute written by Oliver Wendell Holmes when the poet died:

“ Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless stone;  
Smooth the green turf and bid the tablet rise,  
And on its snow-white surface carve alone  
These words, — he needs no more, — here Whittier lies.”

The Friends' meeting-house attended by Whittier, and built in 1851 from plans which he made, is very near the old home. A silver plate marks the seat usually occupied by the poet. Mrs. Annie Fields has left this record of a chat with him about his Quaker faith:

“ We strolled forth into the village street as far as the Friends' meeting-house and sat down upon the steps while Whittier told us something of his neighbors. He himself had planted the trees about the church. He spoke very earnestly about the worship of the Friends. He loved the old custom of sitting in silence, and hoped they would not stray into habits of much speaking.”

In the period of silent worship on the last day of January, 1865, while bells and cannon proclaimed the



final act in the abolition of slavery, Whittier, sitting in this house of prayer, thought out his *Laus Deo*.

“ It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel!  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town!

“ Ring, O bells!

Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.  
Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear  
Of Eternity and Time! ”

Other Whittier places there are in this region, many of them. Some are at Newburyport. Salisbury Beach was described in *The Tent on the Beach*. Not far away is the scene of the wreck at Rivermouth, and the house where he died is at Hampton Falls. In Danvers is Oak Knoll, where Whittier spent some months each year of the last fifteen years of his life, and in that house are a considerable number of interesting souvenirs of the poet.

But it is the quiet and pretty village of Amesbury which claims and did claim him as her own. A poem written by a neighbor of the poet and published in a paper of the village, with the title, *Ours*, is quoted by Whittier's biographer in the hand-book of North

Essex which he called *Whittier-Land*; the stanzas there given express fittingly the affection and reverence in which the people of the town held their most famous resident.

“ I say it softly to myself,  
I whisper to the swaying flowers,  
When he goes by, ring all your bells  
Of perfume, ring, for he is ours.

“ Ours is the resolute, firm step,  
Ours the dark lightning of the eye,  
The rare, sweet smile, and all the joy  
Of ownership, when he goes by.

“ I know above our simple spheres  
His fame has flown, his genius towers;  
These are for glory and the world,  
But he himself is only ours.”

## NEWBURYPORT

“ Its windows flashing to the sky,  
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,  
Far down the vale, my friend and I  
Beheld the old and quiet town;  
The ghostly sails that out at sea  
Flapped their white wings of mystery;  
The beaches glimmering in the sun,  
And the low wooded capes that run  
Into the sea-mist north and south;  
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;  
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,  
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.”

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

IN one of the early chapters of *Elsie Venner*, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote somewhat at length of the three old towns, Newburyport, Portsmouth and Portland, which remain in the list of old-home places to which these chapters are devoted. Among other things the Autocrat went on in his delightful fashion to say:

“ There are three towns lying in a line with each other, as you go ‘down east,’ each of them with a *Port* in its name, and each of them having a peculiar interest, which gives it individuality, in addition to the Oriental character they have in common. . . . The Oriental character consists in their large, square, palatial mansions, with sunny gardens around them,

. . . Each of them is of that intermediate size between a village and a city which any place has outgrown when the presence of a well-dressed stranger walking up and down the main street ceases to be a matter of public curiosity and private speculation. . . . They both [Newburyport and Portsmouth] have grand old recollections to fall back upon, — times when they looked forward to commercial greatness, and when the portly gentlemen in cocked hats, who built their now decaying wharves and sent out their ships all over the world, dreamed that their fast-growing port was to be the Tyre or the Carthage of the rich British colony. . . . It is not with any thought of pity or depreciation that we speak of them as in a certain sense decayed towns; they did not fulfil their early promise of expansion, but they remain incomparably the most interesting places of their size in any of the three northernmost New England states."

Newburyport and "Ould " Newbury were originally one town. When you have spent a day or a week strolling about this first of the Port towns of the Autocrat, you come away with pictures in your memory of a place mellow with age, with fine trees and pretty gardens hidden behind lattices and walls, with big square houses that stand for the best architectural taste of a century and a century and a half ago, and with many houses too old to have much architectural significance, but so well preserved that they illustrate vividly the life of the primitive times of the pioneers. You bring away also a fancy full of the scenes which old High Street must have witnessed, of dinners and dances when beaux and belles wore fabrics from Lyons and Paris, and drank syllabub and hot punch, of the bride

whose coach was drawn by six white horses and attended by coachmen and footmen and four outriders, and of that young merchant prince, Nathaniel Tracy, who could travel from Newburyport to Philadelphia and sleep each night in his own house, although it was a week's journey. In the days of its greatness the town had as students in one law office Rufus King, Robert Treat Paine and John Quincy Adams. William Lloyd Garrison here began his career and here he discovered Whittier. In the Old South Church was organized the first volunteer company for service in the Continental Army; there Whitefield preached, next door he died, and beneath the church he was buried. Associated with the town are stories of commercial prestige when great merchantmen found here their port; stories of ocean war when wily privateers fought any single ship, whatever her size, and eluded the squadrons that sought their capture; tragic stories of frozen oarsmen and of wrecks on Plum Island; and comedy tales of "Lord " Timothy Dexter, who announced himself " the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest Philosopher in the known World."

Great catastrophes followed hard upon great prosperity. The "embargo" and the fire dealt heavy blows to a city which had been ranked in Massachusetts only by Salem and Boston. Newburyport had reason to disapprove the Embargo Act. Her ships rotted at her wharves. Tar barrels were inverted over their topmasts to protect the rigging. The sailors ex-

pressively called these barrels " Madison's night-caps." On the anniversary of the Act they paraded the streets with muffled drums, while bells tolled and flags hung at half-mast, and " Mr. Madison's war " was denounced. One old citizen is cited as saying he " wished hell could be boiled down to a half-pint and Madison had to drink it!" More than most towns has Newburyport suffered from incendiaries and conflagrations. Scores of times she has had to fight bad fires, but her great disaster came in 1811, when in a single night sixteen acres and more in the heart of the city were cleared and many of the most valuable buildings in the town were destroyed. It was such a conflagration for that day as was the Boston fire at a later time. Newburyport was impoverished between sunset and sunrise. Families were completely beggared. The high wind stretched the flames in sheets from street to street, and made the spectacle one that held a terrible supremacy until the days of the fires that devastated cities of the first magnitude.

High Street is the chief glory of the town, reaching six miles in line with the river, partly in the Port and partly in " Ould " Newbury, with splendid elms interweaving their boughs above it, and many a quaint old house and many a stately mansion facing down upon it. Cross streets run from it to the water, and in many of these there are historic places. Upon the hills at the lower end of the street the sentry once walked his rounds on the lookout against a sudden foray from the

Indians who lurked in the forests. From the height at the upper end Gloucester and Portland may be seen; across the river are the oaks on the estate of the Rev. J. C. Fletcher of Brazilian fame,

“The Hawkswood oaks, the storm-torn plumes  
Of old pine-forest kings,”

and where the river's tidal current is divided by the cliffs of Deer Island

“ . . . set like an eagle's nest  
Among Deer Island's immemorial pines,  
Crowning the crag on which the sunset breaks  
Its last red arrow . . . ”

is the home of Harriet Prescott Spofford.

The avenue may be kept in reserve until you have seen the other parts of the town. Going first to the business center, there swings the sign which bears the portrait of General James Wolfe, freshly painted, to be sure, but old enough to have a history. Captain William Davenport with his Newburyport company was on the Plains of Abraham when the great soldier was killed. In 1762 he converted his dwelling house into a tavern and hung from a lofty pole a swinging sign, upon which was painted a quaint likeness of General Wolfe. The “Portsmouth Flying Stage Coach,” drawn by six horses and carrying six passengers inside, used to stop once a week beneath this sign. It had a narrow

escape in the Revolutionary War, for public opinion denounced it as smacking of royalty, and the *Essex Journal* declared it was "an insult to the inhabitants of this truly republican town." It was at least partly destroyed in the fire of 1811, and when a new tavern was opened a new sign was painted, and, except for a short time, it has swung in front of the Wolfe Tavern for nearly a century.

Across the way is the old home of Tristram Dalton, built in 1746, now the quarters of the Dalton Club. A handsome club house it makes, with good portraits of Revolutionary worthies upon the walls, and a hall, staircase and parlor that are excellent examples of the construction of the period of its building. There are portraits of Tristram Dalton here also, and from the cards attached you learn that he was born in 1738 and lived to be seventy-nine, that he was a member of the Legislature, Speaker of the House, a delegate to the Constitutional Convention and a Senator in the first Congress of the United States. It was his bride who had the six-horse coach, and his return from the Capital was announced grandiloquently as the home-coming of "the Honorable Tristram Dalton, lady and suite." This distinguished citizen, in whom democracy had not altogether destroyed a liking for old-country titles and display, had also a farm on Pipe Stave Hill. There Samuel Breck visited him in 1787, and of the visit he said: "I do not recollect any establishment in our country that contained generally so many objects fitted to



promote rational happiness. From the piazza or front part of his country house the farms were so numerous and the villages so thickly planted that eighteen steeples were in view." Some of these "objects fitted to promote rational happiness" were listed probably in an inventory of his household effects, which showed at one time seven horses, three carriages, five hundred and sixty ounces of plate, and, in his cellar, twelve hundred gallons of wine.

Near at hand is the Public Library, occupying the house which was built in 1771 by Patrick Tracy as a wedding present for his son, Nathaniel. Of necessity, it has been much enlarged, but the rooms in which Washington and Lafayette held their receptions have been preserved in their original state, and fine rooms they are, paneled in hard wood, with arched window niches, the ornamental work all done, of course, by hard hand labor.

The Tracy family played some important roles in the drama of Newburyport history. Patrick Tracy came over from Ireland in the early part of the eighteenth century and became a prosperous merchant. For his son John he bought in 1778 for ten thousand pounds the house in High Street which Judge John Lowell, grandfather of James Russell Lowell, had built for himself. In that house in 1782 John Tracy entertained several French visitors of distinction, among them Marquis de Chastellux and Marquis de Vaudreuil, whose squadron was then at Boston. It was

the former who wrote the celebrated *Travels in North America*, in which appears this passage, which well suggests the manners of the time and something of the fortune of the Tracys:

“ Mr. John Tracy came with two handsome carriages and conducted me and my Aide-de-Camp to his country-house. . . . I went by moonlight to see the garden, which is composed of different terraces. . . . The house is very handsome and everything breathes that air of magnificence accompanied with simplicity, which is only to be found amongst merchants. At ten o'clock an excellent supper was served, we drank good wine, Miss Lee sang and prevailed on Messieurs de Vaudreuil and Baron de Taleyrand to sing also; towards midnight the ladies withdrew. Mr. Tracy, according to the custom of the country, offered us pipes, which were accepted by M. de Taleyrand and M. de Montesquieu.”

The “ Miss Lee ” who sang, was the reigning belle of the time, Mary Lee, the daughter of Jeremiah Lee, builder of the great house at Marblehead, and who became the wife of Nathaniel Tracy. As his wife she wore laces and brocades and dispensed an elaborate hospitality. Her husband studied both at Harvard and at Yale, and went into business in 1772 with Jonathan Jackson, who married Hannah Tracy and built the mansion on High Street which became generally known as the home of “ Lord ” Dexter. Nathaniel Tracy owned and fitted out the first privateer of the United Colonies, and before peace came in 1783 he had become the principal owner of more than a score of

cruisers, carrying more than three hundred guns and navigated and fought by nearly three thousand men. The ships of the commercial magnate of Newburyport captured one hundred and twenty vessels, which sold with their cargoes for four million dollars. Of that sum Mr. Tracy gave more than a million and a half for public uses, besides donating a large sum out of his private fortune. In that same period he also was the owner of one hundred and ten merchant vessels, which, with their cargoes, were valued at three million dollars.

But there is a reverse to this shield. When the war ended but one of the twenty-four cruisers was left, and of the merchant fleet only thirteen ships remained. No wonder that at the close of the war this man, whose career is not matched in the early history of Massachusetts, found his fortune gone. In 1786 he was bankrupt. He owned in the times of his prosperity, besides the State Street mansion in Newburyport, such houses elsewhere as the Vassall-Craigie-Longfellow house in Cambridge. At the age of only forty-five he died in the Spencer-Pierce "old stone" house in Newbury.

Newburyport abundantly proved her patriotism during the Revolution. Privateers swarmed out of the harbor and many a prize they captured. Upon the other hand, twenty-two vessels carrying a thousand men left this port never again to be heard from, and every man of the crews of two privateers had to spend several years in the Old Mill Prison at Plymouth. Boston

emptied a cargo of tea into her harbor; Newburyport confiscated another cargo and burned it publicly in Market Square. In Stamp Act times no single stamp was paid for or used in this high-spirited town. The expedition of Colonel Benedict Arnold against Quebec was recruited here, and Aaron Burr sailed with them when they embarked for the Kennebec. The little Newburyport sloop *Wasp* had a sting as fierce as her namesake's, for in three months she captured thirteen merchantmen, and when she finally went down under the united fire of four ships of the line, every man was at his post and the colors were flying. In the churches prayers used to be offered as these ships put to sea, and the daughter of James Parton has written brightly of the "characteristic blending of audacity, anxiety and piety in the note sent up to the pulpit by the captain of a little twenty-five-ton sloop, the *Game Cock*, carrying four swivels and a handful of men, requesting the congregation to pray for his success in 'scouring the coast of our unnatural enemies!'"

Among those Old Mill prisoners were the three Lunt brothers, Henry, Cutting and Daniel. Henry Lunt was a lieutenant with John Paul Jones in all his cruises in the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Alliance* and the *Ariel*. Cutting Lunt also was a lieutenant with the man who fought the *Serapis*. There was a fourth brother, Ezra Lunt, who was a captain in the army.

One of the easiest captures of the war was effected by the clever stratagem of Captain Offin Boardman.

A British transport from London was seen tacking about in the bay in the fog, evidently supposing herself to be in the harbor of Boston. The captain went off in a whaleboat and offered to pilot the ship in. Once aboard with his seventeen companions he ordered the flag struck, an order which, under the circumstances, could not be resisted, and, amid vociferous cheers, the ship *Friends* delivered her wine, coal, vinegar and live hogs to the patriots at Newburyport rather than to the Tories and British at Boston.

Of Newburyport churches there are three of architectural significance and historical distinction, St. Paul's Episcopal, the Unitarian First Parish, and the Old South Presbyterian. The old Episcopal frame church looks venerable enough, with its curious porch, its square tower surmounted by a belfry, and its graveyard. Again and again the name "Coffin" appears upon the stones in this parish burying place, and a wife is always a "relict" in these epitaphs. Just within the walls enclosing the cemetery is the Tyng monument with an iron railing about it. Adjacent to the old church is a modern, ivy-covered stone chapel. In the early days in this strictly Puritanic community, the defection of the people who went to the chapel which Queen Anne endowed seemed lamentable indeed. But in the war time its minister, the Rev. Edward Bass, later the first bishop of Massachusetts, addressed a letter, still in existence, to his wardens and vestrymen, which read thus:

“ July 16, 1776.

“ GENTLEMEN : As it is your opinion that it is necessary to the existence of the church in this place that all prayers in our liturgy relative to the King and royal family and British government be omitted, and therefore request me to omit those prayers in my future ministrations, I think it incumbent on me, for so important an end, to comply with this request during the present state of political affairs; and remain, with great esteem and affection,

“ Yours to serve in every reasonable request,

“ EDWARD BASS.”

This half-way position was not very satisfactory to anybody. Mr. Bass would not pray for the patriots and he could not pray for the king. His supporters in England withdrew the assistance formerly given him. But he was an eminent divine in his day and his tomb in the churchyard attracts many visitors.

Queen Anne's Chapel, which came before the present St. Paul's, had a bell, presented by the Bishop of London, which, after the destruction of the chapel, came to a curious end. On a night in 1839 it disappeared.

“ 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,  
Excepting three persons, with their coach with one wheel,  
Intending of course the right bell to steal,  
Who, with footsteps quite noiseless, crept up Pillsbury's Lane,  
Accomplished their purpose, and crept back again;  
And from that day to this the compiler believes  
The bell has been missing, and so have the thieves.”

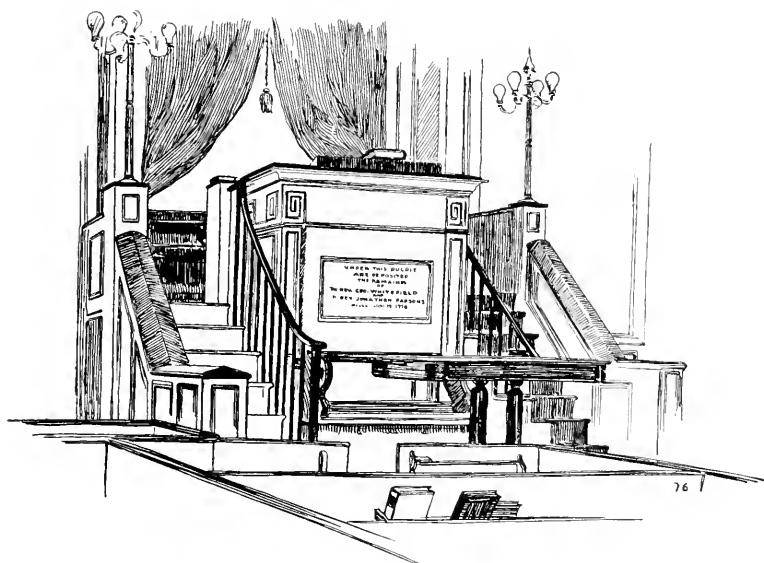
In Pleasant Street is the meeting-house of the First Religious Society, commonly called the Unitarian Church. It was built in 1801 and has a pilastered front, and a fine tower of the Wren type — a larger and then a smaller square, then a larger and a smaller octagon; above the topmost of these sections there rises a slender spire upon the top of which is mounted a gilt cockerel. The interior has been but little changed in the course of a century and more. The pulpit is reached by two narrow flights of stairs. Whenever the minister sits down, he is lost to the sight of his congregation. The society dates back to 1725. One of its ministers, a Rev. Mr. Fox, introduced the Sunday-school picnic, an innocuous diversion surely. But Newburyport was startled and amused, and called these parties "Fox's Caravans." In 1847 Thomas Wentworth Higginson, then a young radical of twenty-four, became minister of this parish. With characteristic impetuosity he pitched into a lot of "causes," and soon was identified with the temperance movement, the peace movement, the woman's rights movement, the social reform movement and the anti-slavery movement. He was not exactly popular, as is easy to understand, for of prominent Newburyporters there was Caleb Cushing at the front in the war with Mexico, and "the Francis Todd, who had caused Garrison's imprisonment in Baltimore," was in the town, and the prejudices of the older people all ran against the young pastor. But after giving up his parish, he remained two years longer in Newbury-

port, writing for the newspapers, teaching private classes, serving on the school committee, and organizing public evening schools, then a great novelty. He says in his *Cheerful Yesterdays*: "On the whole, perhaps, I was as acceptable a citizen of the town as could be reasonably expected of one who had preached himself out of his pulpit."

Most historic of the churches is the Old South in Federal Street, in an old and quaint part of the town where are many square hip-roofed houses and others of the gambrel type. Here prayers were offered for the ships that went to sea, hymns were lined out by the deacons, and annual offerings were taken for the Algerian captives. Here also Whitefield preached, and the first volunteer company of the Revolution was raised, and Ezra, one of the redoubtable Lunt brotherhood, was the very first to step out into the aisle for service in the Continental Army.

The church well fills the eye. It has a good spire and a plain and neat exterior. Much of its history is told by the tablets without and within: founded by George Whitefield, organized as a Presbyterian Church in 1746, erected as the second meeting-house of the congregation in 1756, and repaired and improved in 1829, 1856 and 1905, its bell cast by Paul Revere and Son in 1802. From its door went forth the Presbytery of the Eastward in 1789 to greet President Washington, and here in 1815 was ordained Samuel J. Mills, the missionary pioneer, whose name is associated with the haystack





*Pulpit of the Old South Church, Newburyport*



prayer meeting at Williams College. At one side of the pulpit appear the names of the fourteen pastors, and upon the pulpit itself is the notice of the interment in the vault below of George Whitefield, Jonathan Parsons, the first pastor, and another minister. In the front corner of the auditorium is a cenotaph "erected with affectionate veneration" to the memory of George Whitefield, who in a ministry of thirty-four years crossed the ocean thirteen times and preached more than eighteen thousand sermons. It was of him that Buckle said if oratory is to be judged by its effects, he was the most eloquent man since the apostles.

Thirty years to a day from the time he had first preached in Newburyport, this remarkable man died, September 30, 1770, at the home of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, two doors from the church. He had said he would fain die preaching, and he almost realized his desire. Arriving in town, quite exhausted, on Saturday, the people thronged about the parsonage, and, when about to mount the stairs to his chamber, he yielded to their demands, took his stand upon the steps, held his candle above his head, and, although ill and weak, spoke on to them until the candle burned down and went out in the socket. The next morning he was dead. On Tuesday following the funeral was held in the church. In London John Wesley preached a funeral sermon for him in the presence of thousands. Carefully preserved in the Old South Church is his Bible with the last text, II Corinthians v. 13, marked. It is said

the book falls open at the places where he used to bang his fist as he waxed warm in his appeals. In the parish house, adjacent to the church, are many portraits and memorials of the great evangelist. One of the most curious of these is this letter:

“Decbr 8th 1766

“near 7 at night.

“DEAR MADM

“I have just now heard that you are married, therefore take the first opportunity of wishing your *whole self* much joy — that you both may live together as heirs of the grace of life on earth, and after both be translated to sit down at the marriage feast of the supper of the Lamb in heaven, is the hearty prayer of, Dear Madm,

“Your real Friend and Tr

“For Christ’s sake,

“G. WHITEFIELD.”

In *The Preacher*, one of the most noted of Whittier’s poems, this untiring itinerant has a worthy memorial:

“Under the church of Federal Street,  
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,  
Walled about by its basement stones,  
Lie the marvellous preacher’s bones.  
No saintly honors to them are shown,  
No sign nor miracle have they known;  
But he who passes the ancient church  
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,  
And ponders the wonderful life of him  
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.

Long shall the traveller strain his eye  
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,  
And the vanishing town behind him search  
For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church;  
And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade,  
And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,  
By the thought of that life of pure intent,  
That voice of warning, yet eloquent  
Of one on the errands of mercy sent."

Other things there are to see in this church. The straight-backed pews have been here since 1802. The pulpit is high, with mahogany-railed stairs at each side. The communion seat, an ancient haircloth sofa of mahogany, was sought not long ago by a lady who offered a sum in four figures for it. The O openings under the deacons' seats were designed to hold their beaver hats and keep them conveniently out of harm's way. The old sea-captains were the mainstays of the congregation years ago, and their black servants had benches at the rear of the galleries. The church has a very perfect whispering gallery, which most visitors find pleasure in testing. If you desire, the accommodating sexton, whose fund of racy anecdotes never seems to run low, will take his lantern and light you to the vault where the body of Whitefield was interred. Upon a time the bones of the right arm were stolen from the coffin and taken to England. Years after they were restored, with proofs of their genuineness, a queer incident surely, and one from which moralists get texts

for sermons on conscience and its terrors. Perhaps this incident gave rise to some of the superstitions which cause the timid to avoid the church late at night.

This church had two Revolutionary preachers of distinction, the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, who made the appeal that thrilled Ezra Lunt and his men, and the Rev. John Murray, an Irish orator and patriot, on whose head the British set a reward of 600 guineas, dead or alive. His stirring exhortations put new fire into the hearts of a discouraged regiment which was about to disband, and not a man left the ranks after hearing his appeals. The Rev. Horace C. Hovey, for fifteen years a pastor here, is of the opinion that no finer specimen of pulpit eloquence is extant than Murray's thanksgiving sermon of December 11, 1783, called "Jerubaal, or Tyranny's Grove Destroyed and the Altar of Liberty Finished."

One more incident to make the tale of this church complete. When Arnold's men were about to sail for the Kennebec, they marched hither on a Sunday with drums beating and colors flying, and their chaplain preached from this pulpit, with muskets stacked in the side aisles and citizens packing the gallery and stairs. This chaplain, the Rev. Samuel Spring, enrolled his name that day beside that of the pastor whose thrilling appeal secured the enlistment of the volunteer company for the Continental forces. He so impressed his hearers by his sermon and his personality that the North Church called him to its pulpit,

and there he served forty-two years. He was the father of the famous Gardiner Spring of the Brick Church, New York City.

Next to the parish house of the church is the birth-place of William Lloyd Garrison, and beyond it, with a vacant lot intervening, is the parsonage in which Whitefield died, now a two-family tenement and not in good condition. The great abolitionist was born in this plain dwelling in 1805, and his early life was passed in this town. He went to the grammar school on the Mall for a time, and earned his board by working for Deacon Bartlett. He led the boys of the South End against the "North Enders." He swam across the river to the Great Rock. He became a member of the Baptist Church choir. A chance came to him to set type in the office of the *Herald*. Then he began to write. The next step was a paper of his own, the *Free Press*. And then he went to Boston, and entered upon his great career. The *Free Press* motto was "Our Country, Our Whole Country, and Nothing but Our Country." When he founded the *Liberator*, five years later, he put at the top of his page this motto: "Our Country is the World — Our Countrymen are Mankind." In the *Free Press* appeared his first words on slavery. He celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his apprenticeship by coming "home" in 1878 and setting type once more in the office of the *Herald*. In that office to-day are seen his old press and copies of his paper. Whittier said that Newbury "must be re-

garded as the Alpha and Omega of anti-slavery agitation, beginning with its abolition deacon [Benjamin Colman] and ending with Garrison."

Garrison rendered the country and the world a great service when he discovered Whittier. The light could not have been hid under a bushel, but would have flamed upon the world at some time, true; but the lad to whom the brook at the farmhouse sang a message as it rippled over the stones was happy in finding such a friend as Garrison. There came to the printing office one day a poem, *The Exile's Departure*, signed "W." The sister had sent it without the knowledge of the Quaker boy, and the lad was astounded when he saw his verses in type. Another poem found its way to the office of the *Free Press*. Then the editor went out to East Haverhill to find his contributor. When the caller arrived the boy was wriggling on hands and knees under the barn after a hen, and Mary Whittier came with the announcement of visitors from the city! But Garrison knew good metal when he saw it, and Whittier's career as a poet had begun.

In the thick of the slavery fight, church doors closed against Garrison in his native town as elsewhere, but when in 1865 the amendment abolishing slavery was passed, Garrison received an ovation in the City Hall from his enthusiastic townsmen. For that occasion Whittier wrote his *Emancipation Hymn*.

"From Joppa Flats to Grasshopper Plains" used to be the vernacular equivalent to an old resident



of Newbury for the Biblical "from Dan to Beersheba." The lower waterside region called Joppa is not far from the Old South Church. It is a place of dingy houses and clam sheds right at the verge of the tide, where away back in 1640 sturgeon were pickled for the European market. Most visitors like to see "Jopper," taking the chance of encountering a fishlike and ancient smell which is not entirely agreeable even to the most loyal citizens of the town.

Through quiet and pretty streets you make your way from the waterside to the Mall. About midway of the half of High Street which lies in the Port is a park encircling a pond, and that pond is said to have been created overnight by an earthquake when the town was very young. "In a dimple near the centre lies a pretty pond," is the pretty way Harriet Prescott Spofford puts it, "a peaceful and innocent sheet of water, yet born of such prodigious parentage and no other." "Indubitable history," she calls it, how on a day in 1638 — when the settlers had their houses built, their fields cleared, and their colony closely guarded from the Indian — there suddenly sprang out of the ground a danger against which their precautions could be of no avail. One shock succeeded another; there were perhaps two hundred in all; walls fell and crevices opened in the earth; but no one was seriously injured, and in time the people came to refer to "the earthquake" much as they might refer to any natural periodical occurrence, as a new moon or a flood tide. This pond

in the Mall was once high land, which dropped to its present level between two days. Alas! that geologists of these severely scientific times should come forward with their theories of the retreating ice-sheet, and the stranding of great icebergs left behind by the glacier and rocking to and fro, thus creating this and other remarkable hollows in this neighborhood.

Green terraces surround the pond, and about the upper level are wide walks upon which the elms lovingly cast their shade. On the side of the old court-house is a slab marked "Bartlett Mall, 1800." To terrace and turf this park, the male population of the town turned out almost to a man with shovel and spade, and the women served them with coffee and food. The old brick building of the Marine Society is here, and an interesting mass of picturesque history the title recalls. The court-house faces down Green Street, and at the foot of that well-shaded thoroughfare there is a glimpse of blue water. Back of the park are the two old burying hills.

Here you are in the lofty part of the town. This elm-arched avenue, which winds in graceful curves along the upper slopes of the hill on which the city is built, is literally a High Street. Whichever way you turn from the Mall, you will find it beautiful. The house in which lived the eccentric Timothy Dexter is now the property of Mrs. Katherine Tingley, of Point Loma on the Pacific coast. A large mansion with a Corinthian portico and an octagonal cupola

surmounted by a gilded eagle, — in spite of its deserted air, it is attractive to-day. But in the days of the Dexter occupancy it must have been sought by multitudes, no doubt to the great satisfaction of its vain-glorious owner. The cupola and the eagle are as they were in the days of the early owners of the mansion, but the interior has been modernized. A balustraded fence now fends the lawn and shrubbery from the curious. “Lord ” Dexter laid out the grounds in what he supposed was European style and planted them with flowers and fruits in odd intermixture. In the Providence *Phoenix*, more than a century ago, there appeared some rhymes which hit off the looks of the place after the singular owner had completed his improvements:

“ Lord Dexter is a man of fame,  
Most celebrated is his name;  
More precious far than gold that’s pure,  
Lord Dexter live forevermore.

“ His noble house it shines more bright  
Than Lebanon’s most pleasant height;  
Never was one who stepped therein  
Who wanted to come out again.

“ His house is fill’d with sweet perfumes,  
Rich furniture doth fill his rooms;  
Inside and out it is adorn’d,  
And on the top an eagle’s formed.

. . . . .

“ The images around him stand,  
For they were made by his command;  
Looking to see Lord Dexter come,  
With fixed eyes they see him home.

“ Four lions stand to guard the door,  
With their mouths open to devour  
All enemies who do disturb  
Lord Dexter or his shady grove.”

Strange things indeed were done at the command of “ Lord ” Timothy. Minarets topped with gilt balls were placed upon the roof of this mansion. In a line across the lawn he reared wooden columns, two score of them, each fifteen feet high, and on the top of every one was placed a wooden statue, the work of a young ship carver. Open-mouthed lions flanked the main doorway. The most conspicuous adornment of all was an arch bearing statues designated as Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. The other figures had interchangeable names. One might be Bonaparte to-day and Nelson to-morrow. Prominent among them was an effigy of the owner, with his own words as an inscription: “ I am the First in the East, the First in the West, and the greatest Philosopher of the known World.”

What a wagging of tongues there must have been. That story surely traveled from Maine to South Carolina. “ Lord ” Dexter had no intention of hiding his candle under a bushel. He sent whimsical paragraphs

to the papers. Fabulous tales intended for the reading of the people who wondered "where Dexter got his money," were printed at his own expense in his *Pickle for the Knowing Ones*, and distributed freely to all. There he told of sending forty-two thousand warming-pans to the West Indies, which the natives eagerly purchased for dipping and straining syrup. And when complaint was made that he used no punctuation in his book, he added in a second edition a solid page of marks, that the "knowing ones" "might pepper and salt it as they pleased."

If you would sample the wares, here is a taste of the "pickle:"

"Ime the first Lord in the younited States of A mercary  
Now of Newburyport it is the voise of the peopel & I cant  
Help it & so Let it goue Now as I must be Lord there will foler  
many more Lords prittey soun for it Dont hurt A Cat Nor the  
Mouse Nor the son Nor the water Nor the Eare then goue on  
all in Easey Now bons broaken all is well all in Love Now I  
be gin with Grat Remembrece of my father Jorge Washington  
the grate he row. . . ."

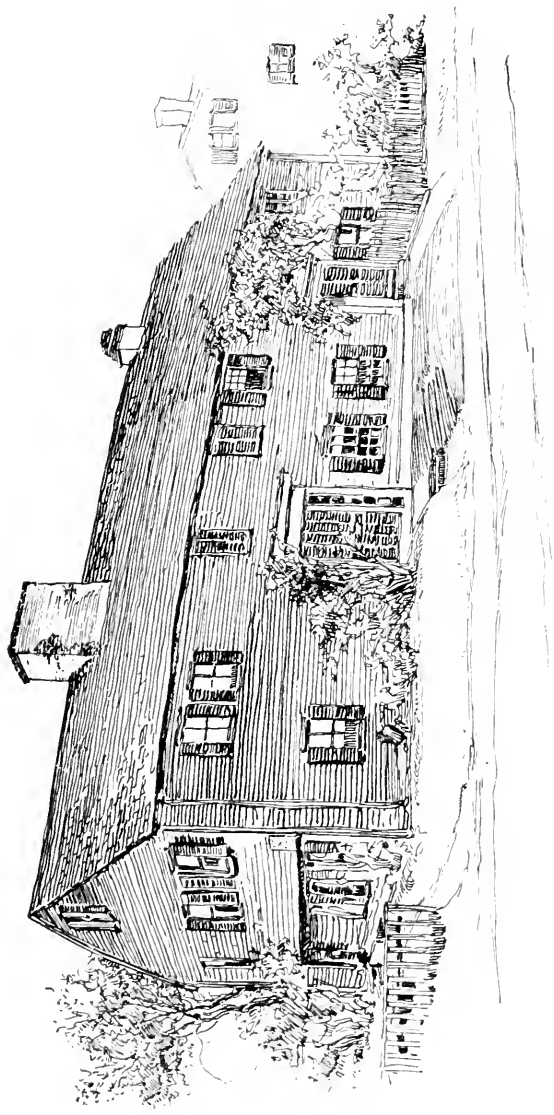
Turn back now. Make your way between the elms of the Mall again, past the J. Q. A. Ward statue of Washington, and out High Street toward Newbury. Old mansions look down upon you from their terraces at the summit of the hill below whose crest runs the avenue. Some have gambrel roofs, some are square with three stories and hip roofs, and many have the roofs surrounded by balustrades or have balustrades

enclosing the flat decks from which their roofs slant.

Just at the town line you come to two ancient houses, the Toppan and the Ilsley. The one was built in 1697 by Dr. Peter Toppan. The other, as a tablet states, was built by Stephen Swett as early as 1670. It has been much altered, but has the look of serene if rather unkempt age, and grape-vines in part cover up the deficiencies of its appearance. Lately it has been acquired by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. It will be studied carefully and faithfully restored.

Not far removed is the Coffin house, a dark building, set back from the street, and heavily draped with vines, built about 1653 by Tristram Coffin. One of the elms here was planted on a day in 1792, when Joshua Coffin, whom Whittier celebrated in his poem of *The Schoolmaster*, was born. Here the teacher and historian lived and wrote and here he died in 1864. He was a genial writer, too, and this sample of his humor has been often cited: Not liking the annexation by the Port of a considerable part of Newbury, he made, as town clerk, a notice to the effect that "the annual town meeting of what is left of Newbury stands adjourned to Monday, May 12, 2 P. M., at the Town-house, *now in Newburyport.*"

Passing a very old burying ground, some of whose epitaphs have been recently recut so that the wayfarer without much cost of time may read some inscriptions



*Ilsey House; 1670. Newbury*





in which he will find much delectation, you come upon a tablet set in an upright stone, which relates how Daniel Morgan's Riflemen were encamped here in 1775 before their embarkation for the Kennebec, and how, before Quebec, Montgomery fell.

And now you have reached the lane into which you turn to survey one of the most remarkable houses in New England, remarkable because it was built in the form of a cross, because it was built of stone, and because of its history and picturesque appearance. Often called "the garrison house," it probably was built for a residence, and visitors frequently liken it to an old English manor house. Nowhere else will its type of architecture be found in New England. The settled air of old age which all note who look upon it is vastly becoming. There is nothing decrepit or decadent about it, however. A roomy, deep-walled, vine-grown house, which might easily be made a fortress, but which is a home, mellow with age, and wearing that air of domesticity which only generations of occupants can give, with trees grouped about it in fraternal association, and looking out upon the water and the mouth of the Merrimac — that is the Spencer-Pierce house.

The porch instantly attracts attention. It has arched doorways and windows, and over the door a narrow niche, all made of beveled bricks. These and the square tiles of the floor probably came from England. Age has given the exterior of this porch a beautiful coloring. All the ornamentation is of the most fitting

design. The door divides horizontally through the middle and at one time, it may be, the upper half could be defended by a shutter which hung from the ceiling. Hand-wrought hinges two feet long carry this massive door. The inner door was fastened with a bar, whose sockets are still in place.

The walls of the house, three feet thick in the main part and from eighteen to twenty-four inches elsewhere, are made of granite and various other stones, with occasional sections of brick. Overlying the stone, except in the arm of the cross which makes the porch, is a coating of plaster. The western end of the building was originally one story high, but a wooden addition more than a century ago carried it up to the height of the rest of the structure, two full stories, with an additional story framed in by the slanting sides of the roof. This garret story held at one time part of the town's powder supply. An explosion once occurred which blew out the side of the house and landed the negress whose carelessness caused the accident on her bed in an apple-tree. The eastern end of the building has been lengthened by a wooden addition. Thus the original Greek cross has been altered into a Roman cross.

The depth of the window openings indicate the thickness of the walls, and the small-paned windows are protected by paneled shutters of solid wood, which divide horizontally into equal halves. The handsome parlor is some twenty feet square, and this and others

of the spacious rooms, furnished appropriately, give the interior an air of distinction.

Many are the owners who have occupied this fascinating building. Presumably it was built by John Spencer, the younger, some time in the 1640's. About 1651 he sold it to Daniel Pierce, the village blacksmith, giving possession by the old ceremony of turf and twig. In turn came Daniel Pierce the Second, Daniel Pierce the Third, Benjamin Pierce and Charles Pierce. Of this line was born Franklin Pierce, the President. About 1770 the estate was purchased by Nathaniel Tracy, the great merchant and privateersman, whose story has been related heretofore. Upon his death in 1796 the house came into the hands of Captain Offin Boardman, the same whose clever expedient made a prize of the transport whose officers took Newburyport harbor for the harbor of Boston. He added the western extension for his invalid wife, who thought it unwise to live between stone walls. About 1813 John Pettingill purchased the house, leaving it upon his death to his daughters, and in 1861 Edward H. Little bought it, and in that family it still remains. It seems strange that so many dates and events pertaining to so unusual a mansion should be conjectural.

Probably the oldest house in Newbury, in what is now Parker Street, is the Noyes house, built about 1646. The heavy oak frame came from England. Its glory is its chimney, a mighty square of brick, measuring twelve feet to a side. When workmen reduced its

size somewhat, they found a secret closet which could be reached only from the cellar. The Rev. James Noyes, born in England, was the builder, and generation after generation of the Noyes family have occupied it. Unexpected unevennesses greet the explorer everywhere within the venerable structure.

From another old house James Russell Lowell cut away the panel which his clergyman grandfather had placed over the fireplace. A clerical party were painted upon the panel, in convivial enjoyment, despite their full canonicals, with the motto, "*In essentialibus unitas, in non-essentialibus libertas, in omnibus charitas.*"

Other tales there are to tell of Newburyport and "Ould" Newbury; tales of Caleb Cushing, first mayor of the city, attorney-general of the United States and commissioner to China; of General A. W. Greely, who sighted first the Merrimac coast upon his return from his long series of privations in the Arctic, — a glimpse of home indeed; of Ben: Perley Poore and his residence at Indian Hill. Anecdotes and incidents in great number have been collected by the loving antiquarians who have explored the sources of the history of the town. There is the suggestive and pathetic record of a January Sabbath in 1686: "So cold that ye sacramental bread is frozen pretty hard and rattles sadly into ye plates." There is the inimitable verdict of the jury of twelve women who held an inquest upon the body of Elizabeth Hunt, which declared that death

“ was not by any violens or wrong dun to her by any parson or thing but by som sodden stoping of her breath.” In 1649 Thomas Scott paid a fine of ten shillings rather than learn the catechism, and, what was stranger far, the town accepted the fine and remitted the task. The Aquila Chase and his wife who were admonished for picking peas on the Sabbath were ancestors of Salmon P. Chase, chief-justice of the United States. And as late as 1750 or thereabouts, Richard Bartlett refused communion with a church whose pastor wore a wig, declaring that all wig-wearers were in danger of damnation.

And these incidents make pertinent the answer returned by Judge Samuel Sewall to those of the old country who declared it impossible to subsist in Newbury:

“ As long as Plum Island shall faithfully keep the commanded Post; Notwithstanding the hectoring words and hard Blows of the proud and boisterous Ocean; As long as any Salmon or Sturgeon shall swim in the streams of Merrimack; or any Perch or Pickeril in Crane Pond. . . . As long as any Cattle shall be fed with the Grass growing in the Meadows, which do humbly bow themselves before Turkie Hill; As long as any Sheep shall walk upon Old-Town Hills, and shall from thence look down upon the River Parker, and the fruitful Marshes lying beneath. . . . As long as Nature shall not grow Old and dote; but shall constantly remember to give the rows of Indian Corn their education, by Pairs; so long shall Christians be born there; and being first made meet, shall from thence be Translated to be made Partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light. Now

seeing the Inhabitants of Newbury, and of New England, upon the due Observance of their Tenure, may expect that their Rich and gracious LORD will continue and confirm them in the Possession of these invaluable Privileges: Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with Reverence and godly Fear. For our God is a consuming Fire."

## PORTSMOUTH

"The points of interest in and about Portsmouth are innumerable. . . . Yet many [persons] have crossed the Atlantic and suffered the hardships and fatigue of foreign land travel, in order to visit localities that cannot possibly possess for an American one-half the interest of this Old Town by the Sea."

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

TIME enough for many changes to take place has elapsed since Thomas Bailey Aldrich, writing of the town which he loved and in which he was born, had occasion to refer to the decadence of her commerce. "Few ships come to Rivermouth now," he said. "Commerce drifted into other ports. The phantom fleet sailed off one day, and never came back again. The crazy warehouses are empty; and barnacles and eel-grass cling to the piles of the crumbling wharves, where the sunshine lies lovingly, bringing out the faint, spicy odor that haunts the place, — the ghost of the dead West India trade."

No city has had a more affectionate admirer than Portsmouth had in the author of *The Story of a Bad Boy*. But conditions are not altogether as they were in 1869. Still there are crumbling wharves and somnolent streets and a general flavor of antiquity in this

"old town by the sea." There are also a reviving commerce, modern business buildings, and the clamor and clang of the electric and gasolene trappings of the up-to-date city. The ancient and the recent are both on display in Portsmouth, and the ancient is by far the more attractive to the visitor. The old and the new are cheek by jowl, and the old is superior in impressiveness of beauty and dignity. Many of the modern buildings look almost cheap and tawdry beside these colonial mansions. They were built to last, these old ones, and some of the very oldest promise to outlive the newest of the moderns. Seemingly only an earthquake or a bombardment with twelve-inch rifles could demolish them.

Strolling about in Portsmouth, you are led to wonder if any New England town has more gambrel roofs than you see here, and you reflect that a gambrel usually means an age of a century at least. Then there are scores of good houses whose architecture indicates that they antedate considerably the period in which the gambrels predominated. There is one long street, with a double row of elms interlacing their branches above it and bordered with new and expensive homes, but these houses appear quite like an anachronism in the quaint old city. In some sections of the town the honking of an automobile seems intrusive and incongruous. The aroma of antiquity pervades the place as completely as does the salt tang of the sea air that the east winds bring.



Perhaps from the belfry of St. John's Church, or from the roof of the Athenaeum, or from some other vantage point, you may survey the city and the region in which it lies. Brooding over it from your height it more than ever satisfies the passion for antiquity. It is easy to see rich merchants in knee breeches, with silver buckles on their shoes and ruffles at their wrists, looking down from Market Street upon gangs of stevedores bent double under the heavy loads of merchandise which they are carrying from ship to warehouse. That "Portsmouth Flying Stage-Coach" of which you heard at Newburyport rumbles through Queen Street, and the panting horses are pulled up before the Earl of Halifax Tavern. There it was that Mistress Stavers stood and surveyed pretty Martha Hilton,

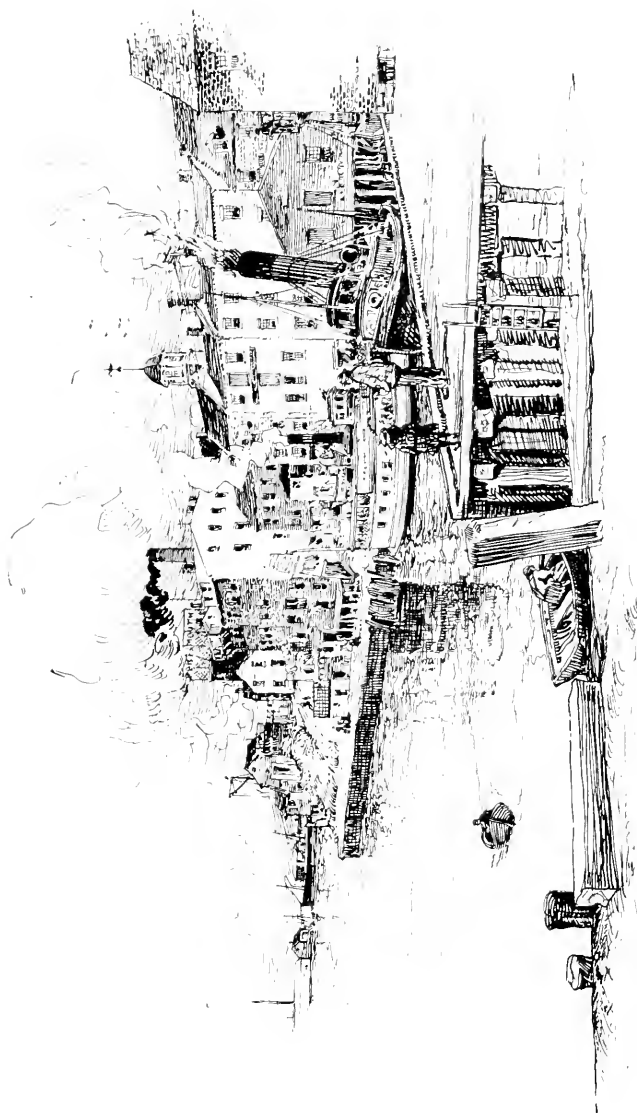
". . . a little girl,  
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,  
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,  
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,  
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,  
A creature men would worship and adore,  
Though now, in mean habiliments, she bore  
A pail of water, dripping, through the street,  
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet."

And two miles away at Little Harbor is the great house, looking like "a succession of afterthoughts," in which that same barefooted girl reigned as mistress and grand lady. Her story shall be told a little farther on.

The first Portsmouth was built of wood, and exten-

sive conflagrations have destroyed much of it. The oldest house now in the city was built in 1664. But there are a great number of fine old mansions ranging in age back through all the decades of the eighteenth century. The streets grow wider from the water-front up town, and the houses come in groups, yet they are never packed and huddled together as in larger cities. The mansions were fenced and hedged always, and the grounds were private. Each had its garden, planned with the utmost care, and protected from the curious scrutiny of the wayfarer, just as the dining-room and the parlor were guarded from uninvited inspection. These old gardens are now one of the treasures of Portsmouth, as are the fine trees. The care of these trees Mr. Aldrich called a "hereditary trait."

On the crest of a hill overlooking the river stands St. John's, from whose belfry you gaze. Just there is the Market Square, the center of the business region, where the colonial State House once stood, and the town pump, which served for a whipping post as well. Out at sea, nine miles away, is that "heap of bare and splintery crags" known as the Isles of Shoals, familiar to the world through the pen of Celia Thaxter. Across there is the Navy Yard, in Maine now, but Massachusetts included Maine on a time. The *Saranac*, first steam vessel of the navy, was built there. The *Kearsarge*, too, took the water from this yard, and thence she sailed away upon her splendid career. And not only did the Portsmouth yard lay the keel of the ship that



*A Bit of the Portsmouth Water Front*



sank the Confederacy's most powerful cruiser, but, before the removal of the ship-building timbers from Langdon's Island, John Paul Jones' *Ranger* had been launched from the end of Pring's Wharf.

Seavey's Island has its story, too, a very modern tale of the 1700 Spanish prisoners who were there fed, lodged and cared for in 1898, so well cared for, indeed, that it was not easy to get their consent to be carried back to their home country.

The ancient town of Newcastle seems near at hand, but you must cross three bridges to get to it. At Kittery Point Sir William Pepperell, called "the first American baronet and the only one," lived long ago, and what is left of his old house is much sought by tourists. And beyond Great Island and almost in line with the Isles of Shoals is Odiorne's Point, where in 1623 the white man first made a settlement on the soil of New Hampshire. On the Point is the oldest burial ground in the State, where lie the bones of those who were not able to withstand the rigors of their first New England winter.

Coming down from your observation tower, you may well begin your round with a look at the waterfront. It is here that one gets the strongest impression, perhaps, of the antiquity of the town. In the days when this was the scene of an extensive commerce, especially with the West Indies, Portsmouth was a dangerous rival even of Boston and New York. Now the piers are deserted. Ceres Street, down which the

tides of commerce rolled to the wharves, is lined with old warehouses, which once were filled with rum, spices, and molasses. In pathetic solicitation the cranes reach their long arms from the eaves of these buildings. The warehouses are weather-stained; the wharves look their age and some of them are worm-eaten.

Nowadays, one sees scores of persons hurrying for the ferry that runs across the river, but this is almost the only sign of strenuous life that the cursory visitor will find at this point. A half-score of men, some of them of patriarchal appearance, are sitting at their ease in the open door of one of the old structures. A few questions elicit from them a great deal of interesting information about the past, and the inquirer deduces that here is one of those "senates" where all great questions are discussed with philosophic calm, a debate which goes on and on and never seems to arrive at a terminal. These old men fit into the picture perfectly. The scene would not be complete without them.

Artists every summer sketch this scene, the row of warehouses zigzagging along the river side, the tower of St. John's looming just above them, and the ancient streets, Linden and Ceres, deserted now, which once made one of the marts of the world. The dreamer will stand just where the ships used to unload their cargoes, and muse upon the past. Dimly there comes to his ears the chanting of the sailors at the windlass, and dimly to his vision there will appear the wraiths of

men in knee-breeches and cocked hats gazing down toward the ocean. There are tokens of a reviving commerce, hailed by the city with just satisfaction, it is true, but the visitor's predominant impression is of the past.

A remarkable river is this upon which they looked as you look to-day. Only eleven miles long, the Piscataqua is broad and deep, with a powerful current which so piles up that at the Narrows, even at low tide, there are said to be seventy feet of water. When the tide is high, the islands, which shut the Portsmouth basin from the ocean, and the Maine and New Hampshire shores lock in the waters as if they formed a lake.

As the visitor climbs the hill to Market Street, he finds himself right in front of one of the famous mansions of the town. Architecturally, the building is beautiful. It was the first of the square, three-story type of mansions to be erected in the State. The hall, with its mahogany staircase winding to the third floor, is well known in Boston and New York, for it is altogether exceptional in size and in details of finish. Its lines are said to have been reproduced from those of an English mansion. The carved mantelpiece in the parlor was brought entire from that building across the ocean, and its elaborate carvings are attributed to Grinling Gibbons, a celebrated architect of the period, who is credited with the ornamentation of the chapel of Windsor Castle.

There are a series of portraits upon the walls here,

and in almost all the colonial mansions in the city one finds generations of former owners done thus in oil. To quote Mr. Aldrich once more: "To live in Portsmouth without having a family portrait done by Copley is like living in Boston without having an ancestor in the Granary burying ground." At the right of the gateway is the porter's lodge, a little square building with windows commanding the street. The gardens are laid out in terraces, and fine chestnuts and elms checker the lawns with shade.

There are three names connected with this house — Moffatt, Whipple and Ladd — and with each name there are interesting associations. It was built about 1760 by John Moffatt for his son Samuel. When the father came to America in 1729 he brought with him as a passenger Bishop Berkeley, whose name is cherished at Newport. The son was a Harvard man, but went to England for a bride, bringing her to America and to this house in 1764. But not for long were they able to occupy it in the patrician style which they had inaugurated. Reverses came. With a portion of the family the husband went to St. Eustatius, where he died. His daughter, Mary Tufton Moffatt, he left in care of her aunt Catherine, the wife of General William Whipple. When the aunt died, the house came to the niece, and then in turn to a grand-niece and her husband, Alexander Ladd.

All who care enough for Portsmouth to read the history of the town will tell you the story of the Whipple



slaves, Prince and Cuffee. It appears that after the West Indian exile of Samuel Moffatt began, General Whipple, being in residence in the mansion, the two slave families whom he owned had quarters at the foot of the garden. Prince and Cuffee Whipple were said to be sons of an African king. The general rendered valuable service in the expedition against Burgoyne which culminated in the surrender at Saratoga. He took Prince along on the campaign, and promised him his freedom if he earned it by brave conduct. When they returned, the slave was formally manumitted, and Dinah, his widow, is said to have lived until 1832.

The tale of a jilted bridegroom also must be related of General Whipple. Before he was twenty-one he commanded a ship and at twenty-nine he left the sea. A gallant man he was, bold and fortunate in his maritime ventures. He was to marry Mehitabel Cutts. The day and the hour came; minister and guests were waiting, but no bride appeared. He went to her at last, only to find her divested of her wedding finery, having decided, she said, "not to be married that evening." He reasoned and he pleaded. At last he said: "Now or never!" And "never" it turned out to be. General Whipple was a member of the Provincial Congress in 1775, he signed the Declaration of Independence, and at fifty-six he died, an eminent and respected man. Catherine, his wife, of courtly manners and imposing presence, was called the "Madame," and survived to make her final public appearance

at the bi-centennial celebration of Portsmouth in 1823.

St. John's Church, from whose belfry you surveyed the city, is not far away, splendidly situated upon the crest of a hill, with its cemetery adjoining. The building is a severely plain, rectangular structure of brick, surmounted by a square tower above which is the belfry. Plain as the church is, it pleases the eye, for its proportions are excellent. The interior is extremely interesting. The old box pews and the wine-glass pulpit have been removed, but the sexton overwhelms one with stories of the memorials and furnishings which the church still contains. There are numerous tablets of marble and bronze, a chair which Washington occupied when attending service in the building, a credence of wood from one of Farragut's flag-ships, a plate marking a pew in which Webster and his wife used to worship, and various furnishings presented by Queen Caroline when the congregation worshiped in "Queen's Chapel."

The most novel item in the long inventory is the font of porphyritic marble. It is in two compartments, with brass covers, which may be locked. Captain John Mason, a resident of Portsmouth who had a part in the expedition of 1758, brought it from Senegal. Tradition has it that it was once a reliquary in a heathen temple.

Another of the most prized possessions of the church is one of the four "Vinegar" Bibles in the country.

Of the others, one is in Christ Church in Boston, another in Philadelphia, and the third is in the Lenox Library of New York City. They get their name from the mistake the printer made when he rendered the parable of the vineyard as the parable of the vinegar.

The bell which hangs in the tower has a history also. It was brought from Louisburg in 1745, when that supposedly impregnable fortress was taken by Sir William Pepperell, an exploit which made him famous and gained him his baronetcy. The bell was recast by Paul Revere after it had been cracked in the great fire of 1806, and after a century of service it was recast again. There are statements of its history upon its rim, and these lines:

“ From St. John’s steeple  
I call the people  
On holy days  
To prayer and praise.”

The parish was founded in 1638, revived as Queen’s Chapel in 1732, and became St. John’s Church in 1791. The corner-stone of the present building was laid in 1807. Curious and amusing are the tales which the sexton pours into your ears about this old church and its predecessor. The venerable rector, the Rev. Arthur Browne, was called upon on a time to conduct the obsequies of Colonel Theodore Atkinson. The widow appeared in her pew wearing the habiliments of mourning on the following Sunday. But on Monday

the rector's services were again called into requisition in her behalf, and he read the marriage service for her and John Wentworth, the last of the royal governors of New Hampshire. His cousin, Frances Deering Wentworth, had been attached to him before her first marriage and she was but twenty-three when she took him for her second husband. At thirty-two John Wentworth was one of the richest and most prominent men in America, a graduate of Harvard College, and honored to-day as its founder by the charter of Dartmouth College.

Washington came to the old chapel in 1789, attended by his secretary, Tobias Lear, who was a Portsmouth man. The two chairs presented to the chapel by Queen Caroline were occupied by these visitors, one of whom had destroyed her country's power in America. In the great fire but one of the chairs was saved. An exact counterpart of it was made at once, but neither was marked, and no one knows to-day which one was occupied by the President.

But after all perhaps the most pleasing incident connected with the church is the story of the way handsome Nicholas Rousselet "popped the question" on a day when he sat with pretty Katherine Moffat in her father's pew. He was guest and suitor, and he had been industriously wooing the daughter of his host for some time. On this Sunday he handed Katherine a Bible opened at the Second Epistle of St. John, which is addressed to "the elect lady," and in which he had

marked the fifth verse: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." Katherine was ready witted with her reply, and she seems to have had her mind made up. She returned the Bible with her finger on the sixteenth verse of the first chapter of the Book of Ruth: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people," and so on through the familiar passage. Presumably the negotiations were closed in the orthodox manner in some less public place, and it is to be hoped that they "lived happily ever afterward."

The graveyard, with its ivy-covered retaining walls, has the appearance of many a parish cemetery nestling up against the stone walls of an old English church. It is kept trimmed and groomed, and no symptoms of neglect are tolerated. There are colonels and generals and governors here, and armorial bearings upon many tombs. Every step takes you atop the ashes of some notable. The sexton has more stories here also. One which you will be sure to remember is that of the woman buried here who caused a bottle of ether to be put in her coffin because she feared she might be buried alive, and if she came back to consciousness she reasoned that she would have the ether at hand to produce a succession of sleeping periods, which she hoped would last until the resurrection trumpet should sound.

A block from the church is the Warner house, the

oldest brick building in the city, erected perhaps as early as 1715 at a cost of six thousand pounds. The bricks were brought from Holland and the story is that the first load was wrecked on the Isles of Shoals three leagues from port, after traveling safely a thousand leagues at sea. The builder was a Scotchman, said to have founded the first iron works in America, and he married one of the sixteen children of that John Wentworth who was lieutenant-governor of the province from 1713 to 1730. Curiously enough, the house bears not the name of Captain Archibald Macpheadris, the builder, but that of his son-in-law Jonathan Warner. The writer of a collection of charming sketches of Portsmouth, Mr. Charles W. Brewster, says that Mr. Warner was "the last of the cocked hats."

The house has stood almost two hundred years and looks good for two hundred more. It is three-storied, with luthern windows projecting from its gambrel roof, and the roof is decked and balustraded with a lantern cupola in the center and two huge chimneys at each end. As in many others of these colonial houses, the hall is one of the great exhibits in the eyes of the modern visitor. This hall is of generous proportions, running from the front to the garden in the rear, with the stairs ascending upon an easy grade to the floor above. The walls were ornamented elaborately by an unknown artist, whose frescoes, hidden for generations, were uncovered under four layers of paper about forty years ago. Opening from the hall upon either side

are huge rooms, each large enough and stately enough to be a drawing-room. These and the hall are paneled to the ceiling in wood, whose whiteness is now verging upon the yellow of age, and about the mantel shelves are wood carvings, simple and beautiful. The tiles and hearthstones, like the bricks for the walls, came from Holland. Look at the windows and you see how fortresslike these walls are. They are eighteen inches through, giving room for the shutters to fold into the casings.

The house of "Tom Bailey," the "bad boy" himself, is but a block distant, and great is the dividend it pays the visitor who makes even the investment of an hour of time and a mite of appreciative attention. With the fire-proof building beside it and the garden in the rear, this house, now the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial Museum, is one of the most interesting literary shrines in the country. The subscriptions for the purchase of the house for memorial purposes ranged from one dollar to a thousand, and when it was recovered from alien hands it was put back with reverent fidelity into the condition of the "bad boy's" time. And what a time that boy had! The river is just at the foot of the street, and on one of those old wharves he fired the train of powder. Boom! Boom! And frightened and puzzled Portsmouth awoke and kept awake for some time afterward.

This house belonged to the grandfather of the boy who persisted in becoming a poet in spite of all the

pains his people took to make him a business man. From the interior you have a clear-cut impression of a typical New England home of three generations ago. All the rooms are full of the furniture the grandfathers used. There are Chippendale chairs, samplers made by the poet's mother, many fine examples of old china, numbers of old engravings and oil paintings, a collection of old silver, and a curious candle-stand with sockets for two candles on adjustable arms.

The kitchen attracts most attention, save for the little hall bedroom up-stairs. The immense fireplace with the kettle hanging from the crane, the sperm oil lamps and the Windsor chair, the wooden sink and the utensils ranged about the room produce a very distinct notion of the conditions of a hundred years ago.

One goes up the stairs, past the tall hall clock and the old fire buckets, to the bedrooms above. In all four of the large rooms is a four-poster with a canopy. One has a quilt with the initials of the quilters worked in the border, which the caretaker says "everybody who sees it wants to buy." The little room is the chamber of the boy whom all the world came to know. It contains the little single bed, with the shelf of books on the wall above it, and a little white vest thrown across it, as if the owner might step in any minute and put it on. Indeed, one of the charms of the house is that it all seems ready, not for inspection, but for use. The offensive donors' cards and the labeling tags are conspicuous by their absence.



The brick memorial building was dedicated in the June of 1908. It contains autographed photographs of a host of the best and most famous writers of the Old World and the New, the original manuscripts of many famous works, and a complete set of Aldrich first editions, together with the table on which the "bad boy" story was written and a large number of literary and art treasures. Not the least interesting of them all is a dinner menu in a frame on the wall, with the autographs on the margins of Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, Henry Irving, Laurence Hutton, and others well known to fame. One looks at it and smiles to see how like college boys these eminent banqueters were.

With an exclamation of joy you step into the garden. It is a small enclosure, with a ten-foot lattice between it and the next house. Down the middle runs a walk of white cobbles. There are an arbor and seat at the rear. Arched against the back of the house is a trellis with Italian blinds rolling upon it. In this secluded enclosure are the old, old flowers, cared for clearly by some one who loves them. There are hollyhocks, heliotropes, pansies, striped grass, hop vines, and various other shrubs and flowers—indeed, every flower mentioned in Mr. Aldrich's poetry is here. Just at the rear door the caretaker points out the place where the pony ate the squash pie, and your laugh is as hearty as it was when, up in the attic, which is full of Aldrich relics, you saw the old hair trunk on which the "bad boy" tried to get the hair to grow.

Let "Tom" Bailey himself tell a small bit of the story of this house. How the boy felt toward the solemnly awful Sabbath is indicated in this passage:

"It is Sunday morning. I should premise by saying that the deep gloom which settled over everything set in like a heavy fog early on Saturday evening.

"Our parlor is by no means thrown open every day. It is open this June morning, and is pervaded by a strong smell of center-table. The furniture of the room, and the little china ornaments on the mantel-piece have a constrained, unfamiliar look. My grandfather sits in a mahogany chair, reading a large Bible covered with green baize. Miss Abigail occupies one end of the sofa, and has her hands crossed stiffly in her lap. I sit in the corner, crushed. Robinson Crusoe and Gil Blas are in close confinement. Baron Trenck, who managed to escape from the fortress of Glatz, can't for the life of him get out of our sitting-room closet."

And how amusingly and faithfully true to the boy nature is this passage:

"The door at the right of the hall leads into the sitting-room. It was in this room where my grandfather sat in his arm-chair the greater part of the evening, reading the Rivermouth 'Barnacle,' the local newspaper. There was no gas in those days, and the Captain read by the aid of a small block-tin lamp which he held in one hand. I observed that he had a habit of dropping off into a doze every three or four minutes. Two or three times, to my vast amusement, he scorched the edges of the newspaper with the wick of the lamp; and at about half-past eight o'clock I had the satisfaction — I am sorry to confess it was a satisfaction — of seeing the Rivermouth 'Barnacle' in flames."

At the next corner beyond the Bailey house is the Pitt Tavern, another of the important assets of antiquarian Portsmouth. But it conveys no impression of its historical importance to the casual observer. It wears a worn and "reduced" look. The stranger will not guess what it is until he reads the tablet which the Sons of the Revolution have placed upon it.

"The Earl of Halifax and William Pitt Hotel

Erected in 1770

General Lafayette Visited here in 1782

Also Louis Philippe Who Was Afterwards

King of France

This is the Last Spot Where Washington  
Personally Complimented Our State Through  
Its Official Dignitaries in 1789."

This is not the tavern where the innkeeper's wife chided pretty Martha Hilton. That hostelry was in Queen Street, now State Street; this old inn, built by the same landlord, is at the corner of Atkinson and Court Streets.

Now the sightseer will go across the town to look at some of the other large colonial mansions. He should move slowly. Indeed, he will soon perceive that any gait faster than a saunter will not be in keeping with his surroundings. He will note the whitewashed stone walls, the flagstone pavements with the grass growing between the stones, the dirt walks with the stone copings, and the leisurely up-hill and down-dale way in which some of the streets amble along.

Arriving in Pleasant Street, he comes upon a beautiful scene. Trees and dignified old homes are upon each hand. Standing well back from the street, with a fine stretch of lawn and some big elms and horse-chestnuts in front of it, is the mansion which was copied for the New Hampshire State building at the Jamestown exposition. This is the Governor Langdon house. There are two small brick lodges in front of it on the sidewalk line, guard-houses on the flank of the main entrance. Columns support the entrance portico, with the little balcony above it. One of the last commissions executed by Stanford White was the making of the plans for an addition to the side and rear of this mansion.

The hall runs through the middle of the house, after the manner of these old houses, and the staircase, which comes with easy tread down from the halls above, has an unusual newel which the keen-eyed will note, a double spiral with four bent uprights. There are heavily wainscoted reception-rooms, in which some one has suggested there used "to assemble the Langdon salon." The Governor Langdon who built the house was one of New Hampshire's most sturdy patriots, becoming in time the first president of the United States Senate. As a matter of course one learns that the Father of his Country was made at home here, but an unusual number of distinguished personages were entertained here as well, as witness a list which includes the names of Lafayette, Henry Knox, Elbridge Gerry, John Hancock, Marquis de Chastellux, the traveler



*Pleasant Street, Portsmouth. Langdon House on right*



who kept a journal, Louis Philippe, the future King of France, and two other sons of the Duc d'Orleans, to say nothing of that literary magnate who ruled in Portsmouth nearly half a century, the Rev. Charles Burroughs, who was no mere incidental guest, but who resided here during the forty-seven years of his pastorate of St. John's Church.

Just across from this mansion are the house of the Rev. Dr. Langdon and the Old North Church parsonage, fine old buildings, but of another type and without the grounds at the front which give added impressiveness to the Langdon house and to the Mark H. Wentworth house, which is next below the Langdon. This Wentworth home is somewhat similar in general appearance to the great mansion which is its nearest neighbor. There is another Wentworth mansion not far away, the Governor John Wentworth house, which also ranks among the best of these Portsmouth homes that have come down from the old regime.

The name "Old North" recalls the remarkable pastorate of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster in that historic parish; he began his ministry there in 1779 and continued in the service for a third of a century. As he entered the building on a Sunday in full canonicals, with robe and bands and three-cornered hat, he made an impressive figure, say the old writers. The last time he preached in the church he gave out at the end of the service, in a voice of deep feeling which seemed ominously prophetic to his hearers, the old hymn:

“ When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.”

But the most pathetic incident of his life was the preaching of the ordination sermon of his son. The father was an unflinching Puritan, the son a Liberal. Their correspondence shows how paganlike the son's faith looked to the old school theologian. And to the very end the father was unable to agree that there was any hope for one who held to the milder belief to which the son gave his adherence.

There are three Wentworth houses in Portsmouth, so let us clear up the puzzle of the family relationships. Five John Wentworths resided in the town at different times. Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth was in office from 1713 to 1730; Benning Wentworth was his son and served as governor from 1741 to 1767, and the John Wentworth who succeeded Benning was his nephew, staying in office until flight became necessary in 1775. Mark Hunking Wentworth was brother to Benning, being son of John, the lieutenant-governor, and father of John, the governor. The Wentworths were old-time rivals in commerce and politics of the Pepperell family. Mark was the richest of the Portsmouth merchants. John it was whose sweetheart married Colonel Atkinson while he was absent in England, only very speedily to take him for her second husband upon the demise of the colonel.



The house of the last of the royal governors is of wood, with a gambrel roof, a great hall, and several spacious rooms. The marble chimney-piece was broken by a mob in 1775, for although the governor was popular, he sided with the king and had to flee when the Revolutionary excitement came to the point of open rebellion. A path leads through the terraced garden, and down that path the governor and his wife walked away into exile on an April night in the year of Lexington. His college friend had been John Adams, and in Paris in 1778 the exiled Loyalist and the representative of the Colonies met amicably and enjoyed in some degree an agreeable intimacy.

Some stories there are to tell of this governor and his lady, for they seem to have been an eccentric couple. The lady who put an interval of less than a fortnight between husband one and husband two, had, says tradition, a will of her own. "Once upon a time" she went to a social gathering without her husband's approval. He locked her out of the house. The night was cold. She began to scream. From the window her husband looked out upon her plight. But when the lady declared she would throw herself into the water hard by and drown herself, rather than endure such an indignity, and ran from the door, the husband was frightened, and hurried out of the house after her. The wife was the more clever of the two, in this instance at least, for she doubled back, entered the house, turned the latch against her husband, and the governor

was left to get what comfort he might out of the fact that she was safe, as her face at the window testified. But of physical comfort he had none, for his garb was not of an appropriate nature for outside wear, whatever the weather conditions.

Next in the itinerary comes the Wendell house. It is next to Haven Park, in which stands an equestrian statue of Fitz John Porter. This frame mansion is particularly interesting, because so large a part of its original equipment has been retained until the present time. The Chippendale furniture and the Flemish cut glass, which were imported by the builder of the house, are here, and every visitor examines them with great zest. All the rooms are excellent architecturally, and the hall is noteworthy. The rooms below contain a large collection of antiques. There are old broadsides, orders signed by John Hancock and others of colonial fame, relics of the battle of Bennington, commissions of various British kings and French as well, old engravings, "shin plasters," a Willard clock, and a quantity of other objects which illustrate the life of the past. One notes in this house, as in many others he has seen, the fine brass locks, huge square rectangles, with their pure nickel keys.

Now one is almost surfeited with these mansions and ready for a change. So he undertakes the tramp to the Shillaber house, where, indeed, he finds something different. On the way, however, he stops at the Athenaeum, which is one of the chief institutions of the city.

It is not a public library, although courtesies are offered to the casual caller. It houses about twenty thousand volumes and a collection of rare books and papers. It has been a library since 1817, and the collections are for the use of the stockholders, of whom the number is limited to one hundred. But the discerning will stand before the building a long time and scan its architecture. It is of brick, with columns upon the front of the two upper stories, and graceful round-topped windows and door piercing the first story. There are many old residents of Portsmouth who rank the Athenaeum, the building and the collections which it houses, first among the possessions of the city.

Other houses there are to see, many of them. To a gambrel-roofed dwelling in Vaughan Street Daniel Webster brought his bride when he was twenty-six years old. He lived also in two other houses in Portsmouth and removed to Boston in 1816. There are interesting incidents and much of historical importance associated with the Old South Church and parish. If only to illustrate how familiar a quotation may be, and how lost many who cite it would be if asked to give chapter and verse for it, the name of Jonathan Mitchell Sewall must be mentioned. His lyrics were enormously popular in the Revolution. The lines which justify this reference to him come at the very end of an epilogue which he wrote for Addison's *Tragedy of Cato*. The tragedy was played in Portsmouth in 1778 and the epilogue was recited.

“ Rise, then, my countrymen! For fight prepare,  
Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war!  
For your grieved country nobly dare to die  
And empty all your veins for liberty.  
No pent up Utica contracts your powers,  
But the whole boundless continent is yours.”

The Shillaber house is not a mansion. It seems ungracious to call it a “ shack.” Yet that is the term which most readily comes to mind. It is a little, one-story building, end to the street, and quite shut in by larger structures. Here there is no architecture to describe. The house was the home of the creator of “ Mrs. Partington ” and “ Ike,” and for that reason it is of right included in the itinerary. But the thistles are taller than the pickets of the fence at the rear, and it is too unkempt to be remembered with unmixed pleasure. Once this was the “ little house by the river,” for in the old days the mill pond came up to the foot of the garden; where were fruit trees, the currant and gooseberry bushes, the flower beds and the vegetable patches. An aunt of the “ Shillaber boys ” died here, who is understood to have been the prototype of the “ Mrs. Ruth Partington, widow of the late Corp. Paul,” whom Benjamin P. Shillaber made a household topic in hundreds of thousands of American homes. The house is still occupied by a descendant of this aunt, who served the author as a model. He was for many years a violin player — he will refer to himself as a “ fiddler ” and tell you how the old-style

dances have gone out — and now he has turned to taxidermy. He has an eagle on exhibition and other specimens of his work.

Last in the tour of Portsmouth one should go to Little Harbor to see the Benning Wentworth mansion. This is the house in which Parkman spent some part of every summer for years, and in which he wrote portions of his historical works. The distance is not at all tiring for an ordinary walker, and you can motor out in a few minutes.

Quoting Thomas Bailey Aldrich again, of this house he said: "Time and change have laid their hands more lightly on this pile than on any other of the old homes of Portsmouth." It stands on the shore of the river and the grounds are embanked with high stone retaining walls. One looks across at the Hotel Wentworth, which came to the notice of the world at the time of the negotiations which ended the war between Japan and Russia. The grounds are spacious and quite convey the suggestion of a country estate.

The house itself has been called an "architectural freak." The main building has for the most part two stories, with irregular wings, forming three sides of a square which opens on the water. The wings look like a cluster of whimsical extensions, although all were built at the same time. But it is a fine mansion, nevertheless, as one discovers as soon as he enters the building —

“ . . . a pleasant mansion, an abode  
Near and yet hidden from the great highroad,  
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,  
Baronial and colonial in its style;  
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,  
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air, —  
Pandaean pipes, on which all winds that blew  
Made mournful music the whole winter through.”

The present owner has restored the interior as closely as possible to the original condition, and he courteously permits visitors to satisfy in reasonable degree their curiosity. “One crosses the threshold to enter into the colonial,” says Aldrich. “The past has halted courteously waiting for you to catch up with it.”

The mansion is said to have had fifty-two rooms, forty-five of which are still in use, and some of these are oddly connected by little stairways and narrow passages. It is the Council Chamber which visitors most wish to see. This is a large, high-studded room, done in the best style of more than one hundred and fifty years ago. The ornamentation of the room centers in the huge mantel, which was carved with chisel and knife and is said to have required the labor of a skilled workman for a full year. Beyond are racks for the muskets of the governor's guard; other racks are ranged along the hall without. These are supposed to have been the work of St. Etienne, gunmaker to the King of France.

Off the Council Chamber opens the big billiard-room, and off that are three small card-rooms. The billiard-room contains a spinet, which the present occupant of the house "considers probably the only piece of furniture which belonged to the Wentworths." This room has the heavy beams of the ceiling exposed, as do some of the smaller rooms adjacent.

The hall by which one has access to the Council Chamber contains a small stairway, taking one to the level of the parlor, which is a room of modest size containing many antiquities. The windows throughout the house are of eighteen and twenty-four panes, set half in each sash. This seems characteristic of the colonial residences in the city.

It was in the Council Chamber, built by Benning Wentworth on a scale grand for 1750 and grand for the twentieth century as well, that the governor and his advisers conferred upon affairs of state. And it was in this room also that the romance had its climax which has made the old mansion the best known in all Portsmouth. For it was before that great mantel that the governor stood to be married to his servant maid, Martha Hilton.

Longfellow has told the tale in his poem of *Lady Wentworth*. The story is quite like that of King Cophetua and Zenelephon.

"Cophetua swore a royal oath:  
This beggar maid shall be my Queen!"

The governor on his sixtieth birthday gave an elaborate dinner, at which, as a matter of course, his rector, the Rev. Arthur Browne of St. John's, was present. After dinner came the grand surprise. Martha Hilton came quietly into the room. She had been but a poor and beautiful girl in the town, proud too, perhaps, and once she had been heard to make a half-laughing and half-serious prediction that the time would come when she would ride in her own carriage.

Up spoke the governor, upon the appearance of Martha, and these were his amazing words:

“ This is my birthday: it shall likewise be  
My wedding-day, and you shall marry me! ”

The guests were astonished. The clergyman hesitated. Then the governor commanded. And Mr. Browne

“ . . . read the service loud and clear:  
‘ Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,’  
And so on to the end.”

So it was that Martha Hilton became a great lady. Later she was widowed, only to become the bride of a retired English army officer, who also bore the name of Wentworth. Him, too, she survived, but to the end of her long life she was a resident of Portsmouth, “ the old town by the sea.”



## PORTLAND

“Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.”  
— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

WITH a volume of Longfellow's poems in your pocket, and two or three hours of reading of the history of Portland, you will be ready for a pilgrimage to

“ . . . the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea.”

You will find Portland a thriving city that is predominantly modern, but with reminiscences of the colonial scattered about its streets, and with associations, historical and literary, that will yield ample compensation for the bit of time and labor involved in the trip.

First, to get the comprehensive notion of the neighborhood, skurry through the city and go to the Observatory, a red-shingled, octagonal, windmill-like tower, about one hundred feet high and two hundred feet above sea level. Built by the ship owners of the

town in 1807, the shipping men still pay its bills, and a lookout on the platform at the top has a glass at his eye every day during the quarantine hours, sunrise to sunset. In the old times many were the eyes that were gladdened by the flags flown from the staff up here announcing the home-coming of some long gone vessel.

Now you see that Portland is built on a peninsula, about three miles long, that juts into Casco Bay, northeast from the mainland. It has tide water on either side, and the shores slope gradually until they reach a height that averages one hundred feet. This is Munjoy's Hill at one end of the peninsula, and there is Bramhall's Hill yonder at the other extremity. That is Congress Street, running the whole length of the narrow stretch of land and making the main artery of business. It goes on the ridge all the way, a sort of backbone of the city.

You will study for a long time this view of Casco Bay. When Captain John Smith, first of the summer voyagers to visit this famous coast, was here in 1614, he said: "Westward of Kennebec is the country of Aucocisco, in the bottom of a deep bay full of many great islands, which divide it into many great harbors." There are a lot of these islands, more than in any body of water of like extent on the United States coast. They are of many sizes. Some are rocky islets, covered by the sea at high tide. Legend says, what it says also of Winnepesaukee, that there are three hundred

and sixty-five in all, an island for every day in the year. Whittier knew this bay and admired its scenic beauty, as witness the lines in his poem of *The Ranger*:

“ Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,  
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer  
Through his painted woodlands stray;  
Than where hillside oaks and beeches  
Overlook the long, blue reaches,  
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,  
And green isles of Casco Bay;  
Nowhere day, for delay,  
With a tenderer look beseeches,  
‘ Let me with my charmed earth stay.’ ”

If you have done your duty by your Longfellow — and Portland is almost as much Longfellow's city to-day as ever it was — you will recall nearly the whole of his lines, meditated for a long time and finally written in 1855, called *My Lost Youth*. The poet was always coming back to his home city, strolling about among his early haunts. In the periods when travel took him afar, he managed to return almost every year to the home of his fathers, and in his letters there are many expressions of the affection and longing with which he remembered and treasured the associations of his boyhood and youth. To-day as you survey the bay and the city and the peaks of the White Mountains sixty miles from the top of this tower, the lines of the poem come to you with a tenderly pathetic appeal:

“ I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.

“ I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.”

Out there is Portland Head Light. Fort Georges is nearer at hand, now a storehouse for torpedoes and ammunition; Jefferson Davis, who was chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs in 1848, caused it to be built. There are the Great and Little Diamond, Peak's Island, and a large number of others, most of them covered with summer homes. Elevators line the harbor front. To the north is the United States Marine Hospital, on a peninsula reached by the trolley to Yarmouth.

Before going down, you turn once more for a long look at the beautiful bay. Then the lookout, noting your interest and admiration, will discourse to you upon any number of interesting incidents. Portland Light was the first built on the coast; its beacon began to blaze in January, 1791. The shore on which it stands is bold and rocky and the spray in storms is flung at times clear to the top of the lighthouse. More than twenty miles down the bay is Orr's Island, the

scene of Mrs Stowe's *Pearl of Orr's Island*. Ragged Island is supposed to be the "Elm Island" of the stories of the Rev. Elijah Kellogg.

Then you are reminded of the fight between the *Boxer* and the *Enterprise* in 1813.

"I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide!  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay  
Where they in battle died."

The facts poured into your ears afford an interesting commentary upon that stanza. The fight was on a Sunday in the September of 1813. Early the people began to gather about the Observatory. They knew the combat was imminent. The keeper of that day admitted a few of his friends and the proprietors of the tower, but those excluded stayed at hand. Seguin lighthouse is forty miles away, but clearly seen on a bright day. The keeper saw the *Enterprise* and the *Boxer* fire their challenging guns, and, when he told the crowds below, they cheered, regardless of the sanctities of the Sabbath. When the battle came off, the smoke could be seen, but the guns were too far away for these watchers to hear. The excitement culminated on Monday, when the *Enterprise* was signaled leading in a prize under the same flag. The dead commanders lay on the decks, each wrapped in the flag under which he had fought. Then Portland heard

how the colors of the *Boxer* were nailed to the mast, how the Yankee gunners swept her deck from stem to stern again and again, and how her brave captain was cut in two by an eighteen-pound shot.

As one comes down the hill, he recalls that this was the scene of an Indian ambush that cost fourteen lives, and the histories will tell him about the treaty Lieutenant-Governor Dummer made with the Indians in 1718. Then here in 1775 Colonel Thompson seized Henry Mowatt, as he was skulking among the trees, and for revenge Mowatt burned the town, making the first of the conflagrations from which Portland, like Newburyport and others of these old towns, has suffered.

British ships, four in number, for nine long hours pitched bombs, grape-shot and red-hot cannon-balls into a town which could make no defense whatever. About three-quarters of the whole population, three hundred of the four hundred families of the place, were left homeless, and many of them destitute. One of the Mowatt cannon-balls is displayed in the town to this day. It fell in the meeting-house of the First Parish, and when the present church was built on the same site, the ball was placed in the ceiling and the central chandelier hung from it.

When next a British squadron entered the harbor of Portland, the ships came on a very different errand. Just eighty-five years to a day after the bombardment, five men-of-war of the English navy manned their yards and thundered broadsides as the Prince of Wales,



*Longfellow's Birthplace, Portland*





the late Edward VII., then a youth of nineteen, embarked for home after his American tour. The royal standard of Great Britain was displayed in this country for the first time on that October day of 1860.

Another great pageant, only as somber as that of 1860 was brilliant, was witnessed in this harbor in 1870. Again a British squadron came up the bay; the vessels were convoyed by battle-ships of the fleet of the United States. The most powerful fighting vessel that up to that time had ever been floated had been sent by the queen to convey to the land of his birth the body of George Peabody, then hailed as the greatest philanthropist in history. It was a day in February. There had been a storm which had coated every tree of the city, the harbor islands, and the cape with ice. And when the imposing procession of boats from the ships of the two nations, with their flags draped, their oars muffled, and minute guns booming from the squadrons and the forts, came ashore with the casket, the mourning emblems were in sharp antithesis to the scintillating aspect of Nature.

One other story of the harbor ought to be recalled before you leave this place of splendid views and begin the round of the city, the story of one of the most remarkable incidents in the long history of war at sea. In June, 1863, the *Caleb Cushing*, of the United States revenue cutter service, was in this harbor. A Confederate privateer, the *Tacony*, had been destroying shipping off the coast of New England. This privateer,

shrewdly commanded, took the schooner *Archer*, put her own armament aboard the prize, manned her, and audaciously sailed into the harbor of Portland. The object was to burn a couple of gunboats, but they were too well watched for the attempt to be made. But there was the *Cushing* getting ready to go out after the *Tacony*, which had been burned when the *Archer* was made over into a Southern ship. A surprise was tried, and succeeded, partly, no doubt, because the captain of the cutter was just dead and a lieutenant was in command. Then fortune turned against the daring privateer. All she needed was a respectable wind and soon the sleeping city and the menacing forts could be left far astern. But she was becalmed. Steamers came out in pursuit of her where she lay just below the forts. Many supposed that the lieutenant in command, who had been born in Georgia, had turned against the country whose uniform he wore. But that lieutenant refused to disclose the secret of the location of the magazine and the captors were without ammunition. They set fire to the cutter and she blew up. They themselves were captured and the *Archer* also was taken. And thousands of persons watched these strange scenes from the house roofs and the hills.

Portland was again destroyed by fire in 1866. A firecracker carelessly thrown by a boy on Independence Day started the conflagration which the fire departments of Portland and a score of other cities, Boston included, were not able to stop. It was as big a fire as

the great fire in Chicago, the size of the towns considered. In that month there was a city of tents on this hill. And late in that July Longfellow said in a letter to a friend: "I have been in Portland since the fire. Desolation, desolation, desolation! It reminds me of Pompeii, that 'sepult city.' "

No New England town has a right to consider itself entirely equipped for the visits of pilgrims and tourists unless it has an old cemetery, well kept preferably, but tolerated, even if it be unkempt, for the sake of the tombs it may contain. Down the hill a distance, on Congress Street, is Portland's oldest, called the Eastern Cemetery. For two hundred years it was the only ground for graves within the present city limits. It now covers six acres and is crowded with tombs. The long inscriptions are found here, and the urns and the drooping willows, as one might expect.

Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, for whom Longfellow was named, is buried here, the boy who lost his life in the gallant exploit against Tripoli. Then Captain Samuel Blythe and Captain William Burroughs, the *Boxer* and *Enterprise* heroes, are here, lying side by side in the impressive amity of death. Theirs are two of the three table tombs which make a conspicuous group of monuments, the third being that of Lieutenant Waters, who was wounded mortally in the same action. The inscription says that the tomb of the American captain was erected by "a passing stranger."

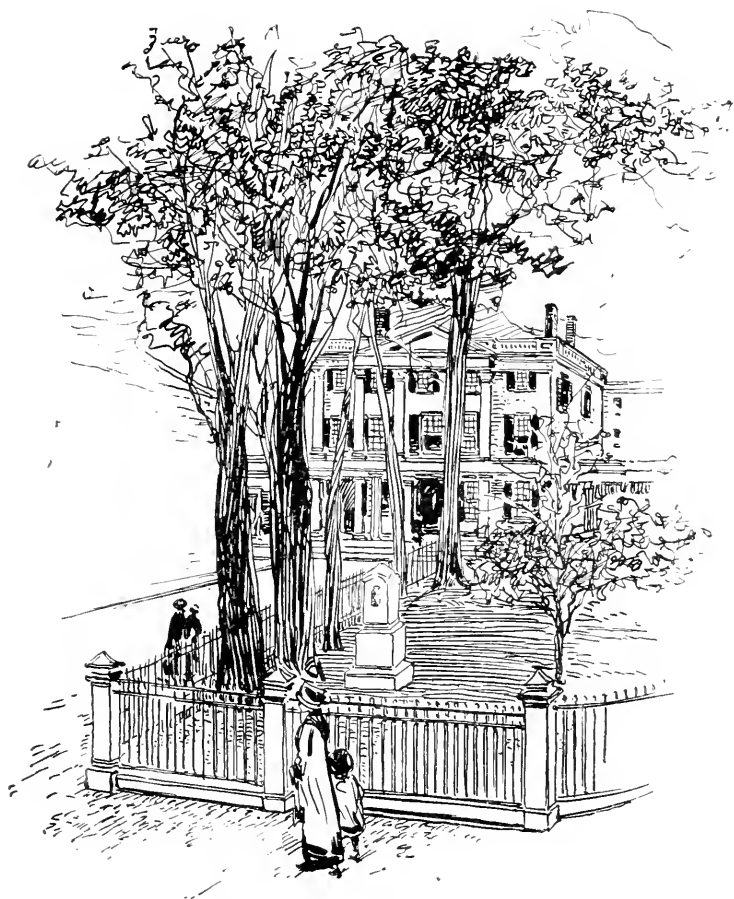
Now it will be well to leave Congress Street and

take the down-hill way to the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets. Here is a plain, three-story frame house, with a triangle of grass fenced in at the corner, and bearing a tablet which informs the stranger that it was the birthplace of Henry W. Longfellow, February 27, 1807. The parents of the poet were married in the old Wadsworth home, a house which is the chief shrine of the city. But for a few years they lived elsewhere, and for several months in this house on what was then the water-front of the town.

To-day the house looks out upon the Grand Trunk depot, freight house and tracks. Just over the roofs are the masts of the ships. This is all "made" land. The sea has been evicted from a portion of its old domain. In the time of the Longfellows' residence, the windows looked directly out upon the activities of the port just across the street from the home.

This is the old part of the city. It was not touched by the great fire of half a century ago. The place where the original settler, George Cleaves, took up his home in 1633, attracted by the brook which yielded him fresh water, is not far distant. Three houses above on the up-hill street is the birthplace of Thomas B. — "Czar" — Reed.

The region has deteriorated, naturally, but some remnants of the really ancient Portland are here still. One pauses to look about him at the corner of Fore and India Streets. India Street was probably the earliest thoroughfare. It was opened about 1680, and



*The Chadwick Mansion, Portland*



up to 1866 it was a fine old street, with mansions and terraced gardens on its slopes.

You feel that you must leave the Wadsworth-Longfellow house to the last, and so you proceed now to the corner of Spring Street and High Street, where you find much satisfaction in what has been pronounced the finest example of the old colonial mansion in the city. It has been transformed into the Sweat Memorial and is the home of the Portland Art Society. It was called the Wingate house until Colonel Sweat purchased it. Built soon after the Revolution, there were many stately assemblies within its walls while General Joshua Wingate occupied it. The proportions of the structure are excellent, and there is a manifest dignity about it that well befits its age. After having been the home of Mr. L. M. D. Sweat for many years, it came into the hands of the Art Society, through the will of Colonel Sweat's widow. It is to be kept without any exterior changes, and the hall and several of the rooms also are to remain unaltered. The fireproof exhibition gallery or rotunda has been erected as an annex at the side and rear of the mansion.

Now go to Congress Square, the center of the activities of the city, near where are the old First Parish or Unitarian Church, the Chadwick mansion, and the home of the poet whose name is most intimately associated with Portland. The church, whose spire you sighted over the tops of the buildings as you entered the square, stands in the midst of a

big lawn, enclosed by an iron fence. The walls are of undressed granite. The interior is large and roomy, with a gallery supported by pillars surrounding three sides, and six rows of narrow straight pews with doors. There are tablets on the walls, and altogether the effect is that of restfulness and dignity.

The parish has a fine history, with some amusing episodes. It was established in 1718 and the present church was built in 1825 upon the site of an older structure. Few churches have a more remarkable record in the matter of long pastorates. There were but four pastors between 1727 and 1864. Nor were there in that long period any vacancies. "Parson Smith" was the incumbent for sixty-seven years. During the greater part of the eighteenth century this minister, the Rev. Thomas Smith, was the most prominent man in the town. For a long time he was the only doctor. Also he was the annalist of early Portland, and his journal is a mine of information, full of quaint observations.

In 1726 the town voted to supply "Rev. Mr. Smith with firewood during his continuance as our minister." And he "continued" for two-thirds of a century. However, wood was cheaper then than it is now. It was the custom in that day during prayer for all the people to stand and turn up the broad seats that they might lean forward during the exercise. At the annual fast in 1750, says the pastor in his diary, he "had uncommon assistance, was an hour in each of the



prayers." At the "Amen," we are told by an historian, all the seats went down with a bang.

The second pastor, the Rev. Samuel Deane, bought a three-acre lot next to the church, and built thereon a two-story hip-roofed house. Later it was much altered and modernized, and long was the residence of Samuel Chadwick. Thus it came to be known as the Chadwick house. It has been moved back from its old place on the street and now stands almost in the rear of a business block. However, it has a clear space in front of it to the street, and presents a handsome appearance with its two stories of columns, its pediments and its balustraded roof. Originally it had some thirty rooms.

The "Old Jerusalem" meeting-house of the First Parish was taken down to make way for the present church. Longfellow was a boy of seventeen in college when in 1824 he wrote a poem in protest against the destruction of the ancient building. But few of the readers of the "household poet" are familiar with this early production. This is the first of the eight stanzas:

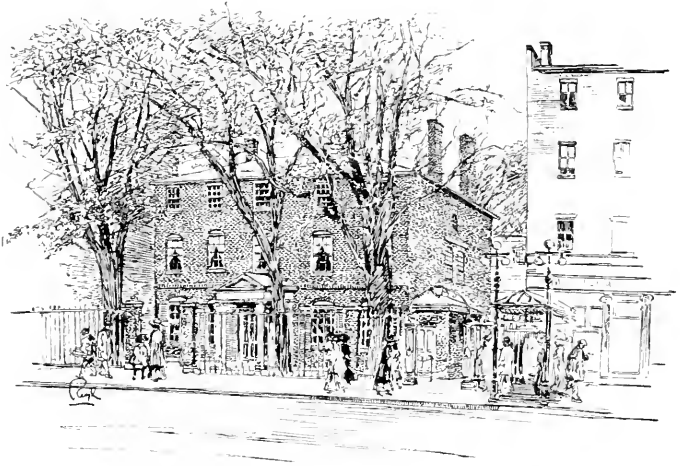
"Our Fathers' Temple! o'er thy form  
In peace time's holy twilight falls;  
Yet heavenly light glows pure and warm  
Around thy venerable walls:  
The shades of years have mellow'd long  
But not obscur'd that light of God,  
Though they that placed thee here shall throng  
No more the courts where once they trod."

As you pass the Preble House, one of the hotels of the city, you may be reminded that in the central portion are included the walls of the old Preble home. For the Prebles came from Portland, and a grandson of the Commodore Edward Preble who built the house in 1807 was an officer on the *Kearsarge* when the great duel with the *Alabama* was fought off the harbor of Cherbourg.

And now that the pilgrim has traversed some part of Portland he ought to be reminded of the judgment penned by the Autocrat in the passage from *Elsie Venner* about the "three towns each with a *Port* in its name," and a portion of which has been quoted heretofore. In that passage he had this to say with definite reference to the city which you are viewing:

"As to the last of the three Ports or Portland, it is getting too prosperous to be as attractive as its less northerly neighbors. Meant for a fine old town, to ripen like a Cheshire cheese within its walls of ancient rind, burrowed with crooked alleys and mottled with venerable mould, it seems likely to sacrifice its mellow future to a vulgar material prosperity. Still it remains invested with many of its old charms, as yet, and will forfeit its place among this admirable trio only when it gets a hotel with unequivocal marks of having been built and organized in the present century."

The judgment of the Autocrat may not necessarily be your judgment, save as to the obvious fact that this city is far the most modernized of the cities and



*The Wadsworth-Longfellow House, Portland*



villages which have made up the itinerary of your tours among New England's historic haunts.

Now — the Wadsworth-Longfellow house! It has been pronounced by the librarian of the Maine Historical Society "the most historical house in Maine," and he said also: "It has been the home of at least eight persons who would make fame for any house by their meritorious services or public benefactions." It was the home of the parents and the grandparents of the poet Longfellow, and he spent his own early years there and wrote there some of his best known poems. His younger sister, Anne Longfellow Pierce, lived in the house more than eighty-seven years and donated it to the Maine Historical Society. This society has put up a library building at the rear of the old house, and keeps the home itself in order as a shrine and a memorial of the past.

Stand a while in front of the building. It was the first brick house to be built in Portland. The bricks were brought from Philadelphia by General Peleg Wadsworth, the father of the mother of the poet. He built it first of two stories in 1785 and 1786, and the third story was added in 1815. It is plain, almost severe in aspect, a rectangular solid, devoid of ornamentation save for the Ionic portico over the entrance in the middle of the front, and the little side hall, added to give a separate entrance to the room used as a law office by the father of the poet. There are two tall chimneys housed in each of the side walls and

rearing their stacks high above the roof. In the old days these drained the smoke from the eight fireplaces in which some thirty cords of wood were burned in a winter. Three tall elms stand in the yard just behind the iron fence.

As you pass between the high brick gate posts, you note the heavy brass knocker and enter a hall running through the house, turning to the left into the first of the series of sixteen rooms which are kept open for the inspection of the public. The windows have heavy paneled wooden shutters, and the walls are thick enough to provide wide window-seats. The custodians tell you at once that this parlor was the largest in Portland when the house was built, and that it held the first piano which was brought to the town.

It was in this room that Stephen Longfellow married Zilpah Wadsworth on the first day of the year 1804. It had been the home of the poet's mother from childhood. In this room also two of the poet's sisters were married, Anne, who became Mrs. Pierce, and Mary, who married James Greenleaf and who died in Cambridge in 1902.

Back of the parlor is the "Den" or old dining-room. The floor is bare, except for some rugs of rag carpet, the grate is open, with Longfellow's motto over it on the mantel—"Non Clamor, Sed Amor," Not Loudness, but Love. Various interesting souvenirs are on the walls. Here is the first draft of the address Stephen Longfellow made in welcoming Lafayette to Portland

in 1825. The reply of the visitor also is in the room. But more curious is the bill rendered by the family doctor for services when the poet was born. It is in a frame and you smile as you read:

“ 1807, Feb., for attendg on Mrs. L. . . . \$5.00.”

Every visitor will be likely to stand for a long time before the mahogany desk between the two windows commanding a view of the garden. It is plain, small, old-fashioned. The visitors' register now rests upon it. It was at this desk, standing where it now stands, that *The Rainy Day* was written. In plain view just outside is the “Rainy Day vine.” Once it was large enough to cover a big trellis. A bit of the original vine, two inches through, is over the mantel.

“ The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.”

You are struck as you pass from room to room by the great number of memorials and furnishings and relics which the house contains, and which belonged to the Wadsworths and the Longfellows, or were directly associated with their every-day life or with important incidents in their lives. Perhaps, after all, that statement you were inclined to question a little, may have been warranted; that in this house is found

"the best collection of the belongings of an author's family on exhibition in the world."

There are portraits, many of them in oil, on the walls, and silhouettes; documents in great numbers, manuscripts, books, deeds, wills and letters; the poet's board bills at Brunswick and his term bills at Bowdoin College are framed; a complete set of silhouettes of "the famous Bowdoin class of 1825;" household utensils in great variety; costumes of the mother and sisters of the poet; and a large collection of furniture. The house is most unusual, almost unique, in that these furnishings were the property of the families that occupied it. They are not the gifts of the members of a patriotic society, gathered in many places, but they were used in this house by the famous persons who had their home here. The only "jar" is caused by the labels. These are large and they seem perhaps a little obtrusive. But then this is a public place which has been visited by many thousands, and the labels are a vast help to the caretakers who have the exhibits in charge.

You glance at the kitchen and then enter the room at the front across from the parlor. This was the living-room. Over there by the window is the favorite big chair in which Longfellow used to lounge. There is a beautiful fireplace with brass andirons. This room was used for ten years by Stephen Longfellow as a law office, and it was here that his poet son read legal tomes for a time. Samuel Longfellow, the poet's



brother, wrote of the home life which this room witnessed:

“In the evenings there were lessons to be learned, and the children opened their satchels and gathered their books and slates round the table in the family sitting-room. Studies over, there would be games till bed-time. . . . When bed-time came it was hard to leave the warm fire to go up into the unwarmed bedrooms; still harder the next morning to get up out of the comfortable feather-beds and break the ice in the pitchers for washing. But hardship made hardihood.”

The little room beyond was added to the house in 1815 to make a separate entrance to the office. But in 1828 it was transformed into a china closet. In 1829 the young poet wrote his sister from Germany: “No soft poetic ray has irradiated my heart since the Goths and Vandals crossed the Rubicon of the front entry and turned the sanctum sanctorum of the ‘Little Room’ into a china closet.”

Climb the stairs to the second story and you find “Mother’s Room,” “Mrs. Pierce’s Room,” “the Children’s Room,” and the “Guest Room.” Each contains a collection of family properties that would make in themselves a good-sized museum. In “Mother’s Room” the poet’s mother died. Beautifully he wrote of his loss in 1851:

“In the chamber in which I last took leave of her lay my mother, to welcome and take leave of me no more. I sat all that night alone with her, without terror, almost without sor-

row, so tranquil had been her death. A sense of peace came over me as if there had been no shock or jar in nature, but a harmonious close to a long life."

The old cradle in which the mother rocked and lullabied this boy to sleep is on this floor. There are canopied beds here, and, what the lady guides do not permit the visitor to miss, around the mantel is hung a "Yankee Doodle drapery." One looks with amused interest at the scenes stamped upon it, illustrating the story of the fabled original of the old song. There are various mementoes of the *Boxer* and *Enterprise* combat in this room. In a case is a flag said to be the second oldest American flag in existence. It was loaned by Charles F. Quincy of Chicago, one of the few furnishings which do not seem to have direct association with the house. The flag measures about eighteen feet by eleven feet. Pictures on the walls show scenes in the war with Tripoli. They are to be contemplated with recollection of the heroism of the poet's namesake, Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth, who was on board the *Intrepid* that night when under Captain Somers she was sent into the harbor upon her desperate errand. Indeed, it was from this house that the two boys, the lieutenant and his brother, Midshipman Alexander Wadsworth, went off to Tripoli with Commodore Preble. But after the lurid light had shown the watchers on the *Constitution* the whole harbor — forts, ships, castle and town — and their ears had been stunned by the terrific explosion, no word ever came from the men

who had ventured into the bay amid their foes. "Harry" Wadsworth was but nineteen when he died.

Up the worn stairs to the third floor you mount. A placard tells you that these stairs the poet climbed when he was eight years old and that at seventy-four, in 1881, when he last visited the house, he climbed them once more and slept in his old room. Yes, this is the room where "the boys" slept. There is the very trundle bed. The windows look out upon the garden and the western skies. Very likely in this room Longfellow wrote his first poem. The casings of the windows are covered with the scribblings of the children.

Then in the next room Longfellow slept when a young man. There are seven rooms in all on this floor. From the front, in the old days, the harbor could be seen and the islands, and from these windows the boys used to gaze upon the "beauty and mystery of the ships" and the "islands that were the Hesperides." But what catches the eye is not the small view now available, but a leather-covered, brass-nail-studded, rectangular box, measuring some two-and-a-half feet by a foot and a half with a depth of a trifle more than one foot. That's the "trunk" which the young man took with him when he made his first voyage to Europe in 1826. A good-sized suit-case would hold more nowadays.

Down the worn stairs you come again. You do not wish to talk. Your memory is busy. This is a hallowed spot. The poems you learned years ago are coming

back to you. Never mind about the "place" that may be assigned to the poet by the critics. He is the "household poet," and the people love him. You are through with sightseeing in Portland. It is the city of Longfellow, and you will always see it through his writings.

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